MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

NOVEMBER 2009 • ISSUE 318

STUPIDS

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DESTINO FINAL

JOHN JOSEPH

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ANTIDOTUM/CZOSNEK tour diary

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#156 pt. 2, 175, 179-181, 184, 186-197, 199, 204, 206, 208-215, 218, 221-225, 227, 229-236, 238-247, 249-306, 308-317

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

DIANE ANASTASIO

- ELLOS AUN VIVEN-Aunque Seamos Nadie-EP
- CONDENADA-Mother Tongue-EP
- GRASS WIDOW-Tattoo-12"
- CONDOMINIUM-Barricade/Big Plans-45
- SIN ORDEN-Arte, Cultura y Resistencia-LP
- KRIG I HUDIK-Krig I Hudik-EP
- DISKOIRÄÄ-Play & Record-EP
- PRIMATES-Control Salvaje-EP
- ADELITAS-Un Solo Grito-EP
- PELIGRO SOCIAL/TV EVANGELISTS-split EP

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- NERVESKADE-Acid Attack-EP
- KRIG I HUDIK-Krig I Hudik-EP
- WARCRY-10 Tracks Noise EP-12"
- MORNE-Twilight Burns/Seams-45
- DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR-Slay Your Master-EP
- HERDS-LP
- CITIZENS ARREST-Colossus-2xLP
- AGHAST-Suffocating Authority-EP
- PELIGRO SOCIAL/TV EVANGELISTS-split EP
- CONDOMINIUM-Barricade/Big Plans-45

TIM BROOKS

OFF MANAGING THE PINK T-SHIRTS

ROBERT COLLINS

- I HATE THIS-Shapeshifter-EP
- CONDENADA-Mother Tongue-EP
- SIN ORDEN-Arte, Cultura y Resistencia-LP
- FACTORYMEN-Shitman-LP
- HERDS-LP / GRASS WIDOW-Tattoo-12"
- ATAKKE-Avalanche-EP / GIFTGAS ATTACK-EP
- EXPLODE INTO COLORS-Coffins/Sharpen the Knife-45
- TENEMENT-Ice Pick-45 & split EP
- DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE-EP
- MORNE-45 / NERVESKADE-Acid Attack-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- PUTAS MIERDAS-El Punk No Quiere Diversion-EP
- HERDS-LP
- CONDOMINIUM-Barricade/Big Plans-45
- ELLOS AUN VIVEN-Aunque Seamos Nadie-EP
- GAS-Compressed Gas-EP
- GUN OUTFIT-LP
- GRASS WIDOW-Tattoo-12"
- CONDENADA-Mother Tongue-EP
- GG KING-Drug Zoo-EP
- HLM GANG-LP / KRIG I HUDIK-Krig I Hudik-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- TENEMENT-Ice Pick/Summer Street-45
- CYSTS-Public Release-LP
- CITIZENS ARREST-Colossus-2xLP
- TWO BEATS OFF-Keväästa-EP
- PRIMATES-Control Salvaje-EP
- ANOTHER SINKING SHIP-Legacy-LP
- HLM GANG-Local Sessions 1981-1982-LP
- SIN ORDEN-Arte, Cultura y Resistencia-LP
- SHORT FUSE-Burnout-LP
- TH' INBRED-Legacy of Fertility-CD

KENNY KAOS

- INTELLECTUALS-Triple-LP
- SEDATIVES-Guilty-LP
- SUSPECT PARTS-Man Eater/She Cracked-45
- SUGAR STEMS-Beat Beat Beat/Crybaby-45
- AUTOMATIC PUSSYCAT-Away-EP
- GG KING-Drug Zoo-EP
- DE CYLINDERS-We Must Pay/Chart Buster-45
- LADIES-Trashed-EP
- JOHNNY ILL BAND-The Doctor-EP
- CAVE WEDDINGS-Bring Your Love/Let's Drive-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

- AUTOMATIC PUSSYCAT-Away-EP
- FRANCE HAS THE BOMB/TIGER BONES-split EP
- CAVE WEDDINGS-Bring Your Love/Let's Drive-45
- THEE OH SEES/TY SEGALL-split EP
- GAS-Compressed Gas-EP
- CAFETERIA DANCE FEVER-Man the Lifeboats!-EP
- THE INTELLECTUALS-Triple-LP
- MR. CALIFORNIA-LP / WOUNDED LION-45
- DAVILA 666, PISSED JEANS, DIRTBOMBS, TY SEGALL, LOLI AND THE CHONES-live

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

PAUL LUCICH

- BLAZE X!-Some Hope-EP
- EXPLODE INTO COLORS-Coffins/Sharpen the Knife-45
- GRASS WIDOW-Tattoo-12"
- 1994!-side of split LP
- CONDOMINIUM-Barricade/Big Plans-45
- BANNER PILOT-Collapser-LP
- THE YOLKS-LP
- STYMIE-11,11/Little-45
- TENEMENT-Ice Pick/Summer Street-45
- MURDER BY GUITAR-"Artificial Eyes"

RAY LUJAN

- TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET-They Came From-CD
- DIRTY FILTHY MUGS-Another Round-CD
- BANNER PILOT-Collapser-LP
- RVIVR-Derailer-EP
- THE MENZINGERS-Hold On Dodge-EP
- THE SPITTIN' COBRAS-Year of the Cobra-CD
- PAINT IT BLACK-Surrender-EP
- VIVIAN GIRLS-LP / ATOM NOTES-EP
- INTROSPECT-Record Profits-EP / TENEMENT-45
- THE JDK'z-Who's To Blame-CD / UK SUBS-live

MARK MURRMANN

- GG KING-Drug Zoo-EP
- KRIG I HUDIK-Krig I Hudik-EP
- DE CYLINDERS-We Must Pay/Chart Buster-45
- LADIES-Trashed-EP
- THE YOLKS-LP
- HLM GANG-Local Sessions 1981-1982-LP
- WOUNDED LION-Friendly?/Bad Moon Rising-45
- CAVE WEDDINGS-Bring Your Love/Let's Drive-45
- GLUE!-Still Here-EP
- GAS-Compressed Gas-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- KRIG I HUDIK-Krig I Hudik-EP
- MORNE-Twilight Burns/Seams-45
- DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE-EP
- ANS-Pressure Cracks-EP
- ANTIBODIES-Antibodies Are Here-EP
- THE CRYPTICS/USA WASTE-split EP
- WARCRY-10 Tracks Noise EP-12"
- DEATH FROM ABOVE/GIVE UP ALL HOPE-split EP
- PUTAS MIERDAS-EP / GERM ATTAK-Molokai-EP
- V/A-The South Will Rise Again-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- GLUE!-Still Here-EP
- SHANG-A-LANG-Sad Magic-LP
- GRASS WIDOW-Tattoo-12"
- RVIVR-Derailer-EP
- ADELITAS-Un Solo Grito-EP
- BANNER PILOT-Collapser-LP
- TENEMENT-both EPs
- SEDATIVES-Guilty-LP
- PUTAS MIERDAS-El Punk No Quiere Diversion-EP
- BAD BLOOD REVIVAL-Tounge Twisting Tunes-LP

CISSIE SCURLOCK

- CITIZENS ARREST-Colossus-2xLP
- NERVESKADE-Acid Attack-EP
- PUTAS MIERDAS-El Punk No Quiere Diversion-EP
- HERDS-LP
- ELLOS AUN VIVEN-Aunque Seamos Nadie-EP
- KRIG I HUDIK-Krig I Hudik-EP
- CONTRAST ATTITUDE-Apocalyptic Raw Assault-LP
- DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR-Slay Your Master-EP
- CONDENADA-Mother Tongue-EP
- PELIGRO SOCIAL-side of split EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- ELLOS AUN VIVEN-Aunque Seamos Nadie-EP
- PELIGRO SOCIAL/TV EVANGELISTS-split EP
- PUTAS MIERDAS-El Punk No Quiere Diversion-EP
- NERVESKADE-Acid Attack-EP
- PRIMATES-Control Salvaje-EP
- GIFTGAS ATTACK-Producting Shit-EP
- WARCRY-10 Tracks Noise EP-12"
- WARCRY-Keep Drinking Attitude-LP
- HERDS-LP
- CONDENADA-Mother Tongue-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *THREE RECORDS #3*
- *LATER DAZE #3*
- *NO THANKS FUCK EVERYTHING #3*
- *TUFF TOWN #1*
- *DONALD SUTHERLAND'S BUTT*
- *SURVIVING POLICE STOPS AND SEARCHES*
- *DÖMD #5*
- *COUGH #6*
- *A START AT LEAST*
- *XXX PANDA #1 & 2*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Unilaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Difs, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality."

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Arndi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, "Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03, "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Bestböven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Utiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykloppien Sukupuuto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/December '08. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more

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Dear *MRR* readers...

Below you'll find a list of distros in Europe and elsewhere. We've been doing our best to cover as much territory outside of the U$A as we can, but we still need your help in establishing contacts with like-minded punx who are interested in carrying *MRR*. We're providing this list to you in order to let you know where you can currently get your monthly fix of *MRR*, but we're always looking for more help; so if you do a distro, would be interested in selling *MRR* at shows, or just want to go in with a crew of friends to get a cheaper post rate—go to www.maximumrocknroll.com for details! Please note that several of the distributors below are now offering subscription services. If you're not sure, just ask! Thanks again for all your support.

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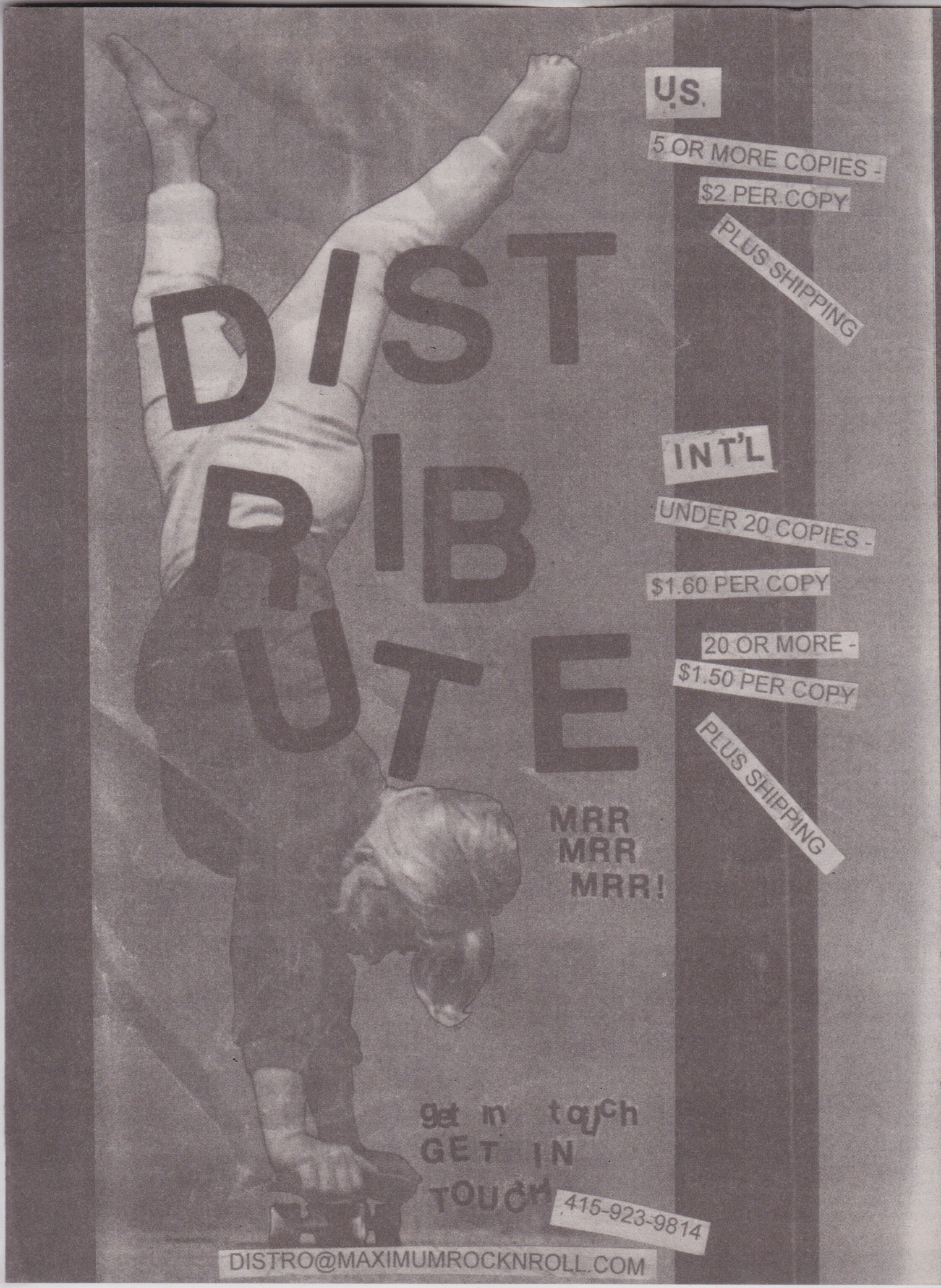
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LETTERS

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Dear MRR—

Over the past year, I've experienced the punk scene vicariously through the pages of your zine and the hour-a-week radio show. Living in a suburb of Oklahoma City without a driver's license can be brutal, especially when the nearest show or venue is thirty minutes south by car. It's pretty tough being a so-called "punk," even when not looking like the stereotype, in this state. We're famous (infamous, really) for our crazy-ass post office workers (the first post office shooting happened in my town about twenty years ago), our super-ultra-conservative politicians (OK State Representative Sally Kern said gay people were a bigger threat to the security of this country than terrorists about a year ago. I'm surprised she didn't add "jew" to that list) and our really bad rock musicians—Hinder, Theory of a Dead Man, All-American Rejects and a tiny metal band called Iaceo, just to name a few.

On top of this, not many punk bands come through OK, so the few punks there are have to make do with pretty much just I Resign, Red City Radio and Maximum Homeless Guy on a weekly basis. These aren't bad bands, but you know, it gets monotonous. Anyway, *MRR* and the Radio show has been my connection to international punk for the past year, and I can't say I'm anything but grateful. A lot of zines in punk and elsewhere have gone out of business in the last few months, either because there was no longer a market for their product or because the print bills were too high. But you guys pulled through. I know from personal experience the kind of hardships running a magazine can produce; my mom and dad have done one for ten years, and it's always been a struggle.

So thanks for sticking around, and I'm gonna be sure to renew my subscription in October. On a related note, can't people donate to a non-profit in your name? Like, the Alternative Arts Foundation or Independent Arts Foundation? Because I do believe I'll be contributing to that as well.

Thanks again,
—Kyle Kepone,
Edmond, OK

If other donation minded readers would like to help us continue put out the magazine, we can take tax-deductible donations, and anything would be hugely appreciated. It's definitely, as has been oft stated, a difficult time for print media, especially in this so-called "recovered" economy. We are doing all we can to ensure that MRR *continues long into the future, but it's a fraught time for anyone involved in print, and we would appreciate anything our readers and former readers can do financially to help us continue representing punk on the airwaves and in the magazine. As well as preserving what is probably the largest collection of international punk records. We can take donations through an umbrella arts organization, Indy Arts and Media. There's a donation link on our website, or you can send checks made out to Independent Arts and Media, here: PO Box 420442, San Francisco, CA 94142. Make sure you put MRR on the "notes" line. We also value the people that contribute their time to the magazine, and if you live in the Bay Area and would like to get involved with* MRR, *we are always looking for reliable punks to add to the shitworker list! There's also website related shitwork that can be done wherever you live-if that sounds up your street contact webzine@maximumrocknroll.com*

Dear MRR—

My sickest punk rock blasphemies are extended to you all. A big thank you is trumpeted out of my rot to you again. As I was thinking to myself while I am rotting like a corpse in this man made invented hell, not too much clarity is found in this razor wire chaos that we have unfortunately inherited But I am waiting for the powers that be to come with my morn-n-tray of pure shat. UGH! Please kill me now! As I shovel undesirable thoughts out of this brain that's trapped in this skull, well what the fuck ever, I skipped the whole tray shat, but I remembered that I just got issues #313 and #314. All the thoughts that went out the hermitage I call my home. Well the smile you built upon this old face of mine and numbed my brain with punk rock. Priceless. I grew up in So-Cal, I sold my soul for punk rock in '82 or '83. I am 38 years old and I am still a punk rocker.

Punk rock is not something that you read, punk rock can not be bought, it is not just something you pit on a record player and spin and act the idiot. Punk rock is a way of life. I love seeing a punk rocker covered in tattoos with the same ideologies. Social Unrest and CH-3 and Code of Honor still blare out my radio. Punk rock is what you make it. *MRR* I lost where I was going with this here piece of paper, thanks you for your dedication. I have been reading your zine all my fucked up life, and *Flipside*. I read your mag, and well what the fuck, keep up the great work. Layla/Cissie—good job. George, your story in #314? Ugggg that yanked some memories out of this wreck I call a brain.

I have to go through a whole lot to get your zine. It's hard, and I wonder if I can send stamps? I get mags through AK-Press, they have great books too, and in my hometown I go through Revelation in Huntington Beach. Your zine is such a pleasure. Well, I shall cease this letter. I need some mail. Prison is the land of hink and boredom.

Thank you!
—Brody Davis #f-57379
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We do take stamps as payment from prisoners, and you can get free issues of the magazine if you are a prisoner, from the Prisoner Literature Project, through Bound Together Books 1369 Haight Street, San Francisco, CA 94117. Stay punk!

Dear MRR—

I am still entrenched in my epic fight with Miami Dade County over their attack on me and Nuclear Skull, calling us a Nazi/Racist organization based solely on our logo. All other band members are Hispanic! May I remind you that these are the same assholes that derailed the Doors? I am not having it. And I sure as hell don't need to hire a mouthpiece, money sucking scumm bag lawyer to tell the truth, so I am representing myself as a pro-se pissed off motherfucker litigant in this fight.

So this incident, in all its lunacy, was picked up by the *Miami New Times*, and shortly after it hit the newsstands and I was unceremoniously fired from my cool pool job of eight years by the predominantly Jewish condo I had been working at. I guess they didn't want to take a chance on me being the next Hitler. This three to four day a week job afforded me the luxury of watching the Discovery Channel and occasionally taking people to the beach, and it paid really well, affording me the money to fuel the Nuclear Skull fires, buying ads in *MRR* and other punk zines, spreading the good word of "DIY and let it fly" punk rock attitude of our music.

So add in this economic systematic meltdown caused by a handful of greed heads, and no income due to no job and no prospects, and the machine quickly comes to a stop. Notice I said "stop" not "end." When all the dust is settled and the Skull comes out of this dark tunnel, I'm coming like an explosion with venomous anger and continuous support for such killer punk zines as *MRR*. Nobody is going to take up for you but yourself. Don't take shit off of anybody especially tyrannical governmental bullies. Live your life free, don't bother anyone and be true to yourself. When someone comes pushing do not hesitate to unleash on them and educate them on the error of their ways.
Live Young-Die Free,
—Mark Scott
NuclearFuckinSkull

Dear MRR—
Not that anyone does give or should give half of half of a fuck, but in the (shitty, vapid) review of my band The Credentials' tape in the new issue, the dude lists our town as Amherst, MA. We are shitty pop-punk from Allston, MA, not Amherst, eesh! I need to make sure all that hate mail gets to me. Now that one dude that wants us to send him a tape is sending some fucker in Amherst hate mail. Just get it right! Let it also be said that I've had a lot of drinks...my jacket is broken because it has no studs in it...frozen breakfast sausage is the only thing that matters to me right now. Besides Crusty Tim.
Until next time,
—Wacky Zacky from Boston...
We are from Allston not Amherst, dammit.
PS: We are ripping off Screasel not god dammned New Found Glory, eesh! We'll still be sending a seven inch to you guys to get panned as soon as it comes out, I can't wait.

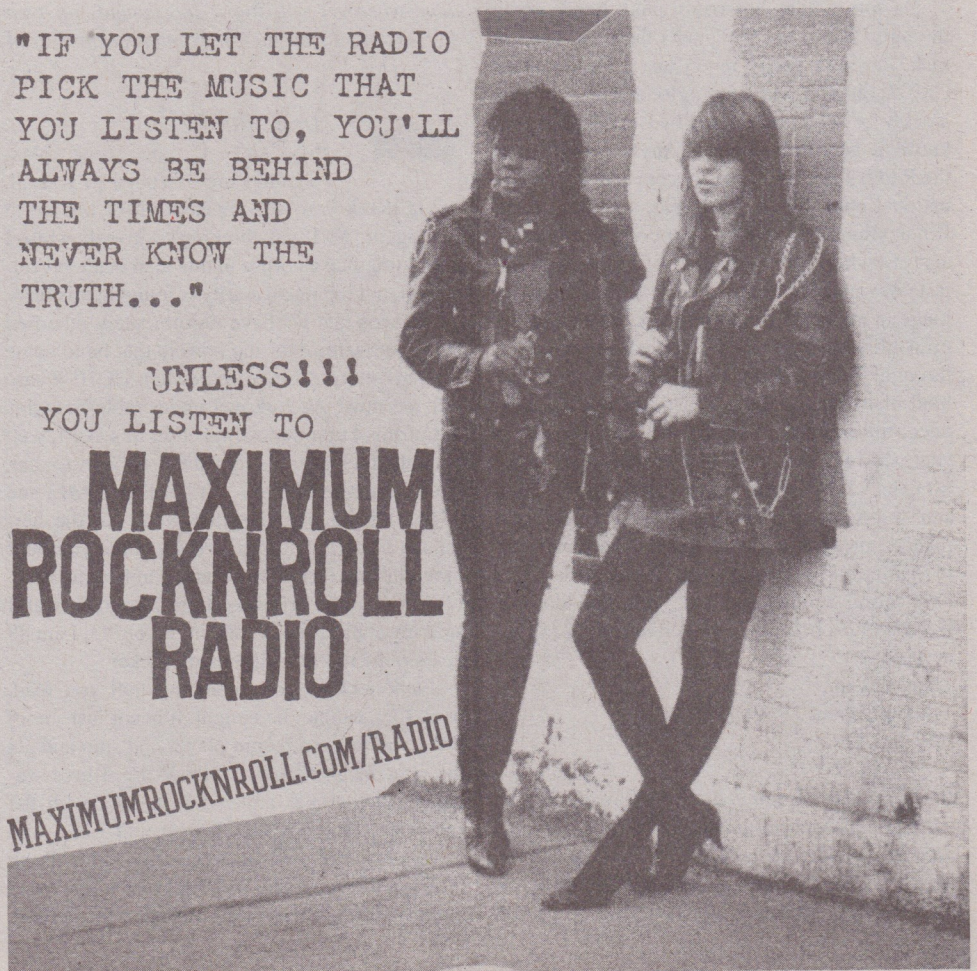
Dear MRR—
I find it ironic that the adolescent crap of Fahy's column is one column feet away from Osa Atoe's great interview with someone who didn't seem to fit in with Fahy's shit-talking. He also forgot people who realized they were being judged and rated on their hardcoreness by clowns like himself, and thought they'd left shit like that in high school. People that have been going to shows before he was even born and prefer not to confine themselves to insular, conservative scenes. I could go on for days but you get the idea. The older you get the more like yourself you become.
—NW Bald Old Punk

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—
My name is Drew Wardlaw. I sing for a band called Dry-Rot. Someone from your zine should interview me. Admittedly, I do not read your magazine, but I am confident that an interview with me would be more interesting than most other interviews.
Sincerely,
—Drew Wardlaw
Kavli Insitute for Theoretical Physics
Santa Barbara

Drew—
While it's good to know that you think an interview with your band would be more interesting than most other interviews, I wasn't sure if you meant interviews in Maximum, or just other interviews in general. If you do not read MRR, *how do you know whether the interviews are or aren't as fascinating as you yourself apparently are? However—all bands that fall within our area of coverage, DIY underground punk and hardcore, are welcome to submit interviews. We can't guarantee we will run everything we get sent, but we do read it all.*

CORRECTION

Last month we screwed up, and mispelled the band name of TEU PAI JÁ SABE? on the cover of the magazine. We are truly sorry for this embarrassing error and for any irritation it caused the band and their friends and fans. They are an awesome queer hardcore band from Brazil, and you should check out their music: www.myspace.com/teupaijasabe



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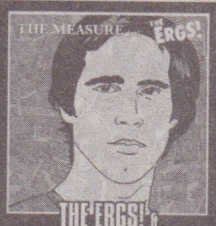

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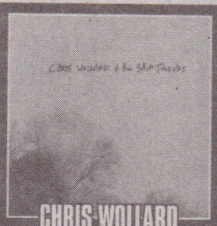

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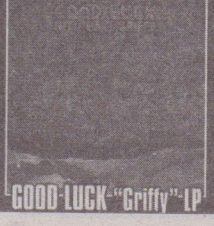

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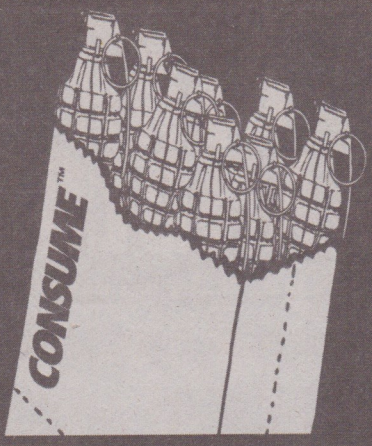

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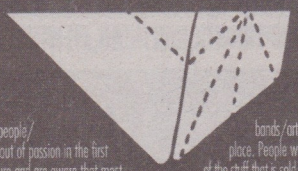

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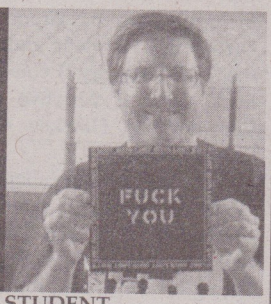

HEY! STUDENT

...I clench my fist and sing this tune/I said Hey! student, Hey! student, Hey! student/
You're gonna get it through the head..." —THE FALL, "Hey! Student"

Each year around the first week of September, I have my annual "Salute To The Students" segment on my radio show and the above Fall song is one that always gets played. Mark E. Smith is a cranky curmudgeon and he's at his most appealingly-curmudgeonly on that particular song, from 1994's *Middle Class Revolt*. Something about the way he enunciates "hey student-uh" is immediately grabbing, although "I drank a jar of coffee and I took some of *these*" from "Totally Wired" does outpace it a bit. It brings back warm memories of my pal Rob Ross regaling me with a pretty credible Mark E. impression while we were driving to a record store in New Jersey, punctuating the *"these"* by pretending to have a handful of pills. That was in addition to his spot-on Paul Weller impression that no one has ever come close to matching. In "Hey! Student," there are also lines mocking the students for listening to PEARL JAM and staring at a poster of Shaun Ryder (from HAPPY MONDAYS) in their dorm rooms. I imagine you could substitute TV ON THE RADIO, THE KILLERS or MGMT or whatever tripe the kids listen to now since those were 1994 entries. And let me state that I'm not interested in hearing *any* of these bands. I accidentally caught a few fleeting moments of THE KILLERS on *Saturday Night Live* (yes, people still watch that show) and that was way too much.

There are other perennial favorites for this "salute"—"Terminal Preppie" by DEAD KENNEDYS, "College Boy" by SHEER TERROR, "Student Wankers" by PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES and "Allston Violence" by TOXIC NARCOTIC, which takes aim at the Allston neighborhood of Boston, the nexus of off-campus college life. TN proudly give the middle-finger to Boston University, Boston College, Northeastern and Umass-Boston, punctuating it with a hearty "fuck you!" after each line.

Indeed, 'tis that time of year, the time where Boston is infested with an influx of college students. And while I'm not going to "clench my fist" or give it to them "through the head," it's still fun to hear Mark E. sing it. I suppose the arrival of the students doesn't annoy me quite as much as it used to because I live in the 'burbs and don't spend as much time in the areas where they congregate, such as the aforementioned Allston (although there's the occasional basement show there). It does make driving in the city a pain in the ass. For one thing, a lot of 'em will chatter away on their cell phones while wandering onto Commonwealth Ave. (where BU is situated) and not pay attention to the cars barreling down the street over 40 mph. That means there's a good chance they could get splattered all over the pavement since, well, they're dealing with Boston drivers. That's nothing new, since it happened with regularity even in the pre-cellphone era. When I was one of those college students starting in 1978 (shhh!), we had an orientation address from the university's president at the time, John Silber. Silber was a cranky elitist who was actually a Democrat. He was from Texas and a progressive on social issues, such as being a champion of integration and against the death penalty, but became a complete autocrat when he came to BU in the early '70s and turned it into his own little fiefdom. He had bigger aspirations and ran for governor in 1990 and that caused me to vote Republican. Honest to god! Bill Weld, if you're curious, who ended up winning—and I've regretted that ever since because, while Weld was liberal on issues like abortion and gay marriage, he was also one of those ruthless tax-cutter/slash-every-social-service-in-sight types. Silber just wouldn't go away. After he stepped down as president, he was appointed Chancellor. I imagine "Divine Ruler" might have been pushing it a bit, even for him.

Silber would regale the incoming freshmen with tales of students meeting their demise because they weren't paying attention to the crazy Boston drivers. Wise advice, I suppose, but that doesn't take away from the fact that Silber was one nasty son of a bitch. I imagine one reason he had a chip on his shoulder was due to a lack of what was below one of 'em—his right arm ended in a stump below the elbow. According to biographical data, he got taunted and called "One Arm Pete" when he was a kid and he'd retaliate by using his stump as a fight weapon. While at BU, he had the less charitable nickname "The One-Armed Bandit" and the campus radical paper, *BU Exposure*, once ran a photo of him with swastikas in his eyes.

Silber definitely didn't have patience for campus activists or radicals and that applied to certain faculty members as well; especially those who attempted to organize a union (and later succeeded). When I was a freshman, the professors had a short strike in the spring semester. At the same time, the clerical workers also walked out. The two professors who taught the "Media and Social Change" course I took were quite progressive in their beliefs and wouldn't cross the picket line, so we had our class on a grassy courtyard across from the building. Silber happened to walk by our class and you could practically see the daggers coming out of his eyes. That was a liberal arts elective and I was actually a business major (shock! horror!) and, much to my later regret, crossed the picket line to take my business classes. You don't think business professors were going to honor a picket line, do ya? As an aside, I think I could have gotten a lot more from that class if I'd had more of a clue of what the professors were trying to impart—that the mass media cover social change with a less-than-enlightened point of view. That dawned on me long after my graduation. I also blew the chance to take a course with Howard Zinn because, once again, I didn't know about his legendary status and perhaps his history course wouldn't have been "gut" enough (i.e. easy to breeze through) for me. Sad, huh?

I got the BU flashback because there was a recent article I read in *The Boston Globe* about a luxury dorm, Student Village II, that just opened there and a room on one of the top floors costs $13,000 per year. That adds up to $5000 more than the regular dorm fee of $8000. BU now costs over $50 K per year. Christ... when I started at BU, it was $6000 a year and about $10,000 when I graduated. Not cheap, but now it barely gets you a dorm room. And, *in my day*, the dorm rooms were more like cells, with concrete walls and minimal furnishings, at least my first couple of years. And, to quote from Dana Carvey's "Grumpy Old Man" sketch, "That's the way it was and we liked it." Umm, not really.

Amenities? Well, there's a "panoramic" view of the city and, from the story, "a media lounge with a plasma TV for watching movies and playing video games... soundproof piano rooms that allow students to practice without disturbing those studying in the 24-hour reading room, which is outfitted with plush adjustable furniture befitting a first-class airport lounge. The laundry room—with washers and dryers programmed to alert students via computer when they are available—overlooks the athletic field and stadium." One girl said she'll be paying for the accommodations by taking out additional student loans.

She'd better damn well hope she isn't a "future member of the unemployed," to quote the above SHEER TERROR song.

It must be nice to be able to afford such a pampered atmosphere, while plenty of kids either hock themselves up to their asses just to be able to afford the books and courses or skip going to a private university like BU, because of the prohibitive expense. Even the state universities are now out of reach for the "less privileged." One parent did have a rather acerbic comment for her son who was moving into this dorm: "...after living like this, you graduate facing a terrible job market and having to live with rats in Brooklyn." Would it be mean for me to say I kind of hope that happens to some of these kids?

Another recent *Boston Globe* story also caught my eye, one about how the Cushing Academy prep school in Massachusetts is getting rid of its library. More accurately, they're getting rid of all the books in the library and going all digital. No, that's not a joke. This isn't the April issue. The school's headmaster James Tracy says, "When I look at books, I see an outdated technology, like scrolls before books... This isn't 'Fahrenheit 451' [the 1953 Ray Bradbury novel in which books are banned]. We're not discouraging students from reading. We see this as a natural way to shape emerging trends and optimize technology." Students will read books either on electronic readers (like a Kindle) or be required to use the computer for their reading assignments. The books aren't being destroyed, at least. They're being given to local schools and libraries. And they're spending $50K to build a coffee shop where the reference desk was, including a $12,000 cappuccino machine. I just hope the students are careful and don't spill that coffee on their computers. If you spill coffee on a book, it can dry out, but spill coffee on those readers and they could short-circuit or something. I have a glass of iced coffee here on my desk, but away from the computer on which I'm typing this story, because of my klutzy nature. I should also add that I originally read this story in the newspaper. A physical, get-ink-on-your-hands broadsheet newspaper that I spread out over the dining room table to peruse while eating breakfast. Then I shared the story with my "friends" on one of those popular social networking sites and did point out the irony of sharing a story about a library's dismantling by linking it from the newspaper's website.

This is just sad. There's no way this Mr. Tracy should be taken seriously as an educator. If I were the "Divine Ruler" of Cushing Academy, Mr. Tracy wouldn't be working there anymore. I don't think Chancellor Silber would put up with it either.

This isn't healthy, in many respects. For one thing, my eyes have steadily gotten worse due to overuse of my computer and I find it more difficult to pay attention when reading stuff on here as opposed to a book or magazine. Even when reading those, now, it's tough to pay attention as much as before getting glued to the computer tube. Also, as the article points out, it takes away the joy of browsing, of coming across a new, undiscovered treasure. The same applies to browsing through a record store and there's something to the tangibility of a record or even a CD that you can't get with a digital file. And people now have their entire music collection in a digital form. That's the case for my 14-year-old nephew, who owns a handful of CDs, but almost exclusively listens to music on his iPod or computer.

I tend to doubt that BU will get rid of the books in their library. I haven't been in there for several years and don't know the ratio of student research divided between books and computer/internet sources. And I'm increasingly reliant on technology to get information. Hit Google and you've got your answer in a matter of seconds. Still, something's out of whack when you have dorms that cost up to $13K a year and cappuccino machines instead of books. Maybe that's just me being an old fart, but I imagine those of you getting ink on your hands while reading this column would likely concur.

Damn, it looks as though I used up my word allotment for this column with this topic alone. No music reviews this time, so if you can't live without my pontification on the latest crop of hip 'n happening records and CDs (but not MP3s!), proceed to http://subvox.blogspot.com. Yes, I've been doing *Suburban Voice* as a web-zine for some years now, but I swear to god I haven't completely given up on publishing at least one more print issue.

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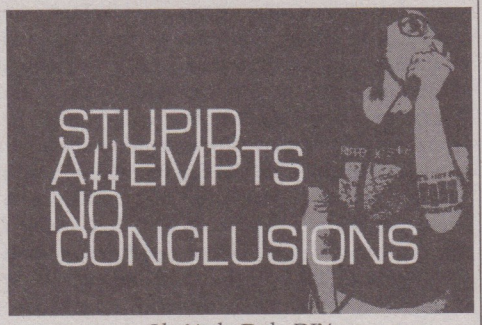


Oh, Yeah, Duh, DIY

I want to talk about how good the Vancouver Simplification cassette complication is. Seriously wicked. First off, the cassette is the perfect compilation medium: cheap, accessible and long-lasting. Secondly, each track was recorded with a four-track, and was done so single-handedly and perfectly by local punk dweeb Nick Tolliday, mostly at each band's respective jam space. The insert is a strategically folded piece of 8.5 x 11 paper, but the cover photo is beautiful and the lyrics to almost all of the songs are included. I've been away from Vancouver for a good year now, but these twelve bands seem like a pretty good cross-section of the better bands you'd see at an average DIY East Van show, whether it's in basement, anti-poverty center, rented hall or dive bar show. Still, though, the bands are hella varied within the whole punk/hardcore and even the indie pop realm (Don't worry, my thrashies, it's few and far between and even pretty good).

I mean, maybe I really especially like this, because I'm all nostalgic for my hometown, but I'm also awed at the simplicity and obviousness of the project. Maybe I'm out of touch and this actually happens a lot, but it seems so obvious and like perfect solution to dealing with flaky bands or bands without recording resources and avoiding the classic comp-bottleneck syndrome, which is waiting for tracks to get recorded and sent in. Fuck it, dudes. If you want a comp, just find some old recording shit, learn how to use it, and go visit some bands and do it yourself. Plus, the result is a uniform sound throughout the tape that sounds warm and classic. Anyways, bands include Citizen Grade, Circles, B-Lines, Dichotomy, Hermetic and eight other bands in the "sick" category. If you want this shit, mail six bucks (four if you live in Canada) to Chad Loewen, 638 Hawkes Ave, Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6A 3J1.

I've been thinking about this kind of DIY shit lately, ever since I got turned down from a sort-of dream job I thought I was a shoe-in for. It was like this well-paying college campus job coordinating a bike share program, wherein students pay a minimal price, pick a bike from amongst a pile of junk ones, have it fixed up for them by the program mechanics in a manner suiting their needs, and then they have it for the semester. Sounds sweet, huh? I was briefly the only candidate, got way too stoked about union pay and having a managerial position, but then someone within the organization who didn't want it, changed their mind and wanted it, and then got it. This is a long, stupid story, sorry. Anyways, I was disappointed, because it seems like something I'd be good at and would like doing, but, oh yeah, working with college kids all day would be pretty brutal and plus, the organization's plans to extend the bike share to non-campus affiliated people was thwarted by the university's safety board, and everyone in the organization has to answer to a governing board run by a large, national environmental organization. You know, one of those organizations that are run like a business and hires traditional and rich marketing firms to make annoying commercials about simple ways we can "make change." Fuck that.

This was all relayed to me by a mechanic for the program that works on a volunteer basis. I'm like, well, if you aren't getting paid anyway, can we just start our own bike co-op? And he's like, sure, our friend has an empty room in her basement that opens into the backyard, so that seems pretty perfect. And if I thought I could coordinate getting fixed-up bikes out to people, why couldn't I do that myself? And wouldn't it be easier and funner without a governing board? Plus, no college kids will come, because they already have their own shop. Fuck, I hate college kids. Fuck, this is perfect.

Similarly, I've started playing guitar in a band for the first time in my life. I really wish I had gotten this over with much sooner, since inevitably, one's first band will probably be kind of sloppy and cheesy, and it's charming when you're in high school, but when you're in your mid-20s, you're just really, really hoping you're not contributing to some kind of "shitty girl musicians" stereotype. Oh well, fuck it. At least I'm not contributing to a shy-girl-bystander-in-punk stereo-

type. Worst case scenario is that we suck, lose steam quickly, some other lady sees me make a mockery of guitar-playing and thinks, "I can do better than that" and probably will.

Stay humble, stay independent, stay punk.
julsgeneric@hotmail.com

So there I was a couple months ago setting up for an evening of recording brutality, mid summer. Though I felt good about it at the time, the session became one of those exercises in everything that can possibly go wrong during a DIY recording, and maybe the only way to look at it in a positive light is to try and extract some kind of lessons from it.

The first thing that happened was the bass cab I was planning to use died within the first ten minutes. To be exact, sparks shot out of the speaker input, and then the speaker itself went dead. Seeing sparks shoot out of any piece of musical gear (excluding onstage pyrotechnics) is never encouraging, and so, officially in panic mode, we switched to a different bass cab. One problem with this is that this cab had a fairly different sound, and was much louder than the other one. It was also extremely heavy and unwieldy. Long story short, we really didn't do a very good job isolating the sound on it from the sound in the rest of the room. To get it to sound sufficiently "brutal" we were cranking the head pretty loud, and without some pillows, plywood, or other items to block these more prominent sound waves, we were basically doing a job of fucking ourselves into a waste of an evening.

Nice studios usually have isolation booths where you could, for instance, place an extremely loud bass amp, so that it wouldn't be bleeding into the other tracks if you plan on recording the instruments together "live." Obviously this isn't always an option when you are working it out on your own in the basement/garage/rehearsal spot. The basic idea though is that you want to put mass and space between the sound waves and the mics that are picking up the other instruments, so it follows the best way to do this is to have the amp in a separate room. A loud bass amp can be extra tricky, because of the way bass frequencies travel, and what they can do to a mix if they're bleeding onto other tracks. In our case they managed to especially ravage the kick drum and the room mics, mudding them up and sucking away precious clarity.

The most obvious thing to remember when you're working on a recording is to be patient. Make sure there's really not any problematic bleed. Make sure it really sounds good. When you think you're ready to roll, it really helps to take even a five minute break, shoot the shit, have a coffee—whatever—then come back, and recheck that everything sounds good and is set up well. Because of time constraints on the evening's session we rushed to set up the new gear and it wasn't done properly. It's good to keep in mind, that while you might think you're saving 30 minutes in the present, you could lose hours of your life in the near future trying to correct sloppiness.

Now with this bass amp thing, it's really not too hard to come up with a good solution if you do it right. One thing that can help is having a smaller amp that you can crank to the limit, but won't get too loud. Maybe one of those one speaker type deals, as opposed to a huge refrigerator sized cab blasting away. In reality you're only going to have the mic aimed at one speaker, so everything after is just background noise (for the most part). My aforementioned spark-shooting friend was something like this. If you need a more saturated and thick sound, and you don't have a separate room for isolation available, it's just going to be in your favor to use a smaller/quieter amp.

Whatever you end up using, you'll want to find a dead corner (preferably with some carpeting and drywall) you can point the amp towards. Once you have the mic well positioned (aim it dead on at the center of the speaker or maybe slightly off-center, maybe an inch or two off the grill), you've basically got to build a fort (like when you were a kid), around it. Couch cushions are a very helpful tool here. Next time your scummer friends are throwing out a couch, try and grab a couple of the least soiled cushions and toss them in your practice space. The idea is really as simple as just muffling the sound and to really get some mass surrounding that amp. The same idea is worth applying to a guitar set up when recording a band live, including trying a less powerful amp and pushing it to the max. Also make sure there's sufficient distance between the guitar and bass amps if the whole band is tracking together. Make it at least a couple feet, and try and have some physical object between them as well.

If you can swing it, there's also the possibility of using plywood to make a barrier around the drum set. This may not be worth the time it will take to assemble and work out, but if you're feeling adventurous, give it a shot. Put the wood maybe a foot in front of the kit, as high as you can make it so that it's reflecting the sound on either side away. This ought to keep some of the bass and guitar sounds out, while potentially livening up the drums with some more reflection. Really, stuff like this goes back to what I think this column is all about, which is using what you have and making it work. Finding a way. Doing it yourself, and any other proactive catchphrases that you'd like to throw around here or there.

Anyway, while the bass bleed was the biggest problem in the above mentioned session, it just snowballed from there. The kick drum sounded dead afterward, possibly might have been from a combination of a new head not getting put on right, and a blanket inside the drum that was too large, and killing any resonance. The hi-hats seemed to be eating into the snare in an unreasonably obnoxious way (should have taped them up to kill a bit of that). When it came time to overdub the guitars (I was still convinced I could fix this thing), I had some freak accident with a Marshall amp that involved one of the pieces that actually holds a tube in breaking. My repair guy said he'd never actually seen it happen before. After that, I managed to kill a speaker on my cabinet during the actual guitar tracking. The truth is, even though some of this could be avoided, sometimes things just fuck up and go wrong. Eventually, if you're recording regularly there will be a disaster. You may not really know until you sit down to mix, but it does happen, especially when you're working on limited means. In the words of Raybeez (whose untimely passing was nearly eleven years ago now— R.I.P.), "always keep the faith." Thanks for reading *Basement Screams* Vol. 8, and I guess I should mention that Naked Raygun (for whom this column is named) are playing here tonight. They probably won't be as good as Motorhead was on Sunday, but we all know nothing's better than Motorhead.

How Outside Is Just Inside Looking Outside

Sometimes you wake up there is no waking up you wake up anyway. You put on a CD that you never listen to, you may have never listened to this CD. This CD that tells you how you are supposed to feel, neither sad nor happy and the vocals are better as another instrument and this is how you feel. And then somehow you can breathe, or breathe more, yes there's the air entering your nostrils a cool feeling, soft like a breeze a breeze in your nostrils there are your eyes, your eyes above your nostrils your eyelids, blink, light, through the windows when you can look at the buildings and see the sky or actually you're looking out but not at the buildings or sky and this is how you wake up, cold hands in your lap. You wonder about how anything can become an addiction, maybe that's what it means to be human, the human experience. Like now, when that calm arrives you wonder if it's just the amino acids, you just took the amino acids but remember the music, maybe the amino acids and the music, are you addicted to music? But what about the light, the sun, maybe you're addicted to amino acids, the music, the light, and the sun. And your nostrils, the air in your nostrils, blink, that's your eyelids, your eyelids and cold hands. Maybe you're addicted to amino acids, the music, the light, the sun, your nostrils, the air, blink, that's your eyelids, your eyelids, and cold hands.

You wonder if there was a time when you believed in sleep, believed that sleep would just be sleep. When you used to sleep forever, sleep with the lights on sleep with the sun streaming in the windows sleep with people talking sleep with construction sleep, except then you never felt rested either, different except not different like sleep. You believe in his bed, this bed and the pillows and your body and hope, this bed and the pillows and your body and hope in this bed in this sleep and then you wake up.

In the dream that now I can only faintly remember, the dream in between or no not in between, after, finally after all of that horrible indigestion waking me up with an expansion of belly into chest that burping I can't stop burping I mean I can't stop trying to burp which hurts more and I have to move until finally I have to sit up too, ouch this burping ouch when did this burping start? All my indigestion used to come out as gas, which is terrible in public, but at night in my bed I much prefer gas to all this pain.

Anyway, after the burping does kind of become gas, and then there isn't as much pain, there are these elaborate dreams where I'm escaping somewhere but not quite, the only part I remember right now is that somehow I'm naked on the streets of Germany, surrounded by cops, but then I realize maybe it's legal to be naked so somehow I'm back inside the glass-walled shopping mall end-of-the-world bunker no wait now it's some kind of collective house where we all live in one large room, they're starting to tear out the walls and one of my roommates is beside herself, I say they have to tear out the walls, it's the only way to get rid of the mold but she says: then where would we live? We've run out of food except for this dark substance you stuff into tiny plastic tubes, then press the mechanism at the top to get it into your throat, bitter and it's not very filling but at some point I realize my head feels clear, at least I'm not allergic to this substance, and when I wake up I realize that it's ink, ink we're stuffing into pens and then pushing down our throats and at least I'm not allergic to words until I've finally found an apartment, it's a sublet with two other people in a huge industrial loft, it's the first week in my cavernous empty room, walls connecting to walls I must be in New York and looking outside it's like inside looking outside.

I'm trying to sleep, but there's something I'm allergic to—it's not mold, there's no mold it's so dry. I go in the other room, the common room with a big laundry machine in the middle and counters but nothing else; it's bright with sunlight, even though there are no windows. My roommate comes in, she wants to know if everything is okay—I'm allergic to something, I say, and I don't know what it is. She says maybe it's the chemicals he uses in his art, so I go in his room and in the middle is this huge centrifuge shaking, nothing else, this room is like my room so the windows face walls, the only light is the light between buildings and all the windows are closed, he's in a corner in a painter's uniform, shaking to the same rhythm as the centrifuge. I can't smell the chemicals, but I can feel them—I say I don't mean to get in the way of your art, but would you mind opening the windows?

He looks over at one of the windows, and I see that it's open a tiny crack. I go in the other room to talk to the roommate who I actually like, she says maybe we should go out, when was the last time you went out? Her room is huge and empty too, and she's sitting in the far corner at a round table, talking on a big red secretary's phone. Where would we go, I say. She thinks we should go to that underground club, the one that's only open once a month in that brick building that they rent out to people but no one ever rents it out. I say do you think people will be smoking, I need to explain something to you—I can't even deal with the smoke that comes in from outside, and she says you're right, there probably would be smoke coming in from outside—let me post a tweet about something, because I need to get fucked, and then I see the screen of her cellphone, someone replies right away—I say isn't that the guy who wanted to kill you?

She says yes, but we only have a month, that's not enough time, and then I look out her windows and I notice you can see the trees, greens and reds and yellows in the lowering sun and there's a breeze blowing in. I wonder how she got that view, and how I've never noticed it, nothing but trees in the distance past everything that is burnt to the ground, the landscape.

But remember how outside is just inside looking outside, so then we're on the subway and she's in some kind of box contraption with the guy who's fucking her and I'm watching just to make sure he doesn't kill her. Then I remember she said he would need more than a month, and we won't be here a month so I go outside with the guy I'm just getting to know, outside the subway car and it's like he's on one side of a wall and I'm on the other so I lean my head over to see with my lips and then his lips and we're both holding onto the plywood wall but I realize I need more so I grab his head, more lips and tongue I realize this is what I'm looking for and then I wake up.

My latest book is a novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*, and yes unfortunately I'm still sleeping badly or even when I don't sleep badly I feel terrible! Now I'm working on lostmissing: a public art project, and I just finished a new anthology called *Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots*? I know you're wondering the same thing. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102

Prepare To Be Fucked Over
Part II: Navel-Gazing Douchebag Leaders Of The Revolution

Election day, 2008: Boom. A Democrat president is elected after the US flirts liberally with fascism for eight years under George W. Bush. In addition to this feat, Democrats sweep both the House and Senate. It seems like massive, sweeping change is under way as the electorate (the less than 60% of the country that do vote) clearly state that they want an entirely new direction for the country. After the hype and glory of the election victory dies down, CNN runs a story about the newly-elected "Blue Dog Democrats" in the House and Senate that may present a challenge to then President Elect Obama and his like-minded "liberal" Democrat colleagues.

Today, close to a year later, massive health care reform hits a brick wall as Blue Dog Democrats, essentially Republicans in Democrat clothing, try to prevent Obama from passing health care reform with a government-run public option, that might actually not rip people off and bankrupt the country as badly as insurance companies have to date. This Obama-approved healthcare that is stonewalled isn't going to be any utopian change either—this is not to be free, government-run health care which most other western countries enjoy and take for granted—just simply one government-backed insurance that you could purchase. For the first time in years, Democrats hold the power to drag legislation past Republicans' drooling faces and they promptly fuck it up by creating another opposition within the Democrat party.

My problem is this: Why do those among the American left—if you can call the Democrats any way representative of that—always fracture and attack each other? In this case, and as whenever dealing with slithering, shit-eating politicians, money is a factor. Blue Dog Democrats have raked in more contributions this year than any other political group—campaign contributions from insurance companies totaling at least a million. On top of that, Blue Dogs are also positioning themselves to be the "moderates" that compromise between the liberals and greedy, rabid Republicans. This means that the cause of Democrats for the last half-century—health care reform, is fucked wholesale by a small clique of thundering assholes jockeying to have their picture taken as a "rogue," or a "maverick" that "gets things done," even when it actually means getting sweet-fuck-all done. This reputation in politics, the "moderate," "middleman," "bi-partisan" is sometimes very beneficial to the politician. It can mean that when the party they belong to fucks up royally, or is turned on by the public, they can be the star: look at "moderate" John McCain, and "bi-partisan" Joe Lieberman. By positioning themselves this way, politicians can say they don't put party first in an effort to "make things happen"—the truth is that they're just a much more slippery fish than the rest of the corrupt shits in the profession and are willing to forsake anything in return for political success. The goal of many can be forsaken, if it means that the ego of a few, or even one, can win.

This goes for the entire American left. No cause is so great, no eventual goal so noble, no future so bright, that it can't be abandoned for some short-term glory. Any cause or movement

for progress will invariably attract some dickhead who wants the attention surrounding it heaped upon him or her. This goes for the "rogue" senators as much as the activists in your town that love to let you know about all of their efforts.

Summer, 2006: Boom. I'm at a show in Michigan, midway though tour with a band I'm in. The venue is killer, the show is a blast and in general, there are great vibes from everyone. We're playing with a Crimethinc band who have since dissolved. Eager to impress the Crimethincers, the kids who set up the show get on the microphone between sets and begin to berate all punks present for not attending more anti-war rallies and protests. The tone is like that of a parent scolding a child, and clearly the point is not to rally us to the aid of the anti-war movement—it's to prove that our hosts are the activist heavyweights of the locale, and everyone else is cattle to be chided for not sacrificing as much as they, the alpha-anarchists, have themselves. The real problem for our hosts would actually be the opposite—if all of us in the audience had been as active as those berating us, we'd be soaking up all the limelight. And then it wouldn't be a case of who was doing something and failing, it would be a case of what we were achieving. We would have to be attacked by our hosts for some reason other than complacency. Collaboration? Sellout? Any accusation that works to tear someone down, it doesn't matter.

Ego wins every day. People want to be the stars of their own imaginary reality shows, and the heroes of their own imaginary movies. The job, the goal, the fight, can get fucked. What is a story without a hero? Is it worth re-telling? This idea is the genius of imperialism and colonization. Tell one slave he is better than another, and he will fight to prove it, all while the whole show is overrun by the elite, who will rape the land further and fuck everyone equally in the end.

Achievement means nothing in this country without credit going to some fucking dickhead. It's worth more to these same dickheads to try and fail and be recognized, than to put their heads down and their egos in check, and get the job done.

Because of all of this, we are fucked. We have the egomaniacal, furiously-masturbating, chickenshit Democrats, afraid of success without glamour, on one side. And on our other, the Republicans, creationist, greedy, corrupt, homophobic, Christian, racist, misogynist and clearly unified in their single, clear, terrifying vision. Fuck every last one of us.

ENDNOTES:

1. DESCARADOS—I got this band's one-sided LP for review from Give Me Back, and it is killer. Mid-paced punk with some slowed-down parts that remind me of LEATHERFACE, (YOUNG) PIONEERS and later-era BORN AGAINST.

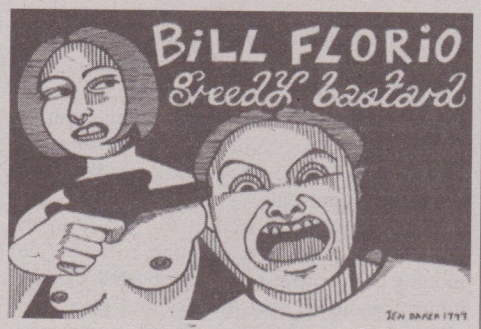
2. PYRAMIDS—Do you like Italian bands like RAEIN? Mix that shit up with some very depressing post-punk and you've got the Through The Hourglass LP from these cats. Very fucking good indeed.

3. Some really exciting things coming up on the Human Crush label—check the blog for updates and details: www.humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com.

4. Bands, please send me some more demos! Shit has been killer so far:
John Fahy/15011 Lakeside View Dr./Apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL/33919.

5. Write me at the address above or here: fahy_john@hotmail.com

6. By the time this goes to print I'll be out of the DIVISIONS Fin cassette, but will probably have some s/t 7"s left. Thanks so much to everyone that's been ordering. I still have some PANZRAM demos left, and some WE NEED TO TALK 7"s. All can be heard on the blog above, each are five bucks ppd. My other band's new split 7"(MERKIT/RESURRECTIONISTS) and a million other awesome records (many used—good prices) can be gotten from www.ifbrecords.com and copies of Seven Inches To Freedom #7 can be gotten from this fool: hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com



In the past fifteen years I feel like my musical taste has not changed all that much but luckily everything else has. I remember liking the excuse that I didn't own all the records I liked because I wasn't a record collector and since many of them were out of print, I wasn't going to go through all the time and expense to obtain them. I was happy just knowing the songs from crappy tapes made for me and to be honest once a tape got stuck in my car's tape deck for a month I was content to never listen to it again anyway. I have a pretty good musical memory, and there are some records I haven't listened to in twenty years but I'll go and see a band play the song and remember what part they fucked up.

I always envisioned a world where all media was a couple of button presses away. To think of setting aside weekends because people collectively wanted to check out a record store in another state or putting myself on a waiting list to rent an out-of-print video at the rental store are almost completely gone. Sure if you want to collect crap, there are many routes to take, but if you're like me and are happy with just watching or listening, a $250 laptop and a stolen web connection can provide everything you need.

So the reason left to move your ass now is going out to see bands play. Considering the theoretical time savings in picking through record stores and such, we should all have more time and have more music in our arsenal that we must go and see live. I don't really have data on this so I'll just have to speculate on why seeing bands is much less of a big deal than it used to be. I'm just going to list all the possibilities so when someone actually does study these twenty years from now I can say I told you so.

Since there is so much available to everyone and so much communication to go with it on the internet, people more quickly get into things besides punk rock. So someone could theoretically get really into punk for a year or two but not bother going to a show. While it's easy to learn all this information about music and everything related to it, figuring out the somewhat complex social structure involved may be too much work for someone who has done nothing social that wasn't online. Then there's always the case where you start out at something like Warped Tour and have no fucking clue where to go from there so you only go to Warped Tour once a year spend $1500 and anxiously await next year. I find this a little hard to believe but in reality it's nothing new, it's just a much sadder version of the heavy metal kids that used to hang out in the park every weekend and talk about going to metal shows, but in reality they really only bought tickets to large arena concerts and half the time they ended up being grounded the night before. It just seems so much lamer because I suspect these sorts of kids don't bother going to the park anymore either.

The second theory is that because there are so many possible exposed surfaces for rock n roll, all the nooks and crannies of the punk rock English muffin have been filled by bands that don't even really exist in the traditional sense of being a band you can go and see 20 or 30 times a year. These suburban bands have always existed; basically this is the sort of thing that's kept Guitar Center and Sam Ash in business for all history. The folks that spend $1500 on a guitar and $5000 on concert size gear, find others in their little hamlet that have the same sort of credit history and horrible music tastes. While before these sorts of musical diseases were contained within the Thunder-dome of suburban pay-to-play venues and suburban recording studios sure enough to gouge whatever they could for a "demo" or "showcase." The problem now is that if you go to a MySpace a Facebook or even your downloadable music stores, these shit stains can create a pretty good smog on top of the dirt casserole that existed before these idiots were able to buy their way in. Another thing that's missing in per-song downloads is the dollar bin. Someone really needs to specialize the mp3 downloads so someone like me can find something equivalent to a cool record store and trust that I can easily figure out what's there to pay the bills, what's there because the owner knows what's good for me and what's there because the guy felt bad for that band who lives around the corner, it didn't sell and now it's gathering dust at the end of the pile. Just a note, I've found that Interpunk's "People Who Bought This Item Also Bought" works so much better than the Amazon thing that they probably spent millions to develop. Then again people who know to buy things on Interpunk are generally buying things that aren't blowdryers and Wii games at the same place.

I suppose some people can blame the real estate boom on the lack of live music venues. But the same people will now blame the horrible

economy. Personally I think deep recessions are great for live music. I seem to remember seeing great bands in rent-for-one night closed storefronts and abandoned warehouses in the early 90s. Perhaps some of this will come back.

It seems like for years *MRR* has had commentary on what a live show should cost. Personally I don't think this really has all that much influence on a shows success. I think the weather probably has a much greater influence.

Anyway, the whole point of this column was to talk about what's next to make people lazier and lame. Recently I was exposed to the 101 Network, a channel on cable/satellite television that broadcasts live music 24 hours a day. While right now this is sort of a joke, basically if you want to watch The Oak Ridge boys play live for two hours, it's available, but does punk rock have a place in some sort of video world? Would someone rather queue up a live show than go to one and actually interact with real people?

Getting back to the studies I alluded to further up the column I have some ideas about gathering data on these things.

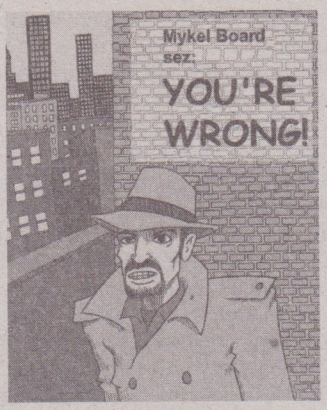
One: An internet video punk rock concert series that has complete farce crowds. Say you're in a band that can draw a couple hundred people. Make a video and have everyone dress up like Dr. Spock, this cannot be done on YouTube since it allows comments which will ruin everything. But this is followed by internet only stories on the bands crowds and how they sell custom made spock ears and how Gene Rodenbury's estate is suing etc. Within a few weeks you can count up all the Spocks that show up and get a good idea of the impact the internet has on the real versus the purely internet produced portions of the crowd.

Two: Do a study of music played in suburban parking lots, work with local police to trade in summonses for data on how the music was acquired and what two concerts were attended, or almost attended due to last minute grounding in the past eighteen months. The grant for the study will be used to pay the summonses.

Three: Someone should come up with something that's sort of like Pandora music but also can mimic a record store where you'll just happen upon things as well as be directed to them by others. Just to use *MRR* as an example, while it's always great to get information from this wide variety of people with all kinds of tastes, it's also good to be able to get one person's vision in depth. So perhaps something like Goodreads for music, where you can use the site to catalog your collection, but at the same time have a bit of social networking where you can listen and even purchase the music of your friends.

Sorry about not having a real destination with this one, but in general I see a very bright light at the end of the tunnel here when it comes to better music and better bands coming out of this digital shitstorm. It took ten years of terrible rock'n'roll to get punk rock to show up, so I'm seeing many opportunities in the current shit state of things and personally when things are shitty there's just that many more things for me to make fun of.

Email is bill@candids.com Cheers.



"No one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American people."

-P.T. Barnum

"The structure of anyone's native language strongly influences or fully determines the worldview he will acquire as he learns the language

" -The Whorf Hypothesis

I was madder than a Muslim on a hog farm. I love to play tricks on people. Every April I write a big lie column. Every April some people believe it. Ha ha! What dopes, couldn't you see that I was pulling your leg? How could you believe that I was fucked in the ass by Noam Chomsky? Come on!

Then what happens? I'm the one with the pulled-over wool. I'm the one tricked... For months. Remember how I supported Obama? Remember how I said the elections gave me a glimmer of hope that Americans have more intelligence than a dingleberry? Fooled again!

Americans are dumber than dirt. Stupider than a box of Captain Crunch. Denser than a black hole. We have a glimmer of a chance to raise our healthcare rank up from 42nd... And Americans protest. It's socialist, they say.

Of course, it's not socialist enough. But even that, they reject. Their own best interests fall victim to the basest propaganda. And worse yet, our *change* President (the guy who expanded the Afghan war, continues detention without trial, hides evidence of US torture, and maintains a Whitehouse office for *faith-based* government-supported organizations) caves in to the pressure.

Jeezus fuckin' Christ! I'm moving to Denmark where people aren't afraid of a little socialism.

Factoid 1: Benjamin Whorf studied a bunch of languages and the cultures around them. He concluded that language controls how people see the world.

I never read his studies, but I understand what he was thinking. I see it in the languages I stumble through.

In English, *water* is a liquid. When that liquid boils and becomes a gas, we have *steam*. When that liquid freezes and becomes solid, we have *ice*. We look at water, ice, and steam as three different things.

In Thai, water is *nam* and a liquid. When that liquid boils and becomes a gas. It's *ay nam* or gas water. When it freezes, it's *nam plo* or hard water. Thais look at water as one thing with a range of forms from hard through mushy through liquid through boiling liquid to steam.

In Japanese, water is *mizu*. Ice is *koori*. Steam is *yoki*. There is another word: *yu*, for hot water. The Japanese look at water as one thing. Water you can make tea with is something else.

Whorf would say. English-speakers think of ice, water, and steam as different things, but hot water as a kind of water.

Japanese-speakers think of water and hot water as different materials. In Japanese, hot water is as different from plain water, as plain water is from ice.

Thai-speakers, think of them all as variations of the same thing. They feel the innate waterness in all the variations. Like in Thai Buddhism, everything is one. End of Factoid 1.

In my nearly 70 years of experience, I've found: *when confronted by a phalanx of stupidity, take refuge in the academic.* Then, after you're hit by the stupidity of academia... Travel to some other country and take refuge there.

Right now, it's academia keeping my testicles from rising to their original home inside me. I can ignore the feeble-mindedness of my fellow countrymen, if I can somehow explain it. That's what academia does. It explains stupidity.

The Whorf hypothesis is one of those explanations. I've never been a wholehearted supporter. But sometimes it... well... it just works—or looks like it works. Let's take a look.

Insurance companies and conservatives excite the plebeians by dredging up images from the Cold War. They scare common folk by conflagrating *socialism* with *communism*. Everybody remembers that communism was bad. It takes your freedom away. Socialism is the same. Free medicine will take your *freedom* away.

The American people fall for it, hook, line, and healthcare. It's not logical, but it fits with the way Americans see the world.

Throw a word like *socialism* out there, and people use it to dismiss logic. You've got a word that acts like a symbol. The symbol replaces thought... and forms a worldview.

Ask for national healthcare? You're a *socialist*. Want to end the slaughter in Afghanistan? You're *supporting terrorism*. Criticize Israel? You're a *Nazi*... or at least an *anti-Semite*. Logic flies out the door, replaced by words that trigger a flood of unstoppable emotion.

Take *political correctness*... please.

I post an article on my Facebook page that shows statistics proving SUVs are less safe than regular well built every day cars. I wonder in print why anyone would drive an SUV if even the last excuse (they're safe) has been proven wrong. In less than 45 seconds, I get an answer:

People should have the right to drive what they want and not be forced into little crap cars and not be forced into using inconvenient mass transit just to soothe your big PC egos.

And I shoot off my reply to his reply:

People should have the right to nail their penises to a lamppost. That doesn't mean it's a good idea. That you CAN do something stupid doesn't mean you should *do it. It is* stupid, *after all.*

That discussion, as short and idiotic as it was, showed something about language.

Label something as *PC*, then you can dismiss it. The label itself is enough. If you don't have the

label, you need a real reason.

So then, are the feminists, the Al Sharptons, the Christians right? Do words have such power that we have to censor them so they don't do any damage? Do we have to say *the N-word* or *the F-word*, because the *real* words will cause so much trouble?

Let's take a look:

Everybody knows it's taboo to criticize a person just because of religion. It's taboo to say someone is evil because they're Muslim. The tabloids tried it during the election. I remember the "Obama is a Muslim" headlines (Though the paper didn't say he was evil because of it). But tabloid journalism is different from what you can (and should) say every day. If we avoid saying *Muslim is evil*, will we avoid thinking it?

My local free newspaper reports that a 25-year-old Egyptian man cut off his own penis to spite his family. Why? He was refused permission to marry a girl from a lower-class family. After begging his father for two years with no consent, the guy heats up a knife and slices off his candy cane.

My question: Why was this in an American newspaper? So they can say "penis?" So they can say something nasty about a Muslim without actually saying the *word* "Muslim"?

Them Muslims is wacky, huh? Anyone who'd cut his dick off would fly a plane into a building, right?

Factoid 2: There is a group of verbs called *performatives*. These are special, magical verbs. The utterance of them, *creates* (performs... get it?) the action. Verbs like "promise," "assure," "warn," "ask," and "guarantee" are performatives.

If I say, "I promise I won't cum in your mouth," that *makes* the promise. I don't have to do anything else. The promise has been made, just by uttering the words.

Compare this to a normal verb like "suck." Saying "you suck my love tube" does not automatically give me a blowjob. Some further action is necessary. End of Factoid 2.

Take the word "gay," please!

In the late 1960s, the word *gay* was invented to replace the word *homosexual* or *fag*. Homos used it to talk about people who have sex with the same gender. The language changers picked it because of its original meaning: *happy*. The idea was to lend an air of happy-go-luckiness to anal-penile fluid exchange. *Homosexual* was too academic. *Fag* besides being a pejorative for homosexual, referred to anything negative or wimpy. A pretty negative word.

The inventors of *gay* thought, along with Whorf, that if you change the words people use, you change the way they think. If you make people say something that means la-de-da every time they refer to a homo, they'll come to associate the two. Homos will become nice and la-de-da.

So what happened? Did *gay* become a performative? Did using the word make it happen?

You bet your anal warts it didn't. What happened was that the word completely lost its original meaning. In 1950, someone might describe their weekend at the beach as a *gay old time*. By 1975, that would happen only if the beach was on Fire Island.

By the late 1980s, *gay* began to take on an additional negative meaning. Something like *wimpy*, *unfashionable*, or just plain bad.

This example comes from the *Internet Urban Dictionary:* "Man, these seats are gay. I can't even see what's going on!"

See? The language changed. People's thinking did not. The mental image came first. Changing the words did *not* change that image. The new words fell back into the slots that the old ones filled. *Gay* was no more positive in everyday speech than *faggot*.

This is what the *N-word* and the *F-word* people don't get (*L-word* people, however, seem have a lot of fun with it.). You can change the language as much as you want. You can avoid taboo words. But, changing the words does not change people's attitude.

Take abortion (I won't say it).

In the great abortion debate, nobody wants to be anti-anything. Both sides are "pro-". Take your pick. *Pro-choice* or *pro-life*. Does that reflect the reality? Are these words performatives? You *say* it and then you *are* it?

Pro-choice is really pro-abortion. Not pro-*forced* abortion but pro-right to abortion. It's like saying that people who favor legalized heroin or legalized murder are *pro-choice*. Of course it's a choice. Do it or not. That's not the point. Abortion is the point. Pro-choice is pro-abortion.

And how about *pro-life?* Most anti-abortionists are Christians who favor the death penalty. They oppose free healthcare, which insures that babies will have doctors to see that they don't die in childhood. It insures the rest of us don't die for lack of funds or access to hospitals. Their attitude? *Let 'em be born, then don't give a shit about 'em.* These people are not *pro-life*. They're just anti-abortion. Call it what you want.

I'm the only pro-abortion guy I know who says he's *pro-abortion*. There are a few *anti-abortionists* out there who call themselves that. If you go around shooting doctors, you can't call very well yourself *pro-life*, can you?

So is Whorf right? Well, not exactly.

Language doesn't make culture and emotions. There are, however, things in the culture that language can use. People with an agenda can manipulate language to nudge people into thinking one way or another. But, it's the thought, or in the American case, the lack of thought, that's the key. Not the words.

Me? I like to call a fuck a fuck. Not *the F-word*. But most Americans are too lazy or too stupid to realize they're being bullied. They allow themselves to be pushed around by language and in the end, just don't give a fuck.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to comment on the column]

—>*Some kind of artist dept:* I felt it's only fair to acknowledge George Bataille as the inspiration for the beginning of last month's column. If you have a strong stomach, I recommend his: *Story of the Eye*. Whadda book!

—>*New idol dept:* I recently saw Jean Claude Van Damme's first starring-role movie, *Bloodsport*. Van Damme is okay, but he's got a lousy toupee (actually a set of toupees—one for when he's supposed to look young, and one for when he's supposed to look *very* young) and way too much make-up. But the bad guy in that movie is a guy named Bolo Yeung. He's a huge Chinese guy who looks more Indonesian than Chinese.

He is so evil, so full of nastiness, it was love at first sight. I want to see *everything*. He's a G-d!! I Wikipedia-ed him and found out he *swam* from China to Hong Kong to get away from Communism. Now he lives in LA. I don't know how he got there, but it wouldn't surprise me if he swam when the commies took over Hong Kong.

Anybody with vids or other info about this guy, let me know! I'm in love!

—>*Cleaning out dept:* In this post-print era, one of the few magazines I actually pay for is the *Utne Reader*. It's a liberal digest of magazines and other world publications. Since a Facebook quiz told me I am a "left libertarian," it should be right up my alley, right? Usually, it is.

But, during a recent fit of lebensraum, I started throwing out clippings. While going through the pile, I found one from *Utne Reader*. Sept '07. In it, they complain about *YouTube* and *Google* for providing gateways to "Hate." Of course, *hate* means people they disagree with, the KKK, rightwing skinhead bands, holocaust revisionists etc. While the *Utne Reader* "provides information," these groups "spew propaganda."

I wonder what *they* say about the *Utne Reader*.

—>*Pay up, you most evil corp! dept:* No I'm not talking about Starbucks. This is the one you'd expect: Walmart. They've agreed to pay $35,000,000 to settle a suit by workers in Washington State who were forced to skip meals and breaks... and work overtime for no extra pay. Doesn't sound like enough money to me.

*****

Religious Endnotes Section:

—>*God bless dead Iraqis dept.*

US Defense Department war reports, sent to the White House in 2003, frequently included biblical quotations. This was revealed in, of all places, *GQ Magazine*.

The magazine said that the daily briefings had covers that included photos of soldiers praying. Bible verses accompanied the photos. One cover showed a large Baghdad monument of two crossed swords with a tank beneath it. The quote?

"Open the gates that the righteous nation may enter, the nation that keeps faith."

Err... I thought Iran was the nation that keeps faith.

—>*Which part of the first amendment do you like? Free speech or establish religion? dept:*

A US Court of Appeals held that a Pennsylvania kindergarten teacher had a constitutional right to refuse to let a parent read the Bible to children in her classroom. The court said that: Parents may reasonably expect their children will not become captive audiences to an adult's reading of religious texts.

The premise of the reading, though, was for adults to read a passage from their child's

favorite book. So what if the Bible *was* the kid's favorite book?

I say, read it. What's censorship is censorship, and I'm against it.

Of course, that means *other* parents should be able to read the *Marquis de Sade*. That was *my* favorite book in kindergarten.

—>*Proof: Church makes you more Christian dept:* *The Pew Research Center* found that 49 percent of the public overall said torture can "often" or "sometimes" be justified. Among white evangelicals, the number was 62 percent. The survey also found that support for torture increased among those who reported attending church most often.

Mighty Christian of them, I'd say.

—>*Ich bin ein Berliner dept:* The population of Berlin voted strongly against (only fourteen percent support) a referendum that would give public school students the choice between taking religion or ethics classes. Sixteen German states have such a law. It allows students to choose: Catholic, Protestant, Jewish or Muslim. It's like I was allowed to choose, French, Spanish, German or Latin when I was a kid.

The smart folks in Berlin threw out the proposal. I hope they're enjoying their Latin classes.

—>*Ich bin nicht irisch dept:* The Irish minister for justice has proposed a "Blasphemous Libel" law that would fine up to $130,000 any speech that is "grossly abusive or insulting in relation to matters held sacred by any religion." As of this writing, the law has not yet passed, and God damn it, I hope it doesn't.

—>*But pornstore bans are legal? dept:* A local business group asked the city of Broadway, Virginia to ban churches in a three block downtown area. The merchants said that the churches would be bad for business and they asked the town council to ban them. The city attorney said *no go*. It would be illegal, the constitution and all that, you know?

I dunno. Since when do people care about the constitution and all that?

A wise man once said, "I've never seen a situation that couldn't be made worse by the arrival of a police man." In my view, there is a big divide in any society between those who think the police are there to protect them, and those who view the police as the instrument of repression. In more affluent and open societies, the idea of the police as protectors of society has entered the mainstream. But for those still under the grip of dictatorships, corrupt and oppressive regimes, the more traditional point of view as the police as oppressors remains. How the police forces made this switch in perception is something of public relations coup, but beneath the surface, the pretense of "protect and serve" falls away and the role of the police as gendarmes for the ruling elite is maintained. The best example of such would be the suppression of protests in recent years from the G7 to political party conventions to counter protests against Klan and Nazi rallies where the police forces always wind up protecting the Klan and jailing their opponents.

If you grow up poor or working class you usually have some kind of built in hostility and suspicion towards police and authority. Perhaps you have a relative in prison, or a sibling who was harassed or roughed up by the cops. If nothing, by the time you reach your teenage years, you are engaged in a running battle with cops and other authority figures trying to prevent you from partying, skating, tagging or similar activities. It seems to me that a lot of middle and upper middle class kids grow up with a different view of the police, one that has more in common with the police on TV shows. These are the people whose solution to any sticky situation is to "call 911!" as if doing so would summon some TV style superheroes who will show up in seconds and save the day.

That said, I'd like to consider for a moment the culture of repression. The police state was perfected in the 20th century by the likes of Hitler, Mao and most especially Stalin. Interestingly, the apparatus of state terror of most of the communist regimes of Eastern Europe and Asia was never overthrown and its perpetrators never punished. Indeed, the perpetrators of the purges and executions mostly have managed to pass down their control of society to a new generation whose softer methods conceal the violent means used to put their forebears on top. Beneath the surface, in places like China and Russia, is the fear that you can get in trouble for thinking, saying or acting too far out of line. While the threat is no longer quite so overt, it's always lurking beneath the surface. This culture of intimidation though widely condemned in the west, exists very much in our own society as well. The mechanism of American law enforcement has been used extensively against political subversion.

As we all know, Habeas Corpus was suspended during the Civil War. Less known, but setting a more sinister precedent were the Alien and Sedition Acts and the later Anarchist Exclusion Acts. These invoked during the patriotic hysteria of the First World War were the pretext to deport many known radicals and trade unionists during the Red Scare of 1919-21. The Red Scare, known often as the "Palmer Raids" for then Attorney General Palmer, saw the full machinery of federal and local law enforcement used against political dissenters and ordinary trade unionists. Indeed, the use of police force against trade unionists and strikers has remained consistent to this day. As such the role of the police as defenders not of the public, but of the interests of the ruling class, is consistently illustrated.

The use of police force against Japanese Americans and their incarceration in concentration camps is another case of the police apparatus used for political repression. There are always rumors circulating that FEMA or some other arm of the federal government has camps prepared to use in cases of "national emergency" the cover story being that these are for refugees of natural disasters, but of course they could quickly be used to incarcerate inmates of a political nature. Indeed, the prison at Guantanamo Bay or the detention centers for immigrants being deported bear some similarity to these concentration camps and a spooky precedent that can refute "it can't happen here" sentiments. I love the scene in Clockwork Orange where the politician is eager to "cure" all the common criminals to free up space in the prisons for political prisoners. The machinery is the same; just the raw material is different.

The full force of legal and police repression was used in the Jim Crow south to enforce segregation. When we read about the civil rights struggle we usually see unarmed protesters being beaten, not by the Klan or vigilantes, but the police forces of their own communities. People wonder why minorities still have a hard time trusting police? It is well known that the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover gave the mafia a free pass while it hunted for reds under every bed and tried to smash the civil rights and anti war movements. The COINTELPRO programs offer a well-documented look into the use of police terror and dirty tricks to crush subversion ranging from outright assassination to intimidation and disinformation.

In our own era the "War on Terror" has enabled those in power to turn back the clock on human rights and use public outrage to allow the now well-documented use of torture on suspects both in and out of US custody. Likewise, the PATRIOT Act and other legislation give the state wide ranging powers to monitor and spy on individuals and undermine their civil rights. And as anyone who has attended a protest has noticed, the truncheons, tear gas and rubber bullets are always near at hand for anyone willing to cross the line into open dissent.

The machinery and culture of repression always finds willing actors in the ranks of the police. Thus far, have we heard of any interrogators who resigned rather than torture suspects? Of police who turned in their badges rather than club fellow citizens exercising their civil rights? The point is that the same cop writing you a ticket today could be tear-gassing you tomorrow. And the cops breaking up your house show today, might be pushing needles under your fingernails in an interrogation cell a few years from now. The thin veneer of "protecting the public" is stripped away and the reality of "protecting the ruling elite" comes to the fore.

When torture is used against terrorism suspects, few people raise a fuss. But who determines who is a terrorist? Are an oppressed minority such as the Uigurs in China or the Crimean Tartars in Ukraine terrorists because they are Muslim people protesting for their rights? Notice how quickly Russia and China got on board with the "War on Terror" when they realized it would mean a free hand violate the human rights of their own Muslim minorities. How easy is it for the state to use laws devised against terrorists or drug dealers to repress and

torture domestic dissent? And the manipulation of public opinion has already proceed to the point where that group of "911 dialers" I mentioned above wouldn't think twice if "domestic terrorists" where rounded up and subjected to "enhanced interrogation." The public relations spin would always claim those jailed or rounded up were dangerous terrorists and needed to be jailed. It's a quick jump from jailing dangerous terrorists for crimes they have committed, then to "detain" people for crimes they *might* commit. Such detention is already commonplace for suspects in the War on Terror, how long before it's used against domestic dissenters? In Stalin's time the secret police were willing to jail or kill 100 innocent people to get one who was guilty. In the UK and USA, we have professed to have a different system. But how long before public safety demands anyone who is potentially guilty from being monitored or detained? Such measures could easily be rammed through during a heightened state of alert after a terrorist attack. Indeed, I would be most suspicious of any more legislation on civil rights passed in the wake of a terrorist attack.

The irony here is that the repressive apparatus of the state has a tendency towards excess. The Communist Party in the early days of the Soviet Union allowed its machinery of repression to be used at an extreme pitch against its opponents on the right and left. How surprised where these people when Stalin and his cronies turned the police state on them, and then on each other? Those who scream for terrorist blood today might be branded as terrorists tomorrow. The torture cells, execution chambers and concentration camps were already up and running when they were turned on their own creators. The machinery was the same, only the raw material was different.

I have a section in my library consisting of books like *The Ecological Indian* by Shepard Krech, *The Myth of Matriarchal Prehistory* by Cynthia Eller, *War Before Civilization* by Lawrence Keeley, and the *Reinvention of Primitive Society* by Adam Kuper. I used to think of it as my anti-primitivist section, works by reputable anthropologists and archeologists rebutting John Zerzan's wet dream that our Paleolithic ancestors were ecological, peaceful, goddess-worshipping hunter-gatherers uncorrupted by civilization and science; a simplistic reprise of Romantic era fantasies of the primitive paradise and the noble savage. Then, I realized that these books also refute at least one important tenet of Marxism.

Refute is perhaps too strong a word. These works don't contradict Marx's own assertion that Paleolithic humans existed in a state of "primitive communism," a relatively classless, communalist social order. Nor do they negate the thesis propounded by Marshall Sahlins that such a social order was the original affluent society, in which people worked as little as ten to twenty hours a week in order to survive. However, this academic research does call into question the Marxist idea that human nature is infinitely malleable, and that it is shaped by the mode of economic production of any given society.

Marx himself believed in a basic human nature, which he called species being, and which was predicated upon humans being social animals. Yet his contention that economic forces molded much of the rest of human nature engendered the notion in the old, Soviet-dominated socialist bloc that it was possible to create, in the words of Che Guevara, a "new socialist man." This collectivist human being would be motivated by altruism and cooperation, in contrast to the individualistic, selfish and competitive person common to capitalist society.

That such a creature failed to emerge *en masse* in the "real existing socialist societies" of the day did not discourage these regimes from applying, to an absurd degree, the axiom that environmental forces predominated over biological forces. In a phrase, nurture superceded nature. Both the Soviet Union, and Maoist China, fell hook, line and sinker for the faux Lamarckianism of that scientific quack Trofim Lysenko who argued that characteristics acquired by exposure to environmental conditions could then be inherited. A wheat crop that unexpectedly produced record yields in the face of harsh climatic conditions was then expected to pass on this capacity through its seed. Such a delusion resulted in wholesale famine at different times in the Soviet Union and China, when many millions starved.

Human nature appears to be more fundamental, complex and immutable than Marxists and anarchists would presume.

I started out as a pacifist when I became political in 1968. At the time, I was Vietnam War draft bait, and bucking for CO status. But I also fervently believed that war in particular, and violence in general, were not innate to human nature. I was fond of citing societies, from the Hopi to the Mennonites, which were socially structured around nonviolent principles. Unfortunately, since then, I've had over forty years to experience the world, and to read up on humanity's sordid history. It seems that, past and present, nonviolent societies have been the exception rather than the rule. And, when Germaine Greer opined that human males had a predilection for rapine and slaughter, she was only incorrect in confining this tendency to one gender. This penchant for homicide, while evident in both sexes, is by no means equal between the sexes.

From the Spartan mother's exhortation to her son to come home "with his shield, or on it," to the prominence of women as guerrillas in various socialist struggles for national liberation, there is no lack of female complicity in human blood lust. Recent news reports have claimed that women are now in top leadership positions of both the Basque terrorist organization ETA and the Sicilian Mafia. Whether it is enthusiastic participation in sundry right wing and fascist movements (as documented in *Right Wing Women*; ed. Bacchetta and Power), or as willing suicide bombers in Islamic jihadist organizations, women are still playing catch up in an arena dominated by men. The girls got a way to go.

A recent, influential addition to my library has been Ernst Jünger's *Storm of Steel*. Jünger's precisely rendered experiences as a German soldier during the first World War intimated that war is among humanity's noblest endeavors, a crucible that brings out the best and worst in people, and a forge for individual struggle and overcoming. Then, we have James Palmer's depiction in *The Bloody White Baron* of the mad, murderous Baron Ungern-Sternberg, a "white general" during the Russian civil war, as "a bloody-handed pillager driven by both an intense religious fanaticism and devotion to the joy of slaughter." These days, this describes the great preponderance of armed resistance movements in the region from Rabat to Jakarta.

I've already mentioned Keeley's *War Before Civilization*, which is one of a spate of books (*The Origins of War* by Guilaine and Zammit, *How War Began* by Otterbein, *Constant Battles* by Le Blanc and Register, etc.), that document the human propensity for collective homicide long before said humans could write history. Forgive me then if I've come to the conclusion that the predilection for one individual to bash another individual over the head with murderous intent is something more than personal passion or social conditioning.

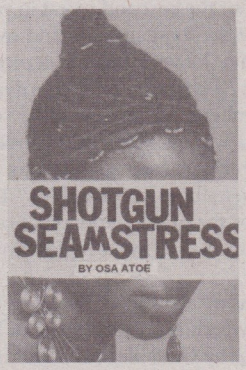
War is as intrinsic to the human experience as is music, intoxication, pornography and transcendence.

Yet, I'm reluctant to attribute homicide and war to that ultimate black box and *deus ex machina*, human nature, precisely because of the Hopi and the Mennonites. There have been whole human societies, modestly successful and around to this day, organized to minimize human violence. This actually says a lot about the relationship between human society and human biology, complicating the concept of human nature significantly. Gene Sharp's comprehensive three-volume reference *The Politics of Nonviolent Action*, covering a theory of power, a history of nonviolence, an exhaustive list of nonviolent methods, and a sagacious discussion of nonviolent strategy, continues to have an important place in my library.

I'll conclude this selective survey of my book collection with a story that's somewhat apropos of this column's subject. Between 1989 and 1991, when I lived in San Diego, I was involved in setting up a chapter of Anti-Racist Action. Among many things, we did punk rock benefit shows to raise money for local progressive organizations. One such show, held at the Peace Resource Center, featured a banner hung along the build-

ing in the backyard, painted with the MDC lyric NO WAR! NO KKK! NO FASCIST USA! Among those attending the show were San Diego's own Boot Boys. At the time, this skinhead crew claimed to be antiracist, and indeed, I detected a couple of Latino and at least one Asian Boot Boy skin. At some point during the evening, the Boot Boys vandalized the banner by tearing off the first NO. It subsequently read WAR! NO KKK! NO FASCIST USA!

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac-com.



August 29th, 2009: Gun Outfit/Necro Hippies/Ixnay

The only thing I love better than a basement show is one in the living room, because there's always a lamp or some white christmas lights shining around the band that somehow make the music sound better. I missed Ixnay cuz I was late, which is a damn shame, because they are the only all-girl band in New Orleans' punk scene. I swear on a stack of copies of *Rubyfruit Jungle* that I will see them next time.

Necro Hippies have been getting a really good crowd lately, which totally worked in Gun Outfit's favor cuz the room was pretty packed. Candice, the guitarist in Necro Hippies set up the whole show. I have so much respect for that girl! I'm pretty sure she sets up all of Necro Hippies' shows and she helps out so much with No More Fiction shows, which put on queer/girl shows in New Orleans. She's a flyer-making machine! Candice reminds me of the ladies of the old school like Alice Bag or Toni Young, this young black lady who was part of the DC hardcore scene in the '80s and played bass in bands like Red C and Peer Pressure. She's like this lady, totally holding it down with all these guys, writing songs, playing guitar, setting up shows, coordinating shit, and getting shit done. Candice just started doing shows under the name Look Ma, No Bra! And she's putting on really good shows for bands that come through New Orleans.

Oh, that just reminded me—to all the New Orleans punks: Get used to paying a couple bucks for shows please! Punks all over the country: If you go to a show and you see a band from out of town, you should be prepared to put down just a couple bucks at least! If it's local bands, that's one thing, but if you can pay for beer, you can give the band $1 if that's all you have. OK, I'm done.

I had no idea what Gun Outfit sounded like before I saw them and I knew little about them except that they are from Olympia, Washington. I liked them and thought it was funny that a lot of the folks that were dancing to Necro Hippies were sitting down for Gun Outfit. You can't mosh to Gun Outfit—it's true. I have to be honest and say that I like Gun Outfit, because they sound old, like they're from fifteen years ago. It's just that I've been feeling so nostalgic and missing pieces of the past and then Gun Outfit plays and it's just exactly what I wanted to hear that night. And to top it off, the crowd was pretty cool. Maybe it's because Candice writes "macho punks fuck off" on all her flyers. It keeps the fools at bay.

September 4, 2009: Mutating Meltdown/Necro Hippies/Kicktease

The show was originally supposed to be at Nowe Miasto, this warehouse in Mid-City, but Mutating Meltdown were driving all the way from Asheville and running late so we thought we'd have to cancel it, but then the Saturn Bar came through for us at the last minute. This was No More Fiction's third show ever and we were really looking forward to it. We did a lot of work trying to get the flyers to spots that might not normally get flyered for punk shows, like the LGTB center. Needless to say we were bummed during that couple of hours before a new spot was found, but everything always works out in the end, right? I hadn't been to a show at Saturn Bar yet, so I was kind of glad to have the chance to check it out.

Kicktease is an all-girl rock 'n' roll trio from Baton Rouge. When you watch them, you can feel that they're a new band even though they're pretty tight. This black girl who reminded me of Tina Turner was the singer. I told her so after the show and she took it kinda weird and then I thought about it later and figured maybe she thought I meant "What's love got to do with it?" Tina instead of "River deep mountain high" Tina, which is actually what I meant. But whatever. She was a really good front person. She's got an amazing voice, and the guitarist is super solid. She was this tall, thin, dark-skinned black girl with a long-ass weave and glasses. The way she was playing made it all seem pretty effortless. I mean, even though it's the year 2009, it just ain't somethin' you see every day and you could tell a lot of people were impressed. This white girl played drums and she was really good, but she seemed a little shy or something. My friend said he thought they sounded "produced" even though they were live. I think it's cuz they really are more of a rock 'n' roll band than a punk band, because I believe they were playing through Necro Hippies equipment anyway. Overall, I'm really curious to see how they change as they keep playing.

Necro Hippies brought their posse, as usual, and Mutating Meltdown showed up tour-weary, but delivered musically. Watching them, I got re-inspired. Mutating Meltdown is the kind of band that I was searching high and low for when I was about eighteen years old. It's the kind of stuff I get excited about more than any other kind of punk. Weird girl bands like Scissor Girls, Quixotic, Essential Logic, Erase Errata, Subtonix. I always related to those kinds of bands so much in terms of their music, image and general aesthetic. So obviously, I was really into Mutating Meltdown and it felt good to cross paths with the two ladies in the band who I first met when they were playing in Finally Punk, another one to add to the list above. Mutating Meltdown's 7" is out on a label called M'Lady Records, started by a guy who I started my first band ever with in DC. His name is Brett Lyman and he puts out good stuff so check it out.

Those save the children ads can really fuck somebody up. Just add a little booze, a shitty day, maybe a menstrual cramp or two, and next thing you know you're sending 10% of your paycheck each month to Nigeria. This exact thing happened to my homegirl Randa a couple months back. She was drinking, and watching TV, feeling kinda emotional or whatever, called the 1800-Im-Fukin-Hungry whatever, and gave them a credit card number over the phone. She had completely forgotten that she had done it until a month later, when Abakar sent her a letter. Abakar seemed like a sweet enough of a kid I guess, if you're into that sort of thing. Enclosed was a touching little drawing he drew for her, and of course a picture of little Abakar. Kinda cruel, but I swear to god he looks just like a kid on the back of one of those Crass records. Kid couldn't draw for shit in my opinion. Seriously, a fucking palm tree, a couple birds, and some sand. Definitely not dealing with Van Gough, naw mean? Any who, I was really proud of her for doing something so selfless, and it really stuck for the first couple months. Well, until she was broke. "Jesus, I'm so broke. I'm not even gonna have enough money to send Abakar his 23 dollars this month," says Randa while drinking a beer staring at a cable TV in a central air-conditioned house. I'm sure he'll understand. Maybe she should send him a Snickers bar, or maybe a Bob Ross paint by numbers book. Kid needs all the help he can get. I wonder if he can hook me up with any Nigerian psych records. I got money, just saying.

Abakar got me thinking. Fuck we are some lucky motherfuckers. More or less for my entire life, I've had nothing, but first world problems. I don't come from money or anything, but I've never had to eat out of a trashcan unless I chose to, usually to impress a girl, which is entirely a different thing all together. I did get called "trash kid" when Dad made me wear a trash bag for a raincoat while waiting for the bus. He said I did-

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n't need an actual raincoat since we lived in Texas and it never really rained anyway. Thanks, Dad. Most of the people I know, myself included, live in a reasonably nice house, are able to bathe on at least a semi-regular basis, depending on preference, and can eat pretty much whatever we want, whenever we want. Right now, in fact, I'm on a two and half-month vacation. A little work here and there, but hardly anything to bitch about; though I'm sure I will a bit. What a piece of shit I am.

I've shit myself five times in the past two years. Now, this fucks up my previous assumption that'd I'd at least shit myself five times during my entire adult life. That could still be the case I suppose; I just can't play Mexican roulette again till I'm dead or dying. I don't know why I just told you that. I guess I just feel really comfortable around ya'll. I'll always find it really funny when people bet on a fart and lose, though I don't particularly enjoy bathroom humor. It happens more then you'd think, BTW.

Right now, I'm sitting at *MRR* headquarters once again finishing this column last minute. The first stop on this long strange trip is, in case you couldn't figure it out, San Francisco. You locals got a great thing going on here: Beautiful weather, great food, amazing people watching. Bailey, the lady I'm staying with, lives in the Castro. Fuck. Shit pops off down there. Now, I'm from Texas and the Castro literally encompasses every preconceived notion of what we think of San Francisco to be. I love it. Shirtless dudes, drag queens, and huge slides. It is kinda weird seeing so many babies being pushed around down there though. What's that all about? I went into a sex shop called Does Your Mother Know? a couple of days ago to pick up a few things on the way home. The dude at the counter reminded me of the dog whisperer. A really cute Puerto Rican guy, with maybe like a Criss Angel vibe going on. Anywho, as I was checking out, he asked where I was headed. I told him, "My lady friend's house." With that awesome Dog Whisperer's Puerto Rican lisp he said, "Ehhh lady friend." Made me feel like a million bucks. Thanks Castro Street. You gave me my confidence back.

Now to address a couple punk things… DYS's *Wolfpack* goes real fucking hard, still. I continue to like Bruce Roehrs more than most people, and Dolores Park on a Saturday fucking sucks. As much as I hate to admit it, SF's Wild Thing, is really good. Discharge is also pretty good, if you like that sorta thing, you know, like perfect things. There's this fest in Austin where I live called Fun Fun Fun Fest. It's the worst thing that has ever happened to music. I put it up there with the Spice Girls. Actually the Spice Girls have way more integrity (Integrity actually played FFF once too) than Fun Fun Fun, because at least they don't hide who they are. The whole things basically organized by some yuppie with a Japanese tattoo sleeve who maybe used to be down, book a bunch of bands who broke up twenty years ago, who I'm sure had a really good reason to do so in the first place. I think last year Bad Brains played. How the fuck are you gonna put Bad Brains on the fest named after a Big Boys song? That's not cute or funny, it's just plain disrespectful. This year it's just a kick in the dick, over and over again. Fucking 7 Seconds to Gorilla Biscuits to Danzig. Why must this man make such a mockery of my childhood? Leave the reunion shows for the fucking Eagles.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

Took last month off. Converted to a new religion. Flagellated, fasted. Prayed, supplicated. Walked around in a daze. Forgot email password, forgot how to turn computer on. Lost job, found it again. Astrology, quantum physics, philosophy. Eno, Bowie, the soundtrack to *Blade Runner*, *Blade Runner*, then Philip K Dick, then back to Eno.

Then, finally, I woke up when I put on the new record by the Spaniard punk band Billy Bao. It is called *May 08* and it has put me back to work. The Cartesian distractions and "brain in a vat" conundrums crumble under its boot. There is nothing subtle about it, so it will probably take me a while to hear it, but what I can hear is disgusting, sludgy, abrasive hell. They sound like "horrific, vicious noise that whips through ya like a fuckin' jolt." This is the occult significance of why they have the BB in their name: Big Black, Brainbombs, Billy Bao. They develop on the inhuman sound that Big Black suggested, combine this with the ferocious noise of your Whitehouse and the bleak, repetitive minimalism of yer Brainbombs. Their recordings have all the suggestions of a real rock band playing in an enclosed space, but then they are fed through a thousand circuits and manipulated with computer programs and spat out with the unsettling harsh edge of digital noise threatening to override any sound of human participation.

Billy Bao kill everybody now. Better than any modern band. For this reason, they are the best punk band of our time. Their new record is horrific. Like stylus is dragging through a pile of vomit.

Here is an interview I conducted with their heroic vocalist, William:

All Foreign Junk: Could you please talk a little about Billy Bao. First, the name of the band is based on Bilbao, correct? What is the significance of this?

William: I came from Lagos in 1986 to Bilbao. At that time Bilbao was in a very difficult economical situation, an industrial city without industry and with a lot of heroin and riots every week, bombs and killings. Then in the '90s the city got cleaned up. I got a job in *altos hornos* (furnaces), but it did not last long. At the same time, I was going to see concerts at the *GaztetxeS* (squatted center), I saw great bands there: Eskorbuto, RIP, MCD...

All Foreign Junk: Billy Bao is probably the best I've heard of marrying abrasive sheer terror noise with punk/rock song structures. The 10" was one of the best releases of the last year, without a doubt. Could you talk a little about the sound—do you write/play it all yourself and attribute it to fictional members, or do you write collaboratively? What was the intention when you started the band?

William: I am on vocals, Xabier Erkizia (from the brutal hardcore band Gutariko Bat) on guitar, Mattin on guitar and Alberto Lopez (he used to play in La Secta, Yogur and Atom Rhumba) on drums. The music comes from ideas. It is easier to have ideas than to play instruments. So when we meet we just sit down with some beers or chamomile tea, and we just talk about life and our disappointments, we get very depressed until we channel this negative energy into creative and crazy ideas on how can we perverse punk a bit more out of our frustration with contemporary world. Could this be a way of updating punk to the current times? At least I think it is worth trying to exceed the kind of template that punk has created by itself and by many people thinking that this is the ultimate way of making music. It's primitive and nice, but also fucking stupid, this is worth keeping in mind. Not that I am very clever, but I do not want those fuckers to tell me what to do. Newborn Christians or old purist punks are the same shit!

We do not write songs, we do not rehearse—we either are recording in the studio or we are playing live. We just come up with one riff and we play it as if it was the riff of our life, not in terms of having to play it properly, but to play it as intense as possible. We are not interested in tightness, but in the small differences that occur when we play one riff differently—a type of micro improvisation within the framework of a riff.

All Foreign Junk: What do the members of Billy Bao do outside of the band in order to eat?

William: One works polishing metals, other giving lessons in the music conservatory, the other in the prostitution industry, and other as delivery.

All Foreign Junk: In the *MRR* interview, you suggest people take to the streets on two separate occasions... What do you mean by this?

William: What is happening right now in Greece, that should be our daily life, passion, action, constant negation of authorities, molotov cocktails as your musical instruments, the alarms of shopping windows, and police cars as beautiful noise.

All Foreign Junk: To what extent is Billy Bao sympathetic with abrasive noise specialists like Throbbing Gristle or Whitehouse? My first exposure to your music made me think of Brainbombs, but you confounded expectations with your lyrics.

William: I know that Brainbombs are fan of Whitehouse, in fact Philip Best told me that they rip a lot of the lyric content from Peter Soto's magazine *Pure*. I do think that Whitehouse were fucking brutal and dangerous (I saw them with Peter Sotos a couple of times and they were probably the most violent shows that I have been). As for Brainbombs, I think they got it right in terms of sound, but after a while their lyrical content becomes a pastiche of themselves and of

Whitehouse, and when you deal with such a delicate issues (misogyny, misanthropy, psychological pathology) you either are subtle and concise or it can just become just parody. Not that I know how to be subtle!

All Foreign Junk: If *Accumulation* were to go for the length of a 12", what would you suggest the final song would sound like? If the end of the 7" conveyed the accumulation of frustration to exploding point, what does it sound like beyond that?

William: That is what you get in *May 68*, our next LP, 35 minutes of incandescent poison made out of misery and deception.

"For five years Mr. Karzai was my president," Ashraf Ghani, an opposition candidate for president of Afghanistan, bemoaned after widespread reports that Karzai had used fraud on a massive scale to steal the election. "Now how many Afghans will consider him their president?"

Not many. In a country where civil war is the national pastime and five-year-old boys learn how to fire an AK-47, this is not good. But Ghani is asking the wrong question. The real question is, how many Americans will continue to see Karzai as viable—and be willing to continue to pay the price of propping him up?

Americans are finally waking up. Afghanistan, they're starting to see, is not "the good war" but the stupid one. We can't win. Worse than that, there's nothing to win. The historical parallels aren't perfect—they never are—but it's hard not to think of the cost of propping up the corrupt Diem regime and its successors in South Vietnam when you Hamid Karzai prancing around in Kabul, never an arm's length away from U.S. Special Forces commandos. You see, his own troops can't be trusted not to kill him.

A July headline in *The Christian Science Monitor* asked an intentionally hilarious question: "Afghan Election: Can Karzai's Rivals Close the Gap?" Not with the way Karzai stuffs ballot boxes!

There were at least 800 fake polling sites on Afghanistan's election day—places that "existed only on paper," reported *The New York Times*. "We think that about 15 percent of the polling sites never opened on Election Day," the paper quoted a "senior Western diplomat." "But they still managed to report thousands of ballots for Karzai."

Also, "Mr. Karzai's supporters also took over approximately 800 [additional] legitimate polling centers and used them to fraudulently report tens of thousands of additional ballots for Mr. Karzai."

Actually, make that hundreds of thousands. In "Kandahar…preliminary results indicate that more than 350,000 ballots have been turned in to be counted. But Western officials estimated that only about 25,000 people actually voted there."

Overall "pro-Karzai ballots," reports the *Times*, "may exceed the people who actually voted by a factor of 10."

The truth is, there's nothing new here. Ashraf Ghani may have been the only Afghan to have ever considered Karzai legitimate. To most Afghans, Karzai has been a curious "impotent dictator," propped up by U.S. military force but with insufficient funding to exert his power outside the capital Kabul. In the provinces, tribal warlords fight the Taliban for control.

Looking at Karzai's resume, it's hard to imagine what George W. Bush and his "pet Afghan" Zalmay Khalilzad were thinking when they appointed Karzai as the U.S. puppet "interim president" of occupied Afghanistan in late 2001. Granted, all three were oil men—Karzai and Khalilzad had both worked as consultants for the energy corporation Unocal, which tried to build an oil-gas pipeline across Afghanistan in the mid-1990s.

But Karzai lacked both integrity—as a Taliban official in 1997, Karzai was caught embezzling government funds and forced to flee the country—and support. He was a Pashtun, and the new Northern Alliance government was predominantly Tajik. Always essential in a nation permanently at war, Karzai had no military bona fides, having rarely seen a shot fired in anger.

Karzai's drive to consolidate power since 2001 has been marked by trickery, intimidation, ballot stuffing and systemic corruption. One "election" has followed another. But none have been conducted legitimately.

Perhaps democracy was too much to hope for in a nation whose infrastructure had been degraded to the 14th century. There was no census, no house addresses, no mail service. How could a fair election be held?

Karzai didn't even try.

At a June 2002 loya jurga (grand assembly) to choose the new head of state, Karzai got his US masters to lean on his main rival, former king, Mohammed Zahir Shah. Zahir Shah withdrew, as did 70 of his delegates. They did the same to ex-President Burhanuddin Rabbani, guaranteeing Karzai a phony mandate.

"Voting for the Loya Jirga has been plagued by violence and vote-buying," said UN envoy to Afghanistan Lakhdar Brahimi at the time. "There were attempts at manipulation, violence, unfortunately. Money was used, threats were used."

"This is not a democracy, it is a rubber stamp. Everything has already been decided by the powerful ones," added the Women's Affairs minister.

On October 9, 2004, Karzai "won" his first "democratic election." As before, Karzai's goons stacked the deck. Unsympathetic elections officials were kidnapped. The UN concluded that "that fraud had occurred, particularly ballot-box stuffing" in the 2004 election. The UN "noted that some estimates have said that 10 percent to 15 percent of the 11.5 million registered voters, in Afghanistan and among Afghan refugees abroad, may be registered more than once," reported *The New York Times* at the time. The three-member committee that counted the ballots were all appointed by Karzai.

Those who can't win, cheat. Without the U.S., Karzai would never have won power in Afghanistan. He certainly wouldn't have kept it.

Meanwhile, the New York Times reported May 18, 2009 that Zalmay Khalilzad "could assume a powerful, unelected position inside the Afghan government under a plan he is discussing with Hamid Karzai, the Afghan president, according to senior American and Afghan officials."

Bush's corrupt oil men are still having fun looting Afghanistan. The question for us Americans is: why should anyone die to help them?

I cry everyday. Like for reals—*everyday*. It just pops up out of nowhere, like I can be walking down the street, on my bike, in class *anywhere* and there's always that little flash of something that reminds me that this beautiful world we live in is simultaneously a shitty place. Like seeing a stressed mom yell at her kids, or an older man with a sad look on his face or watching twenty seconds of CNN. *I am a sensitive mother-fucker and it's really annoying*. Like, I know it's better to feel for the world, but sometimes it's a little too dizzying, like is there *really* a need to fall to pieces over my morning cup of coffee? Really? But everyday I participate in the game of life, I am reminded *over* and *over* and fucking *over* again that *yes*—sometimes crying about it is all you can do to remind yourself you still feel things and that things still hurt and from there you piece together (little by little) ways to fight back.

Now I know this kid on my block and he can't be more than eight. I used to work with his mom (we bonded 'cause we were both from Alabama) and that's how I know him. I went to his house to hang out with his mom and he recognized me before I could even shake his hand. He recognized me 'cause I'm the wild ass who lives a block down in the warehouse full of white boys where all the loud music comes out of. He's at home 'cause he's suspended, because I gather that A) he's a total rebel and B) he's really smart and gets bored at school. He was *very* present like a sixth sense, like he knew too much already. Me and his mom have a critical discussion about the neighborhood and what a shitty place it is to have kids. She keeps trying to encourage me to volunteer at the elementary schools and teach dance or music and I complain that I don't have the money/time and she's not having it... "Before a doctor can be a doctor they have to volunteer. Why shouldn't you have too? These kids need something..." and that was the perspective of a *real sista* (you *cannot* argue with the perspective of a *real sista*, OK?) I say OK, and I keep noticing

him, he's *sooooo grown* for an eight-year-old and he keeps up with the conversation word for word. He even quips one-liners. I like this kid. He's got moxie. I say something about having to go practice drums and the kid *lights up*. "*You can play drums?!*" I mean, yeah, I can play drums in that super basic (yet cool) Moe Tucker/ Ringo Star kinda way, but *yes*, I can play and I offer to teach him. It's officially "on."

Some months go by, and I go on tour and come back to the neighborhood, and I see the kid. He asks "when we gonna play?" Soon enough and a couple of days later I get a ring on my caller ID and it's his mothers number. He actually went through her phone to find me and call and I thought *man* he must *really* wanna learn! I find out that while I was on tour, he had been dropping by the warehouse and the one next door looking for me, and in some cases inviting himself in and walking around telling people that I was his cousin (he later explained "white folks can't tell"—I wanted to teach him to not generalize people but *goddamn* they really had all believed him, so I didn't know what to say). The people on the other side of the warehouse were suspicious of him stealing shit, but I figured that they could *fucking eat it* cause A) What could he really steal from this dusty ass warehouse? and B) there were *way* sketchier motherfuckers pouring through these parts than some kid. Now this particular time he stopped by, I was there and when I went to call his mother to let her know where he was at, he got nervous and told me "don't call her she's sleep—she's always sleep..." I went to leave a message and he said "I'm going to my godmother's house and tell her I ain't coming back."

Now he was eight and he was running away and I knew why. He lived in a tiny space with a mom who was depressed and a step-dad who was a violent asshole. It was the same way I grew up and I felt compelled. But in my defense I also had many cousins, aunts, uncles and love coming from everywhere. No one could hurt me for real. Him and his mother we basically on their own, and shit-fuck-Jesus, man, heaven help him in this place. Looking back I strangely feel a weird sense of protection growing up rural. I couldn't begin to imagine what was going on in this kids' psyche, like, what is it like to grow up in a place where you and five of your friends can't stand on your (heavily police patrolled) corner without some cop treating him like he's a black boy standing on a corner regardless of whether there's something bad going on or not. Not to mention if you ask anybody who's been here long enough they'll tell you that this block was fucked well before he was even born. There are a million creeps waiting to exploit his need to be loved, to learn, and to be accepted. All he wanted to do was play my drum set and why shouldn't he? He has to hear all the noise I make, why shouldn't he participate in it too? Not to mention that there are a million kids in his position. Soooooooo many motherfuckers have invested in the belief that the world has *really changed* so much I mean, fuck, *we even have a black president now*, oh, but wait, *everyday* in the news *every* action he takes he gets ripped to shreds by angry republicans and white liberals alike (like how the *fuck* are people with money even *allowed* to have a problem with anything? *Really*?), so naturally, his hands are too full to come to the rescue of a child whose reality was engineered for him years before he was even thought of. But the part that fucks with me is that I (and people like me) can't do shit.

This is example #1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000001 of how the world breaks my fucking heart. I don't believe that there's such thing as justice and I don't believe in miracles. I only believe in resolution and recovery and I write this not to make your heart bleed, but to get it off my chest and sometimes when you see things printed, read them, and let it sink in that way, you can articulate and vocalize what troubles you, and you can find resolutions. And I'm in the process of making resolutions. *Can I get a fucking witness?*

—brontez

Here we are, heading into fall, into Fest Season. Sure, there have been regional fests all year, but two of the year's biggies are here, almost back-to-back: Goner fest (late Sept) and Budget Rock (mid/late October). And there's that weird monstrosity in Portland sponsored by a car company. Huh. Who woulda thought? I get to see SIMPLY SAUCER, GINO WASHINGTON, and like 60 other bands (for free, for better or worse) thanks to some turdy car company.

That said, I really can't do fests. The fucking crowds. Non-stop shows. Non-stop drinking. The crowds. People. That said, getting to hit the last two Horizontal Blackouts in the mid-'00s proved to be a blastandahalf, intolerably packed club and far, far too much Wild Stallion be damned. So, I know the crowd at Portland is gonna super-suck. Super-duper suck. But there's Discourage Records! And getting out of the Bay Area for a weekend. And hanging out. Craphole *Vice Magazine* crowd can eat it, I'm gonna have a good time.

Closer to home, this year's Budget Rock lineup is capped off with the fest's namesake—the MUMMIES. At this point they're basically doing an oldies reunion show. It's been over twenty fucking years since they formed. And fitting, since about 1/3 of their songs are '60s covers. Having caught a secret set they played last year—sans bandages—I can confirm that they've still got it, and with the supercharged crowd (pre-sale tickets sold out in less than an hour), playing in the bandages and a few shows under their wraps, I'm sure the Budget Rock blowout is gonna be one for the books.

In with the Mummies, you've got a rare appearance by DONNY DENIM, the BRENTWOODS, NECESSARY EVILS, THEE OH SEES, about 25 other bands, and local punk faves (of mine) WILD THINGS, YOUNG OFFENDERS and the outta control OUTDOORSMEN.

Speaking of secret shows…LOLI AND THE CHONES warmed up for their upcoming trip to Spain by playing a top secret practice set deep in the heart of Oakland. Marie from the BANANAS filled in superbly on bass. 1-2-3-4, they laid into the set and killed it. Perfect setting (basement, not too crowded, not retardly rowdy), perfect set.

And, well, by the time you read this GONERFEST will be done and gone. Their original headliners THE CLEAN bailed, but the Goner guys got CHEATER SLICKS to take the top billing on the showcase Saturday night show. THE REATARDS are making a return for this year's Gonerfest… I'll get out there for it one of these days.

Now, on to the records…

The show-stopper, long, long overdue reissue of the month: CHRONIC SICK. Finally, someone, ehm, reissued the CHRONIC SICK *Cutest Band In Hardcore* 12", their s/t 7" and three unreleased songs, all on a well-done LP. My copy came with a few reproduced flyers from old shows. Not sure of the stats on this, but as of writing this, I haven't seen too many around. Also, word has it 100 are on colored vinyl.

Also ridiculously expensive, the REACTORS (San Bernadino) 7" gets the legit reissue treatment, care of Artifix Records. They even did two different covers – you get to pick either the radiation symbol cover or the cityscape cover, just like the 1979 original. The reissue was mastered from the original 7" reel. Sounds and looks great. Another top-notch job from Artifix.

In the "now you see it; now you don't" category, Siltbreeze pressed a scant 300 copies of a reissue of the GAS *Compressed Gas* 7". A mention on the Siltbreeze blog (siltblog.blogspot.com), a post on a few messageboards, and the hungry masses were left scrambling for copies. All for a band most of the buyers probably had never heard, let alone heard of. Frantic questions like "What does it sound like?" "Are they any good???" only slowed down the unadventurous (or those too broke to drop $8 on a 7" they'd never heard of). Someday they'll learn that with stuff like that, if you don't like it, you can still double your money by flipping it on eBay, which is probably where at least 1/3 of those 300 went…jerkholes.

After a few years of laying low, Sympathy Records has gotten the ol' factory geared up again, repressing their two 10"s (*Never Enough* and *Six of the Best*), as well as REIGNING SOUNDS' *Break Up Break Down* (2001), which was initially pulled right shortly after it came out due to the band not liking the way it sounded. I don't know if their issues were fixed, or if the pulled copies were sent out, or more were made or what the deal is. But those of you who've been looking for a copy, now you don't have to pay the $50-$75 it's been going for on eBay. Not sure what this means for the rest of Sympathy's back catalog, or if they'll be doing records again, but with everything old being new again, it wouldn't

surprise me.

As for the REIGNING SOUND'S current status, Greg and the boys just released a new album, *Love and Curses*, on In The Red. Fewer furious moments than the last few albums, but the songwriting is still absolutely top-notch.

At one point in time Goner was a label that maybe put out a handful of records a year. Recently, in part no doubt to their distro deal with Revolver, it feels like they've been crankin' records. TY SEGALL, the awesome JACK-O & THE TENNESSEE TEARJERKERS, EDDY CURRENT, MAGIC KIDS, BOX ELDERS and NO COMPLY.

The new No Comply 7", *It's Getting Hot* marks a bit of a stylistic departure from what you've probably come to expect from Goner, straying into hardcore of all places. Personally, I fucking love it—'80s style hardcore with members of LEFT FOR DEAD and DEATHREAT. The official press release compares them to BORN AGAINST and COPOUT, but No Comply is slightly easier on the ears, just a touch more melodic than those brutarians.

On the other end of the spectrum, Goner also just released the heavily anticipated BOX ELDERS album. A tour(ing) de force of poppy punk, the Box Elders quickly earned a strong reputation as crowd pleasers since their show at Gonerfest V last year. The album isn't quite as goofy, manic, breathless...and you don't have Dave jumping up and down from behind the drums. This album will satiate you in between the times the Box Elders hit your town.

"It's a Miracle!" Raw Deluxe does it again!!! Mr. Cardwell is on a roll with PHOTOBOOTH's latest release. While their debut was good, this one stands out as slightly slower, but all around more solid 7". Three songs with Greg Ashley's patented lo-fi-ish recording/production work. "Pretty Baby," is the simple, infectious sing-a-long song of the record, but "Boston Strangler and "Kill the Weekend" have that longhook I love, rooted in great lyrics that (was one of the things that) made the FM KNIVES such a great band.

Remember a few months ago I wrote about the GG KING tape that showed up in my mailbox? Well, those songs are starting to show up on actual records. Case in point, the Drug Zoo 7" on Rob's House Records.

As limpshit indie-rock and newer new romantic bedroom noodling masquerading as "garage punk" spreads like a rampant case of the clap through the garage scene, Washington, DC's SHIRKS continue to hold down the Eastern Front. They sent a new six-song tape, songs recorded back in December that will hopefully make their way on to vinyl sooner, rather than later. The first two singles were knockout, but the six songs here show a firming up of the band.

STATIC STATIC and WIZARD SLEEVE team up for a new 7" on Jeth-Row Records outta Alabama. Perfect match. Here's one split that breaks the "ah shit, I only really wanna listen to one side of this record" spell that usually befalls split 7"s. Static Static hit a more driving electrotone, but still keep things punk. Wizard Sleeve remind me a bit of WHITE SAVAGE, reigning in the spazzy no-wave bong hits though. Winner all around. Nice silk-screened sleeves, colored vinyl.

Recently listening...I can't stop listening to FEEDTIME. They were an Australian band from the mid-to-late '80s. Repetitive, heavy, kinda slow, menacing and supposedly one of the absolute loudest bands in Australia. AmRep kinda fodder that I used to turn my nose up at. I had never even heard of them until a few months ago. Well, that's not entirely true. I have the Why March When You Can Riot comp on Aberrant Records that they're on (along with X). I just haven't pulled that record out in at least five years. Mitch Cardwell tipped me off to feedtime. I found their first two LPs online, downloaded them, now their songs are lodged in my head like a bullet. Still looking for a vinyl copy of the first LP, if anyone has an extra laying around. Getting hooked on those records is proof that there's still so, so much within punk and rock 'n' roll to discover. It's endless. I fucking love it.

On a related note, the PARTIBREJKERS first album (1985, Jugoton) is a seriously overlooked (ex)Yugoslavian monster, having been released beyond the magic KBD-cutoff of '84, and never making it on any of the Bloodstains comps. If you've been nursing a fix of r&b/early rock 'n' roll-based '70s pub rock/punk (HURRIGANES, EDDIE & THE HOT RODS, LITTLE BOB STORY, etc, etc), this will be right up your alley. They look like street punk hoodlums, with the singer in jeans, boots, braces on the cover. Interestingly there is no bass...just layers of guitars. Sounds so killer. Its power is in its subtly. My friend Aleksandar gave me a copy when I visited him in Belgrade. He told me how it was his favorite record growing up. It's held up incredibly well, regularly finding its way on my turntable over the years. So, thanks again Aleksandar!

Send all hits, tits and fits to me, care of *MRR*. Or email at markmurrmann@gmail.com.

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Here I am in hell. Australia's a cold place, weather-wise, and everyone's got a pointed face and short hair. All the bands sound like the Birthday Party (closet goth rock) and they speak a pidgin English that (most of the time) is untranslatable and would be doggerel besides, so communication is near-impossible. Each morning I wake from the sleep that does not rest and spend the next twelve to fifteen hours getting raped by every man, woman, child and dingo in the country. It's like the Wild West out here—the light switches are really small, they have like three fuckin' gallons of water for the entire country to drink (three gallons = ten liters), everyone says "I reckon" a bunch and I am a good foot taller than the average man. Their national hero is a mutant horse that died seventy years ago. The people are stuck (musically) in either 1998 or 2002 and the unpaved streets are littered with internet cafes. I got stood up by a violinist and I've only puked once.

But it's not all tits and shits, I'm doing some journalistic research for this magazine here, some of which you'll read now, some of which I plan on keeping under lock and key in the A-bomb proof basement shelter of the local Zog headquarters (of which I am a goodfellow in excellent standing pending my Western Union going through), only to be revealed with much fanfare in the next issue of *my* zine. Anyways I've managed to get through a paragraph and a half with no real point, so I'll toss a couple or ten tips at you, the Loyal Reader:

Item One: Royal Headache. I'd heard rumblings about them and DX's column praised them a bit back, but after seeing them twice in the past week, I'm not only on the bandwagon, but whipping the horse. There's nothing I can say to make you like this combo, and the songs of theirs available on the internet don't nearly convey the raw power of their live set, so I submit my opinion humbly, gentle reader, and you may not believe me. But know this: If I had flown thirteen hours, San Francisco to Sydney Bay, exited the plane, watched all 22 minutes of Royal Headache's spectacular set, and immediately boarded a plane back to the States, I tell you, I'd be all grins over the Pacific. No record out yet, but RIP Society out of Sydney is putting out a 7" soon, and if you don't order it as soon as it comes out you might as well kill yourself. Personable guys, to boot. Sex Vid/Blank Dogs/all that is old hat. Royal Headache is the first good band since Zepplin.

Item Two: Records. Remember I've only been in country for a week and a half, but I've been doing rather well (for myself). I'm not a big money trader or a Graham Booth type, but I'm rather pleased with myself for getting the Leftovers *Killing Time/Trudy Vaseline* 45 for an obscenely low price on my first foray. But the real killer of the trip is the Marigolds 7" I picked up at Off the Hip in Melbourne. It's everything I want in a record, sound-wise, with the dumbest choruses I've heard outside of Brutal Attack. "Sticks and Stones can break my bones, but your words, they cannot hurt me", it's sensitive powerpunk. Also, there's an Australian band called The Boys too, who of course subtly suck (take a listen and see what I mean). Early use of slap-bass in a "punk" rock setting. Kill me.

Item Three: Watching Eddy Current Suppression ring on mushrooms. ESCR are huge out here, having won some Australian music award for best album among various other accolades. Accordingly, all their shows sell out on account of "Bogans", which is a city-person term for a suburban slob.

Item Four: But seriously, this place is stuck in a weird mixture of 1998 and 2002. The punk girls just got over feminism, there's a guy in a Spazz hat I saw twice, everyone's skinny (people started getting fat around 2004), and though all people ride bikes they haven't "advanced" to fixed gears yet. It's like time traveling, but shitty.

Item Five: Am I a retard (or, in Australian parlance, "Sped," short for Special Education) for taking a vacation from a metropolitan city to another metropolitan city? Is it harder to get laid in Australia or Albania?

Item Six: So back in the States it is illegal for me to enter a bar, even though all the folks *in* the bar (if it's a punk gig) have only been drinking since they stopped being straightedge when they were 22 (and got into powerpop), while I've been getting loaded pretty steadily since I was twelve. Fuck all of you and I hope every show you go to sucks and I hope you all choke on your own shit. Except the ones that sneak me in. Out here in the Outback, there's freedom. A man can be a man. Etcetera.

Item Seven: I stumbled upon a huge box of Colored Balls records, pretty much their entire catalogue in quadruple triplicate. If anyone wants this stuff for cheap write me c/o of *Maximum*.

Item Eight: It's impossible to score coke out here. I mean, I guess not completely impossible, but it's something like 300 dollars a gram. How does anyone out here get laid? I wonder if there's anyone in Australia who smokes crack cocaine. The musings of our generation's greatest mind.

Item Nine: Alcohol is offensively expensive, so much so that I was moved to tears when I realized what I could've had if I had only been on the Duty Free. They also measure how much liquor they pour into your glass, as in they pour it into a small shot glass and *then* pour it into your pitiful drinking glass. If I want a double I have to pay money I ain't got, and they smirk at you the whole time, moving with laconic laziness, because they ain't gotta hustle for tips like we do in the god-fearing USA, where if you ain't got tits, you better have a great smile, cuz none of these bowlegged droolers seated on stools three feet in front of you care that you get paid $5/hr to serve them a variety of watered down semi-toxic libations at some purple-lighted beer-signed shithole in Altoona, Penn (a place I've been). Anyways, also if you tip, leastways in America, you get better service (sometimes). *To insure prompt service.* Look it up. If I want a little bit extra rotgut poured into my unwashed lip-stained glass, I'll slide the pitiful wretch serving me a token of my appreciation and maybe he'll slip me the good stuff. But most likely he'll just suck it up and pour it in, go outside to have a cigarette and call me a faggot under his breath (I wear heels).

Item Ten: It's been two days since I wrote all the above and now I think Dexydrene is great and the girls here are wonderful. It's cold and it's raining, but at least I'm in a good mood—most of the time—unlike in San Francisco where my already pathetic spirit is trampled with each step I take as I gallivant around retard hipsters, fake punks, "garage turkeys" and general jackoffs. Here I can breath easier, I'm not worried, which is saying something, because I'm a worried guy, yadda, yadda, Kike shtick, but really I am. Since I was twelve years old. Sweaty palms, hairless feet. I got both. Here I am. Australia. Oz. The second Saints album makes the first seem like watered down Skyhook and fuck fuck fuck. What else do you want me to say about my vacation? I mostly walk around. I can barely afford cigarettes. I got real drunk the past couple nights with the Pink Reason guys. We snorted Dexydrene and made feeble attempts to take root in some unassuming hopefully unsyphed cavern but to no avail. They're tall and I'm loud. The locals here are on average four foot six and think a whisper is a shout. My accent can't get me laid. My looks certainly won't. I need to shave. They don't have bathtubs out here because there's a water shortage, emergency, something, and you can only take two-minute showers. Not enough time to pound pud, so I'm tense. Can only wash my armpits. Life stinks, etc.

Janelle got me thinking about omens the night before I left.

We were packing boxes in my nearly cleaned out apartment when she explained her subtle art of divining. "So right before a job interview, I went to get coffee and this homeless man whipped it out."

"Uh-oh."

"The interview went great! I ended up telling my potential future boss about it. I don't know how appropriate that was, but he thought it was hilarious. Homeless penis is good luck."

"I guess we gotta troll around People's Park anytime something crucial comes up."

"Then the other day this bird shit on my hand. And I had the worst day ever."

"That one makes sense."

I don't believe on omens, or signs, or much of anything really, but it was fun to subscribe luck and portent to the random weird things that tend to happen to me and Janelle. A bird shit on my hand once too, and I totally had a terrible day too. Evidence enough for us.

That night I dreamt of crows, hundreds lined up on fences. One cocked its head looking at me and said something I couldn't hear. They took flight all at once, and I opened my eyes.

I've had this unsettled feeling the whole drive down the I-5, my car packed full of belongings. The BBC tells me they there is an out of control wildfire burning in the foothills above Los Angeles. They just evacuated half of the city I'm moving to and the fire is only 5% contained. The governor has declared a state of emergency. I pick up my phone.

"Hey mom, why did no one bother to tell me La Crescenta is on fire?!"

"It's not on fire, it's the hills. It's all over the news."

"I don't have a TV"

"It's on the radio too"

"Yeah, I know. But why didn't you call me?"

"It wasn't serious. There are lots of fires right now. But I thought you knew."

"Well, what's going on? Is there any news?

"Aunt Carol is evacuated, so is your uncle, Donny. The fire is coming down the mountain now. But, I think it'll be OK. They said, at the very worst, the 210 will be a fire break, it won't go past the freeway."

"Mom, we're on the mountain side of the 210"

"Well, yeah, but that's at the worst, they'd never let the fire get this far through the city. Unless the wind picks up, then they can't… but it won't, honey. Everything will be fine."

"OK, I'll just see you when I get in"

"Oh, didn't you get my message?… I'm taking your dad out of here, the smoke is too much for him. Don't worry so much. Just make sure you get a face mask on as soon as you get here. And stay inside. And keep the phone on you in case they call to evacuate. Love you, honey."

This is bad.

My first glimpse of flames is exiting the freeway. The night sky is clouded by smoke lit orange by towering flames. I continue to drive and the flames continue with me. The familiar range of mountain transformed into seething and angry gods. The mountains are like an endless row of erupting hilltops, and the trailing orange glow of fire on the mountainside like lava creeping ever closer. It's easy to feel awe and hysteria mixed in at the sight of such unbelievable demonstrations of nature. The desire to go home sweeps over me. But I don't have a home anymore; I am here to make a new one. Carrying my bags up to the house the smoke is thick, the air is hot and dry, and it's lightly snowing ash. My nose burns with the smell of campfire, and my eyes are watering.

The house is empty, but the oversize TV is blaring the news. A man stands framed against the flaming hills.

"We've been lucky so far, but if the winds pick up, I can't promise the safety of the 10,000 homes now threatened." He looks tired. Face smudged with black ash, eyes red and drooped, but alight with the same anxiety in mine. I need a cup of coffee, or a beer.

The coffee shop is full of pacing nervous people and black smudged firefighters. No less anxiety here.

"Even in a worst case scenario, the fire won't come down this far. Right?" the girl pouring coffee is smiling, sure of his answer.

He is less sure and careful with his words, "We hope it won't come to that miss."

No one wants to make predictions. The fire doubled in size over night, and no one feels sure of anything. I know, intellectually, the fire would be stopped before it raged so far down the hill as my father's house. But at the moment, anything feels possible. I step outside.

The smoke has settled like fog, and my flimsy mask is not helping very much. I'm looking at the mountain, wondering what I've got myself into. Joan had it right when she said that "Los Angeles weather is the weather of catastrophe, of apocalypse, and, just as the reliably long and bitter winters of New England determine the way life is lived there, so the violence and the unpredictability of the Santa Anas affect the entire quality of life in Los Angeles, accentuate its

impermanence, its unreliability. The wind shows us how close to the edge we are." She was speaking of the hot dry winds that rise out of the Mojave and usually spark the autumn fires, but it feels like it can be applied to all of LA's seasonal phenomena: mudslides, floods, earthquakes, and fires.

"You know, the Native Americans used to burn off large sections of this land to make fertile soil… they did. What we're gonna have is new and abundant growth up in those mountains. And nothing for the Santa Anas to burn this fall. So don't look so concerned young lady. It's a natural cycle, a clean slate for the mountain, a fertile renewal." He is a dapper old man, cane in hand, and white hair parted and smoothed down.

"Aren't you worried about all these houses?"

"Oh, no, not for mine anyway. I've got a box of photos and books to put in the car, and insurance for the rest. I could do without all this smoke, though." I handed him a spare mask my mother had left me while he coughed into a white handkerchief.

"Thank you."

"Do you believe in omens?" I said returning my gaze to the mountains.

"No, no, I don't. But if I did, I think fire would be the best kind. A promise of a new beginning, of a world purged of mediocrity." With that he shuffled off into the smoke fog.

I went home, turned off the news, and began to unpack my things.

The post office fucked up my life, no PO Box anymore.

So, arielawesome@gmail.com or say hello if you see me in the southland.

And arielawesome.blogspot.com for an archive of columns and other wordy and opinionated things.

I am interviewing the reclusive figure known as "Mantooth" this month. His words once graced the pages of this fine rag. Now, he lives in his bedroom where he maintains turtles and reads the newspaper. A man filled with such a putrid essence that even the sweat dripping from his skin has pores. Here be Mantooth. Look at him, he is donkey shit.

Ed: Where have you been?

Mantooth: I've been in my bedroom. I've been reading the newspaper.

Ed: Tell me about "The Return."

Mantooth: Um. Hmm. I think that was my phone [leans his head back]. The Return has nothing to do with me. The Return has nothing to do with the Bathory album. The apple crisp is delicious. The top layer is not too mushy. What'd she say? Oh shit. Yeah, they did. Casual Thursday. The Return means the Return of Casual Thursday. Also, the Return means the Return of Paul Kemp from the land of Lawrenceville to the Land of the Living. Thank you. OK. If you'd like, you should bleach it. OK. I can do that. I read about it in the newspaper.

Ed: Mantooth, tell me what it is like to be in a band with the notorious Tusk Lord.

Mantooth: [Laughs] Being in a band with [laughter continues maniacally]—most of the time it is pretty calm. It is kind of uncomfortable when he brings a gun to practice. He likes to crash his car. He tends to talk about it a whole lot, so I usually ride with his brother, Swazi John [Looks around nervously. Checks his phone]. Swazi John is constantly drinking yellow water. I guess that is kind of messed up. There is caffeine in it, I guess. Motherfucker. He goes to Qdoba when he means to go to Chipotle. How confusing. McDonald's doesn't own Chipotle anymore [makes a sound like a goat]. Are you going to sew yourself a Halloween costume?

Ed: Are you able to shed some light on the Blue Wall Incident? If not, I will expose the entire incident in this magazine entirely skewed by my misconceptions.

Mantooth: The Blue Wall Incident? Do you seriously want me to talk about the Blue Wall Incident? [Erupts in maniacal laughter] I don't know if I feel comfortable doing that. I am breaking out in hives [Stares into my eyes and softly coos. Begins laughing]. Glow in the dark thread. That would be hilarious. What? The Blue Wall Incident, well, there is not much to say. I, um, I don't know. Maybe there is too much to say. What was I talking about? That is all I have to say about that. Next question.

Ed: On a lighter note, when was the last time you were sneaky and stole a beer?

Mantooth: Last time I was sneaky and stole a beer? When was the last time you reached over a bar and stole one? I never actually reached over the bar and stole a beer. I have. Last time I was sneaky and stole a beer. I don't know. I know. We were hanging out in the back of Eli's house when he wasn't home and, uh, TFP bought a case of Miller High Life and before they offered me any, I actually snuck a beer and then they offered me one. I felt pretty bad. Actually, I didn't feel bad at all. They offered me one. Most of the time, I'm in my room reading a newspaper. You didn't put that it wasn't me saying that. I never.

Ed: When did you listen to Agathocles last?

Mantooth: When did I listen to Agathocles last? Man! Actually, the other day. I believe I listened to the, uh, what split is it? The split with Disreantiyouthchristhellbastardmananti-youthX.

Ed: Is punk dead?

Mantooth: Is punk dead? Yes. Do you think it has been reincarnated as something else? But it is now. [Laughing] I don't know the last time I saw a mohawk on someone. Oh, wait, yes, I do. It was on Kelly's little brother. That would be hilarious if Conor was in *MRR*. Oh, yeah, Conor Rottmund has a mohawk. Kelly and I took him to see Green Day. I think he was the only one who had a mohawk there. So if punk is alive, it is only because of Conor Rottmund. It is only alive on the head of a thirteen-year-old boy. Damn straight. Cheers to that. I read it in a newspaper in my bedroom. Oh my god. I wonder if people will write letters.

Ed: What do you care about? What do you not care about?

Mantooth: What do I, oh? I care about turtles. I care about [pause]. No, you never said anything about me before why mention that. I care about Kelly P. Rottmund. No, don't put that in there. [Laughter] I don't care. I just don't care. I don't. [Grinning] I actually thought you were going to be more specific about what I don't care about when I was walking to get beer. I don't really care about, hmm, I care about that. Sounds like a crazy person. I don't care about Jon and Kate Gosselin. When I'm in the bedroom reading my newspaper, every single day I have to read about these people who I don't know. Who are they? Newspapers are like zines. Many people read them [Yelling and groaning].

Ed: Let's talk music: What is entirely useless to you when it comes to a band?

Mantooth: [Weird face contortions] Just in general. The singers are generally pretty useless. I mean, I don't know how to do anything. I just kind of show up. Half the time I don't even know the words. I don't even know my own words. Not Henry Rollins. Henry Rollins has too many words. That is why he is a spoken word artist now. He is also a comedian. Is he? Oh, yeah, he is. I saw him on Comedy Central one time. He is such a weird dude. Not in a bad way, but he is just a weird dude. Henry Rollins is going to think you called him a weird dude. You can probably make the same sounds with a guitar, some drums, pushing some stuff down the stairs, [makes a Frankenstein sound], and that is what it sounds like when you push stuff down stairs. Go back to England. Black Sabbath. Slices. Kick out the bass player. No. Someone else. Be friendly to a stranger.

Ed: Tell me about the turtles you maintain.

Mantooth: The turtles I maintain? The turtles, you say. I currently maintain five turtles. Soon to be three. I posted them today. What is up with Reeves? I'm not waiting for him. The turtles I maintain. How many times? I love that word. I have one juvenile black Vietnamese black-breasted leaf turtle, and if you want I can give you the Latin names later (No), two juvenile red-foot tortoises (Columbian Blood-line, they are from Columbia, that is where their blood-line is from), and, currently, I have rescued one juvenile home's hinge-back tortoise and one adult home's hinge-back tortoise. The adult is male. Perfect for breeding groups. That's all I got. You love them. They bring you great joy. They do bring me great joy. I don't typically name my turtles. I prefer not to anthropomorphize, but the leaf turtle, I like to call Larry. (Mantooth puts on a Roxy Music LP). I think I'm going to order that print. It is OK. Go ahead. Should I go into which species I would love to maintain? Spotted turtles, Borneo painted river turtles, radiated tortoises, and Sulawesi forest turtles. They will have no idea.

Ed: Have you entirely dropped out of society?

Mantooth: I mean, no. I still read the newspaper. I know what is going on in society, so I wouldn't say that I entirely dropped out. I don't pay taxes. I threw up my driver's license. I burned my mar-

riage license. I'm always nude. You were never punk if you got married [Laughing hysterically and clutching chest]. What? No. [More laughing] Next month.

Ed: Tell me a joke.

Mantooth: [Eyes dart to floor] Tommy Fricker saw my girlfriend in her underwear this morning. [Hysterical laughing and clutching the chair] That is my joke. Tommy Fricker, the singer of F.L.A.K.

Ed: Mantooth, lately, I've been seeing you walking in an odd fashion. You take a jump to the left, then a step to the right, putting your hands on your hips, you bring your knees in tight, and finish with a pelvic thrust? Can you explain this?

Mantooth: Are they pissed? That was great. Harrisburg with seitan. What the hell is the difference between the Harrisburg and the Pittsburgh [Maniacal laughter)? The Harrisburg doesn't exist. Call them back. Every time I call them it is mass confusion.

Ed: Thanks, Mantooth! Any closing comments?

Mantooth: Fuck MegaUpload. Fuck RapidShare. Every once in awhile he posts band lyrics. You can post that. [Weird laughter and wheezing] I think you better. I thought she wasn't. So this boy sometimes posts song lyrics. Melvins and stuff. He posts Melvins lyrics. I said, "Hi." Do you listen to Husker Du? Yes. OK. Bye. I don't know if he knows how to play instruments. I'll ask him. He is in ninth grade now.

Endnotes:

Fuck blogs.

The First Punk
Erica Freas

Yesterday four of us drove up the western edge of the Puget Sound to visit Dave Eck at Lucky Lacquers. We're working on our seventh release with Rumbletowne Records and we're straying from our tried path by giving Dave a shot. We've attempted to visit our previous mastering/lacquer cutting people twice while on tour with no success. So we were pretty fucking excited to be able to just drive up and watch this guy cut the first project of ours that he's touched. The list of bands and labels he's worked with reflects that he's good at what he does. Plus, he's a punk and knows what good punk sounds like. Funny that that makes such a difference, right? Right.

We brought two 24-bit CDRs of the record, side A and side B. Turns out that it's easier for the person doing the mastering if you just put the whole thing on one CD and let them separate it. People make this mistake a lot. Mastering is the process of making a master copy of the recording that you'll use to turn around vinyl, CDs, etc, a final attempt at smoothing out the creases and making it perfectly listenable. It goes without saying, but this is so relative: a band's "listenable" may be different than the engineer's "listenable." A detail that may keep you away from getting your shit mastered at a pressing plant where they'll probably farm out your project to an engineering studio. The more present you can be with the process, the more likely your record will sound how you want it to. Dave mastered the CD we brought using a computer program that showed the recording in waveforms. He checked for uniformity in volume and compression, listened for typical mistakes that'll show on vinyl, places where there's hiss in the S's or the cymbals, crackling on the quiet parts where the pick on the guitar strings comes through. Distortion in a recording comes from peaking, waveforms so tall they blow out. In a digital recording the waveforms get chopped off in a square shape rather than the smooth parabola of analog. That's one of the differences that makes people yearn for that warm analog sound? You can make a warm/big/awesome sounding digital recording if you just pay attention to details and don't try and make it too loud. Like they do for ringtones. Like they did on Metallica's latest album?

When we were all satisfied with the sound, Dave fired up the lacquer cutting lathe (A lathe is a tool that spins a block of material in order to perform various operations on that material, in this case cutting a groove). It looks like a giant sewing machine mixed with a turntable that has a great big cutterhead instead of a stylus. There are wires and tiny hoses galore and it cuts the sounds into a blank lacquer rather than playing them (A lacquer is an aluminum plate with a thin coat of vinyl that's soft enough to engrave without creating too much heat). The turntable has gutters to collect the vinyl shavings and to enable the suction that keeps the lacquer from slipping so the lathe can cut accurately. A refrigerator sized amp sends the music to the cutterhead, which carves the sounds into their path with a ruby jewel cutting stylus. I looked through a microscope at the grooves in the test cut on a scrap lacquer—they're like snakes. They move side-to-side, carving out a wormy canyon with lots of organic variation. I've always visualized the needle riding up and down on a tiny mountain range of textured sound. This changed my whole perspective. For instance, on a bass-y recording, the low-end grooves don't run deep like I thought—they swing wide and could interfere with the grooves next to them. That's why you lose quality if you try to make your record too long; the grooves get too tight.

The friction of the engraving process generates a ton of heat. Remember we're talking about record grooves, they're miniscule (like fractions of a millimeter), fragile and need to be precise. Compressed helium blows over the cutterhead parts to keep them cool so they don't seize. Dave said that this part is crucial—the maintenance of these old machines is intimidating because there are only a few folks left on the planet who know how to fix a break. He describes the vinyl industry as hanging by a thin thread. The cutter heads requires replacement every four or five years at $5000 a pop and the ruby jewel that actually does the cutting is only good for 25 sides. The big-time repair guy for the cutterhead is a man named Al Grundy. The legend goes that there was one man in Germany who held the last of the knowledge of how to repair this essential part of the cutting lathe. He was on his deathbed, about to take his trade to the grave, when Grundy traveled to Germany and asked to be his apprentice. Now Grundy is old, too, and has an assistant that helps him get around. This is all old technology, 50 is young in the industry. Grundy's the master at lathe repair, but now he's trained others so the knowledge is no

longer as endangered. The record industry seems to be picking up and there seems to be plenty of interest in new vinyl, but the machine manufacturing industry is not reflecting the same boom. Lacquer cutting lathes are expensive and hard to come by. Neumann honed their lathe technology until they achieved unprecedented high-fidelity and warmth.

They're really the only lathes that were used after the '50s, dominating the industry until they started phasing them out with the birth of CDs in the '80s. They threw out their technology, new lathes haven't been made since, No lathes, no lacquers, no new records. I suppose that before the last lathe dies, the technology will be reinvented, right? Who knows.

Dave sent us home with a reference lacquer. It looks like a regular record but is super heavy and only good for about 24 plays. With the go-ahead from us that it sounds right, he'll make a Master Lacquer. This delicate beauty will be sent to the platers who will use it to make metal plates. Think about it, the plates then are an inverse of the lacquers, their grooves are raised, these are pressed into the hot vinyl that cools to become the record we're all familiar with. Voila.

For those interested in more details in his process, Dave Eck's got an interview coming out soon in *At Both Ends*. Thanks to him for the stories and history. 'Til next time? Keep it real.

Erica Freas
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"You been to a boxing match?" asks Jill, as we search for boxing movies on Netflix via the Xbox360, which rules.

"Not only that," I tell her, as I scroll through cartoons since she's not paying much attention, "I went to one of those Ultimate Fighting Things...like Marvel Comics, ya know?"

"Those things last only a few seconds," Jill tells me, "right?"

"Yeah," I tell her, "but what a few seconds it is!"

***

"Ruff!" yells P.J., a few years back, in a tone that means business.

"Does he always do that?" asks my pal, Alex, as I lock the door to my apartment, with my eight-pound Yorkshire terrier on the other side of it.

"Just when he thinks I'm going somewhere fun," I explain.

"We *are* going somewhere fun," explains Alex.

Through the door we hear P.J. bark again.

"Don't say that so loudly," I whisper.

"Sorry," whispers Alex.

"We'll be right back," I yell to my dog, "we're only gonna be gone a few minutes."

"Liar," whispers Alex, "It'll take us at least 45 minutes to get to the Meadowlands.

Actually, it takes a little longer. Of course, it wouldn't have if either of us actually knew how to read road signs. Or bothered to read a map. That would have of told us we *didn't* need to get on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Whatever.

***

On the way out there, Alex asks me if his muffler is overly loud on his old, beat up, silver colored Honda CRX.

"What?" I yell at him.

He then explains to me that he doesn't know what's wrong with it, and that he hopes he doesn't get a ticket for noise pollution.

"Just buy some muffler tape," I tell him.

"Dood," he says, saying it like he spells it, "bullshit!"

"What?" I ask him.

"Huh?" he says, over the Harley sound his four-cylinder engine is making.

"What?" I yell.

"Muffler tape! You made that up!" he exclaims.

"No way," I tell him, "I used to fix cars in Florida."

"Nah-uh," he says, "no way."

"Way," I say.

"Dood," says Alex, "Jews don't fix cars!"

"With muffler tape and rubber bands they do," I explain.

The conversation then continues on about how cheap I am, then turns to both of our enlarged prostates, the pain they cause, and video games.

Video games are our favorite things.

Well, next to pussy, that is.

And drugs.

Oh, and rock n' roll.

Anyway, we were on our way to what we considered a real life video game.

The UFC.

The Ultimate Fighting Championship.

A sport where guys literally kick and punch the fuck out of one another. Where the object is to draw blood, and knock the other guy out.

And it was all supposed to be real.

At least that's what Alex, and my pal, Jose, had told me.

"Dude," Jose said to me a few days prior to the event, saying it like *he* spelled it, "these guys actually beat the living shit out of each other. It's not like The WWF which is fake, this shit is the real stuff!"

"Bullshit," I told him, "All that wrestling, extreme fighting, and all that, is fake," I say, "people pay good money to watch staged violence. It's not real, like it is on my video games."

Jose just shakes his head and tells me that I'll see what he's talking about.

So when we arrived at the Meadowlands, and were greeted by balding Jersey meatheads eating sausage and pepper heroes, drinking Budweisers, and smoking joints in the parking lot, I began to wonder about what Jose had said.

***

"These doods look scary," says Alex as he locks up his car with nothing to steal in it.

"They look like the crowd from a Metallica concert," I tell him, "latter day Metallica."

Alex is not sure how he should take that, so he just shrugs his shoulders and we make our way toward the Continental Arena.

"Try and remember where we parked," I tell him, being the Jewish grandmother I am.

"Uh-huh," says Alex.

About fifteen minutes later we find ourselves in the "Press Room". It's a large room downstairs, near the floor of the arena, with lots of phones, computers, televisions, and, most importantly, food.

"Good thing I got these badges from Maxim," Alex tells me as he scoops up a handful of pretzels, then downs them with a bottled water.

"Right on," I say, in my best California accent, stuffing my face with the free snacks.

"Who do you guys think will win?" asks some other "press" guy, as we stand around enjoying the blasting air conditioning.

"Win what?" I ask, totally forgetting we were even at a fight. In my mind, we were at a rock concert scamming the bands free food while they were on stage. Something I've done on many occasions.

"The big match!" says the guy, who, according to his badge, writes for *World Fighter* or *Fighting World* or *Fight World Tonight* or something.

"Tito Ortiz," I tell the guy without flinching.

"Dood?" asks Alex.

I explain that Tito's record is really good with the UFC, and since he joined the ranks of the club, his fist and footwork have been nothing short of amazing.

"I totally agree," says the guy from *World Fighter* or *Fighting World* or *Fight World Tonight*, "the Australian has no chance."

"Australian?" asks Alex.

"Elvis 'King of Rock n'Rumble' Sinosic," I explain.

"Wow," says Alex.

As soon as the guy from *World Fighter* or *Fighting World* or *Fight World Tonight* or whatever leaves, Alex just stares at me, his eyes glaring.

"What? My friend Jose told me all that junk," I explain.

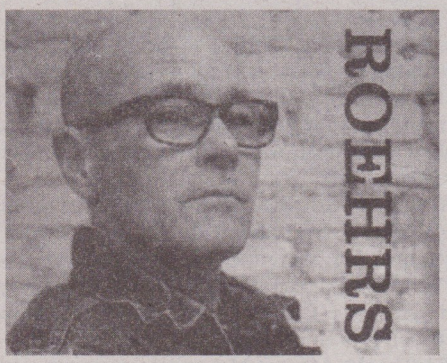
Alex grabs another bottle of water and tells me we should go see some of the early fights.

I tell him I agree. I want to see if this whole thing is for real or what. My bet? They stage the whole thing. Would dickheads from New Jersey really know the difference?

I soon found out.

(to be continued)

www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb



THE SOUTH WILL RISE AGAIN

Fuck! Mr. Yannick and Feral Ward present hardcore music from *the* day! Mr. Poffen, the singer from TOTALITÄR (perhaps one of the most powerful voices ever) has teamed up with the members of MISSBRUKARNA to cover brute-force songs from the 1978-1988 era. The KRIG I HUDIK EP is a monster! Side A begins with one of the best hardcore songs from that decade or any other! "Krig I Hudik" was written by MISSBRUKARNA in 1983 and this shit rocks like a motherfucker! The next three covers are one-minute blasts that rank up there with APPENDIX or TERVEET KÄDET! The second cover on Side A is "Helvete", originally performed by THE TURFS in 1979 and then FAKTOR 4 in 1980. Fucking great! Song three is "Gud-Vi-Har-Ju-Bett-For-Fan" by THE TURFS in 1978. This song fucking destroys! Another TURFS cover from 1978 finishes off side A. "Inget Forstand" keeps up the maniacal pace of this astounding EP! Side B is a six-song melee of raw punk power. The first tune "Guds Hjarna" clocks in at over a minute! What a surprise!! This song was originally played by KNARK/HASSELA in 1980. Song two on side B is "Ute Ur Systemet". This is pure mayhem by MASSGRAV from the year of our Lord 1978. Song three on side B is "Sid" from the infamous TURFS in 1978. This song is great! Song four is "Taillkomme Ditt Rike"—a forty second assault on your fragile senses! This ruthless hammering comes courtesy of MISS-BRUKARNA circa 1988. With Mr. Poffen on vocals, Rolf Revalt on guitar and singing, Andre As on bass, Drajan on drums and Lanchy on guitar this outfit fucking kicks ass! The last tune is "Liv Tid + Lycka". Fuck yes! This finishes off one of the most powerful EPs to come down the pipe in many a moon!! Order the "Krig I Hudik" EP immediately from Mr. Yannick at Feral Ward Records!

Cowabunga Records has come out with another fucking barnstormer Various Artists compilation! Side A will burn your damn earlobes off! UGLY LAW starts the rash of beatings

on this brutish slab of vinyl. UGLY LAW features some members of UNSEEN FORCE from Richmond, Virginia. UGLY LAW provides a really good track, "SBBS". The next band participating in this bold-faced carnage is HIGH LIFE from Denton, Texas, the home of the kings of skate-metal-thrash, ANS—HIGH LIFE eviscerates you with the great cut "Four Dead, One Drunk". Fucking ferocious! HIGH LIFE follows this up with "M.A.D.". Excellent! This furious thrash does not lose one step! LOGIC PROBLEM administers the next collection of contusions! Fuck yes! LOGIC PROBLEM, from North Carolina, contains members of the illustrious Sorry State Records management team. LOGIC PROBLEM submits their song "Untitled". This song kicks a lot of punk ass! This may be the strongest LOGIC PROBLEM song ever committed to vinyl! SOCIALCIDE from Virginia finishes off side A with a dirty punk rock threat called "Morning Disaster".

BOMBER from Richmond, Virginia kick off side B with a snotty punk rock diatribe that falls somewhere between THE HUMPERS, from Southern California and the CANDY SNATCHERS from Virginia Beach, Virginia. REASON OF INSANITY serenades you with finely honed punk rock that is engorged with venom with fangs intact for effective delivery. THE PMRC offer up the song "Madonna Death Cult" which punks out with great vocals, strong harmonies and a skilled guitar chug. Next up, ARCHAIC plays "Black Hole". This song has a frantic undercurrent. There are desperate vocals, wild drumming and hyper-talented guitar and bass displays. Next you get a crazed chunk of unhinged danger-punk from CULT RITUAL. This blast of nihilistic punk bile is called "Eat The Police." Informed punks agree—this is one of the most urgent slices of raw punk rock supplied by CULT RITUAL in recent memory! Song six on side B is performed by HRT. This rough and tumble nugget is called "Big City". What you get here is thirty seconds of Neanderthal punk raging testosterone! Fucking great! For your copy of "The South Will Rise Again", contact the leader in punk noise from the Virginia/Carolina corridor, Cowabunga! (www.cowabungarecords.com)

Fuck yes! SHORT FUSE, the reigning champions of German hardcore are back with a burning slab of brutal H/C! After listening to two excellent seven-inch EPs, this full-length album on Hardware Records out of Germany was much anticipated! The new LP is called *Burnout* and every track is good! We start out with "Ghost": "Days of glory passed you by / Now you avoid looking me in the eye / Fading memories of shared pride / Time was still on our side / You've turned into just another ghost from the past". Yes! Those are good lyrics!! Next up in "Ruined": "No I'm not alright / Do not trust me / There's no truth here / Aimless existence / Driven by fear". Yes! SHORT FUSE can sure turn a phrase! Song number three is "Cure My Ills": "All of my dreams – they faded fast / Killed by reality, leaving a mess / All of my hopes that I clung to so much – they faded fast / All that's left is a cynical smile / No beliefs, no drive to try". Fucking A! Those are desperate words. We slam through "Wasted Time" and arrive at "Brain Jail": "I look inside myself, see nothing but doubt / Can't be content with what I have got / I'm drifting along – got no place to go / The more you hope, the sooner you fall". "Brain Jail" qualifies as a very depressing song!! Side A finishes with another good song, "Distraction". Side B leaps out at you with the album's title cut, "Burnout": "I'm done making sense—burnout / Save your breath—burnout / Don't look at me the way you do / You know I've got nothing to say to you". Fuck yes! The next song could stand alone as a theme song for this tough hardcore band. "Short Fuse" goes like this: "Violent temper inbred / Punch at walls, lose my cool / Break my wrist, act like a fool / Short fuse—see' in red, eruption ahead / Rage attack / throws me back / Condemned to forever be on the edge". Yes! Very uncomfortable and personal words!! We smash through "No Work Today" and "Bored Of Being Depressed" and get to a really strong tune called "Go Up In Smoke". Read this: "Burning low – about to explode / That's where you got me – lowest of the low/ Desperate courage of a cornered rat / I'll spit my poison right into your head". SHORT FUSE is plenty pissed off!! The grand finale of the *Burnout* LP by SHORT FUSE is "Out Of This Shit". You must get a copy of this consistently excellent record! Contact Hardware Records, PO Box 1646, 49006 Osnabrück, Germany, www.hardware-records.com, chris@hardware-records.com

Fuck! ANS are up to their skate-thrash hi-jinks again! These Texas maniacs have channeled DRI and ANNIHILATION TIME into a beautiful punk mess! The new LP is called *Pressure Cracks* and is available on stunning yellow vinyl with amazing cover art by Andrei (DEADFALL). This slab is from your good friends at Tank Crimes Records. Side A starts with a fucking brutal thrash-metal song called "I Killed Porcho". Fuck yes! This goes for the jugular vein immediately! Song two keeps the psychotic fast-as-fuck momentum with "Going Down The Rabbit Hole" featuring more metal-blade axe work. Song three is "If You Don't Get It Now, You Never Will". After a proper introduction, ANS slams into more ferocious punk rock. Read some of the lyrics to "If You Don't Get It Now": "Fucked up feelings fueled by confusion and nights of endless grief, skateboarding was the outlet that allowed me to think / Academia and distant friends, from the start I saw no end / All those years still growing, love and pain shaped me into who I am". Fuck! Those are deep thoughts! A great song! Song four is "Seized By Fascists": "Paralyzed within my rage, what entity do I serve? / How can I overcome, how can I reverse the years of conditioning?" Side A finishes with "Speak To Me": "All hopes evaporated through tears in my skin, leaving a hollow shell…" With these bleak lyrics and the punishing music, ANS are in the pantheon of thrash-metal gods! Side B starts with "Tunnel Vision". This song finds ANS "Racing past an ocean of death, surrounding me on all sides". Excellent! Song seven is "The All Consumer" which has a top-notch BLACK SABBATH doom-sludge feel to it. Song eight is called "Instru-Monu-Mental". Fans recommend consuming LSD for this opus or, at the very least, psychedelic green bud is required. ANS terminates the album (and your brain) with "Bleeding". This fucking metal-laced thrash epic starts out slow with complete bludgeoning on your head and finishes with SLAYER-type guitar fury! You need to get this damn record right away! Contact Scotty at Tank Crimes Records, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, www.tankcrimes.com

Jim Beam and his veteran thrash outfit ZERO BULLSHIT have come from the East Bay (Oakland, California) to smash all the windows and knock down all the doors. This is hardcore with a capital H!! You Pyrate Punx already know what to expect. Jim and his various cohorts have been destroying punk clubs and tender neophyte-punk ears for fifteen fucking years! Way back in 2001, ZERO BULLSHIT treated you to their thirteen-song CD *A Moment Of Silence* on Try It Punk Records from Fremont, California. With punk anthems such as "Don't Give A Fuck", "Fuck Off", "Down At The Bar", "I Hate Cops" (Langley), "Never Give In", "Better Off Dead" and a good cover of GBH's "City Baby Attacked By Rats", you get the drift – this is rough and ready punk rock for the hardcore/beer drinkers! In 2003 you were regaled with ZERO BULLSHIT's excellent *In The Gutter* CD, also on Try It Punk Records. The first seven tracks were recorded by the well-respected Mr. Bart Thurber at House Of Faith in Oakland, California. We plow through "No Authority", "Time To Pay", "In The Gutter", "Beer Guts", "I See Nothing", "War On Wankers" (a NOTA cover) and "Third Offense". The last three cuts are live from the infamous Burnt Ramen punk rock club in Richmond, California. ZERO BULLSHIT still holds court at Burnt Ramen today – witness their triumphant set recently when ZERO BULLSHIT played with BEFORE I HANG and HAMMERLOCK. The newest ZERO BULLSHIT material is almost ready for a 2009 release on Pyrate Punx Records. This raw shit will kick off with a ZERO BULLSHIT/YOU DIE split 7" that features three ZERO BULLSHIT songs, "I'll Kill You", "Broken Home" and a POISON IDEA cover "Ugly American". This shit rages! Other tunes that are forthcoming are "Piece Of Shit" that will possibly appear on a FYBS Records compilation, and "Little Brats" that may end up on an upcoming Donkeycore Records compilation. "Something Sticky" will appear on an anticipated SWINGIN' UTTERS tribute record coming on Red Scare Records. ZERO BULLSHIT has also recorded "Toe Tag" and a bitching 2009 version of their anthem " ZERO BULLSHIT". This shit fucking rocks like a motherfucker! Contact ZERO BULLSHIT via www.myspace.com/zerobullshitpunk or www.myspace.com/pyratepunxrecords or www .myspace.com/cantwaittoseeyoudie

Until next month, see you fucks at the bar!

ASPHALT HEADRUSH, LET'S TAKE A TURN FOR THE WORST

I'm 35,073 feet above central Nevada on my way to Boston for the weekend. I fucking hate flying. Being cooped up in a tin can full of assholes, seven miles in the sky without a cigarette or a credit/debit card to buy an adult beverage is my idea of torture. The initial propulsion behind this trip is an emergency family issue, and, quite simply, the idea of spending 13 uncomfortable hours on planes for a mere 60 hours on solid ground is very nauseating. That is, if it wasn't for reason number two for taking this trip; *finally* getting to see the almighty RORSCHACH play one of five reunion shows. As a (side-note; I just realized that I succeeded in navigating my way through the airport and got on a plane sporting a shirt with Andreas Baader's screaming mug on it. Next time I'll think a little more carefully about what my wardrobe.)

Alongside INSIDE OUT's "No Spiritual Surrender," BORN AGAINST's "Mount the Pavement," and some SEAWEED song, RORSCHACH's tunes "Mandible" and "In Ruins," the first two off the *Protestant* LP, were on the first mixtape anyone ever gave me. These tunes piqued my curiosity in cementing RORSCHACH as the first band that truly blew my mind to pieces—the first time I heard something and said, "What the fuck *is* this?!" My mom was even eternally scarred by this mighty sonic abomination. I remember being near the end of junior high, listening to *Protestant* virtually non-stop and my mother asking, "What is this? I hate it! I don't mind all that other hardcore and punk rock stuff you listen to, but this just makes me nervous." So when I mentioned to her yesterday that I was gonna see them while in town, her reaction, in the form of a shaky uneasy laugh told me that those unnerving sounds of my youth were flooded right back into the forefront of her memory. Now moving 552 mph across Utah, looking down at a small wildfire slowly creeping its way across an earthly spine of browns, tans, and dark greens, the super sick part in the middle of "Drawn and Quartered" is kicking in through my blue, Virgin America-provided headphones, and I too am transferred straight back to that first listen. BLACK SABBATH, BLACK FLAG, and the Devil had a beautiful baby.

Fast-forward two days and I'm 36,214 feet over Nebraska on my way home. Was it all worth it? The answer is a resounding *absolutely*. I mean the band wasn't as energetic as they probably were in their prime and I didn't expect them to be, and the crowd too was rather tame, but the tightness of the tunes and the experience of finally witnessing shit like "Pavlov's Dog" live was pretty much a life-affirming night. Every chord and every lyric came off just as demented and fresh as it did 15-or-so years ago when I first heard it. A mark of greatness.

****

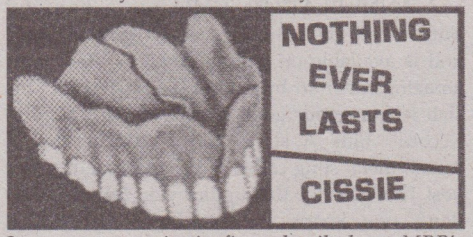
Last Sunday was the *Maximum* record swap at Gilman St., and in spite of the relatively small turnout of foot traffic, it seemed to me everyone did pretty well. The folks that did turn up were there to spend. This was my first time selling at a swap and I arrived with only $20 in my pocket, so if I didn't sell anything, I wouldn't have even wanted to look at what all the other punxes in the house were parting with—I think I ended up buying at least one record from everyone there. At the end of the day I walked out of those hallowed halls with a good chunk of change in my pocket and a nice big stack of good records. The highlights of the day for me were knocking my number-one want off the list—WRETCHED *Libero…* LP—and getting to hang out with good people that I never ever see anymore.

OUTRO:

-Playlist: WRETCHED all, FIZZBOMBS "Sign on the Line" 45, THE SOUP DRAGONS *Whole Wide World* single, test press of my own band's 7" (can't help it, I've never been on a record before and it's still very *very* exciting to me), DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR 7", BATTLE RUINS tape, OUTO *Many Question, Poison Answer* 7", HEAD-CLEANERS / HUVUDTVATT everything, ARTISTIC DECLINE 12", SOCIAL UNREST *Rat in a Maze* 12", REAL ANIMAL 7".

-These things end up at:
deadstareforlife.blogspot.com
blindjustin78@gmail.com

-"How many times? How many times? Fuck."



I was gonna write in finer detail about *MRR*'s record library and throw out some dry statistics derived from the database, but there's no room, (maybe next month, but don't pee your pants with anticipation). Not to mention the fact that I only got ten minutes sleep last night (eternal insomniac). Instead I'll attempt to sum up one month of my life (dear diary) in an effort to keep the masses appeased.

In addition to the all the usual work, I had friends visiting from Austin and Portland and we had a fairly epic bonfire at Ocean Beach. In fact, my jacket still smells of campfire. A few of the folks got in the ice-cold water and said it was life affirming or some bullshit like that, but I remain suspect. However, the papusas I had the next day were life affirming, as was the monstrous sandwich that I got earlier in the week from Ike's.

I was part of the selling and spending frenzy at the latest Gilman record swap. I added some new company to my bored record collection including the HPHC – *Thrash/Hardcore/Punk* 7", Code of Honor/Sick Pleasure – split LP (an upgrade from my warped copy), No Trend – *Teen Love* 12", and some smaller items. I spent as much money as I sold, so I felt pretty good about the event. Plus I gotta hang out with Justin, Dorf, and Cooch, so it was like Boston circa '97 (R.I.P. Ben Chapman).

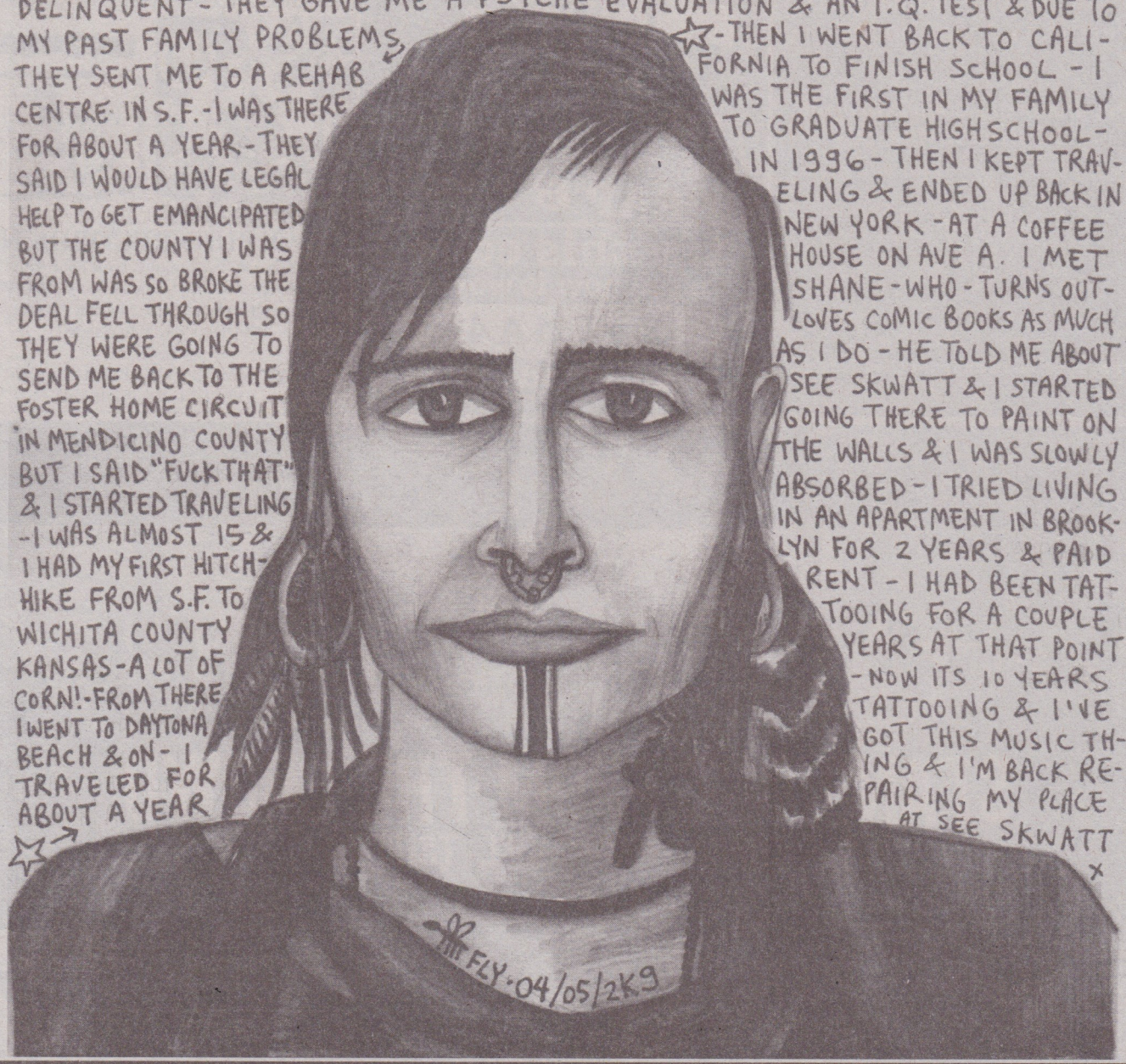
Other activities included a few band practices (playing music for the first time in over a year!), obsessive watching of the first season of *True Blood*, and loud-as-fuck Totalitär listening sessions with Randy and Justin (we made a pact to get Totalitär tattoos but it still hasn't happened). Plus, in an attempt bulk up for those cold, wet Northwest winters I ate fifty or so cookies, but I don't think I actually gained any weight. I saw one live band; their name was Sex Vid and they were good. And last week I watched the MC5 documentary for the second time and proceeded to have my mind blown by it again.

My playlist hasn't changed much (Poison Idea and Totalitär, plus all the new shit that I got), but I've recently been pleasantly haunted by the Los Saicos song "El Entierro de los Gatos." My friend Callie put it on this awesome '60s mix tape that she made me, which I've been listening to a lot. Then I came home the other day and the Los Saicos song was playing as I entered the door. The next day I rang up a customer at my work that was buying a Los Saicos anthology CD. Apparently there's a documentary coming out later this year called *Saicomania*, so the haunting will likely continue. I've still only heard the one song, but I'm already a fan of the manic, dark, raw sound of this '60s Peruvian band.

I think this may be the shortest column I have ever written—we ran outta room, so you're getting a digested version of my epic struggles this month. What's been going on you may ask? I have been debating internally as to whether I wanna go see the Raincoats, who are playing the same weekend as Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, somewhat randomly, at separate revival shows. Two opposing ideas of women in music that emerged outta the dank steam of the punk rock. Lydia Lunch *and* Gina Birch? Wimmin in musique. I have to give a talk at a local literary event about *MRR*, which is making me nervous. I am an awkward and obnoxious human—how am I gonna translate the aims, past, present and future of this rag you hold in yer hands to the type of crowd that attends such occurrences? What we do is secret! What else? Oh the constant search for a new content coordinator… You wanna shape the future of *Maximum*? That means decide what runs in the magazine, as well as how to run the business of *MRR*, with the weight of the magazine's past, and the current economic situation *plus* the whole death of print media thing? Email us and we'll send you an application! The job starts in early 2010…

Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
layla@maximumrocknroll.com

I WAS BORN AT BELVUE HOSPITAL IN 1978 - WE LIVED IN THE BRONX UP BY ST. RAYMONDS CEMETERY WHICH IS HUGE - WHEN I WAS 6 MY FATHER ROBBED A BODEGA & HE WAS SHOT SO WE LEFT NEW YORK - WE HAD TO GO TO CALIFORNIA WHERE MY MOTHER'S FAMILY HAD SETTLED - MY DAD TOLD ME HIS BULLET WOUNDS WERE BELLY BUTTONS - I THOUGHT EVERYONE HAD 4 BELLY BUTTONS - MY DAD WAS A VERY ARTFUL LIAR - TIL I WAS 8 HE HAD ME CONVINCED THAT THE MOTTO OF NEW JERSEY WAS "THE GARBAGE STATE" - WHEN I WAS 9 HIM & MY MOTHER GOT INTO IT & HE SHOT HER & HER BOYFRIEND SHOT HIM & THEY BOTH DIED - SO I BECAME A WARD OF THE COURT - IN CALIFORNIA THEY CALL IT A "601" - WHEN YOU'RE A "601" THEY CAN'T LOCK YOU IN JUVENILE HALL SO THEY WOULD PUT ME IN FOSTER HOMES & I WOULD RUN AWAY - WITHIN 4 YEARS - UNTIL I WAS ABOUT 14 - I WENT THROUGH ABOUT 16 FOSTER HOMES - THEN I GOT IN TROUBLE & BECAME A "602" - A JUVENILE DELINQUENT - THEY GAVE ME A PSYCHE EVALUATION & AN I.Q. TEST & DUE TO MY PAST FAMILY PROBLEMS, THEY SENT ME TO A REHAB CENTRE IN S.F. - I WAS THERE FOR ABOUT A YEAR - THEY SAID I WOULD HAVE LEGAL HELP TO GET EMANCIPATED BUT THE COUNTY I WAS FROM WAS SO BROKE THE DEAL FELL THROUGH SO THEY WERE GOING TO SEND ME BACK TO THE FOSTER HOME CIRCUIT IN MENDICINO COUNTY BUT I SAID "FUCK THAT" & I STARTED TRAVELING - I WAS ALMOST 15 & I HAD MY FIRST HITCHHIKE FROM S.F. TO WICHITA COUNTY KANSAS - A LOT OF CORN! - FROM THERE I WENT TO DAYTONA BEACH & ON - I TRAVELED FOR ABOUT A YEAR - THEN I WENT BACK TO CALIFORNIA TO FINISH SCHOOL - I WAS THE FIRST IN MY FAMILY TO GRADUATE HIGHSCHOOL - IN 1996 - THEN I KEPT TRAVELING & ENDED UP BACK IN NEW YORK - AT A COFFEE HOUSE ON AVE A. I MET SHANE - WHO - TURNS OUT - LOVES COMIC BOOKS AS MUCH AS I DO - HE TOLD ME ABOUT SEE SKWATT & I STARTED GOING THERE TO PAINT ON THE WALLS & I WAS SLOWLY ABSORBED - I TRIED LIVING IN AN APARTMENT IN BROOKLYN FOR 2 YEARS & PAID RENT - I HAD BEEN TATTOOING FOR A COUPLE YEARS AT THAT POINT - NOW ITS 10 YEARS TATTOOING & I'VE GOT THIS MUSIC THING & I'M BACK REPAIRING MY PLACE AT SEE SKWATT



NICO DEGALLO - 04/05/2K9 - LOWER EAST SIDE NYC

NICO IS A REALLY GREAT ARTIST & A REALLY GREAT TATTOO ARTIST & ALSO THE DYNAMIC FRONT WOMAN FOR ONE OF MY CURRENT FAVORITE BANDS, THE STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS & ALSO JUST AN EXCELLENT SUPER SWEET HUMAN ALL ROUND. I MET NICO WHEN SHE JOINED OUR SQUATTER COMMUNITY HERE IN THE LES SOMETIME IN THE LATER '90S & I WAS VERY IMPRESSED BY HER AMAZING GRAPHICS & FURTHER IMPRESSED BY HER DAZZLING VOCALS. STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS JUST PUT OUT A NEW CD ON ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES (ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM) & THEY WILL BE TOURING THE WEST COAST WITH CITIZEN FISH ANY MINUTE NOW (OCT 2K9) - THE NEW SONGS ARE FCKN GREAT & YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO THEM!! - FIND OUT TOUR DETAILS & WUTNOT AT: MYSPACE/STARFUCKINGHIPSTERS - YOU SHOULD ALSO GET THE CD BCUZ I DID A DRAWING OF THE BAND THAT I WORKED REALLY HARD ON & I WANT YOU TO SEE IT!! - TO CONTACT FLY EMAIL: FLY@PEOPS.ORG (PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW ITS NOT SPAM) TO FIND THE LATEST PEOPS ZINES & DOG DAYZ ZINES GO TO WWW.MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM - OR WWW.PEOPS.ORG -OR SEND ME SOME SNAIL MAIL!! FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA

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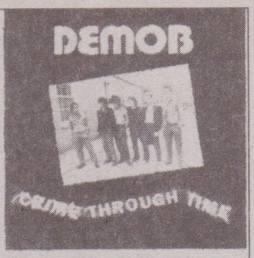

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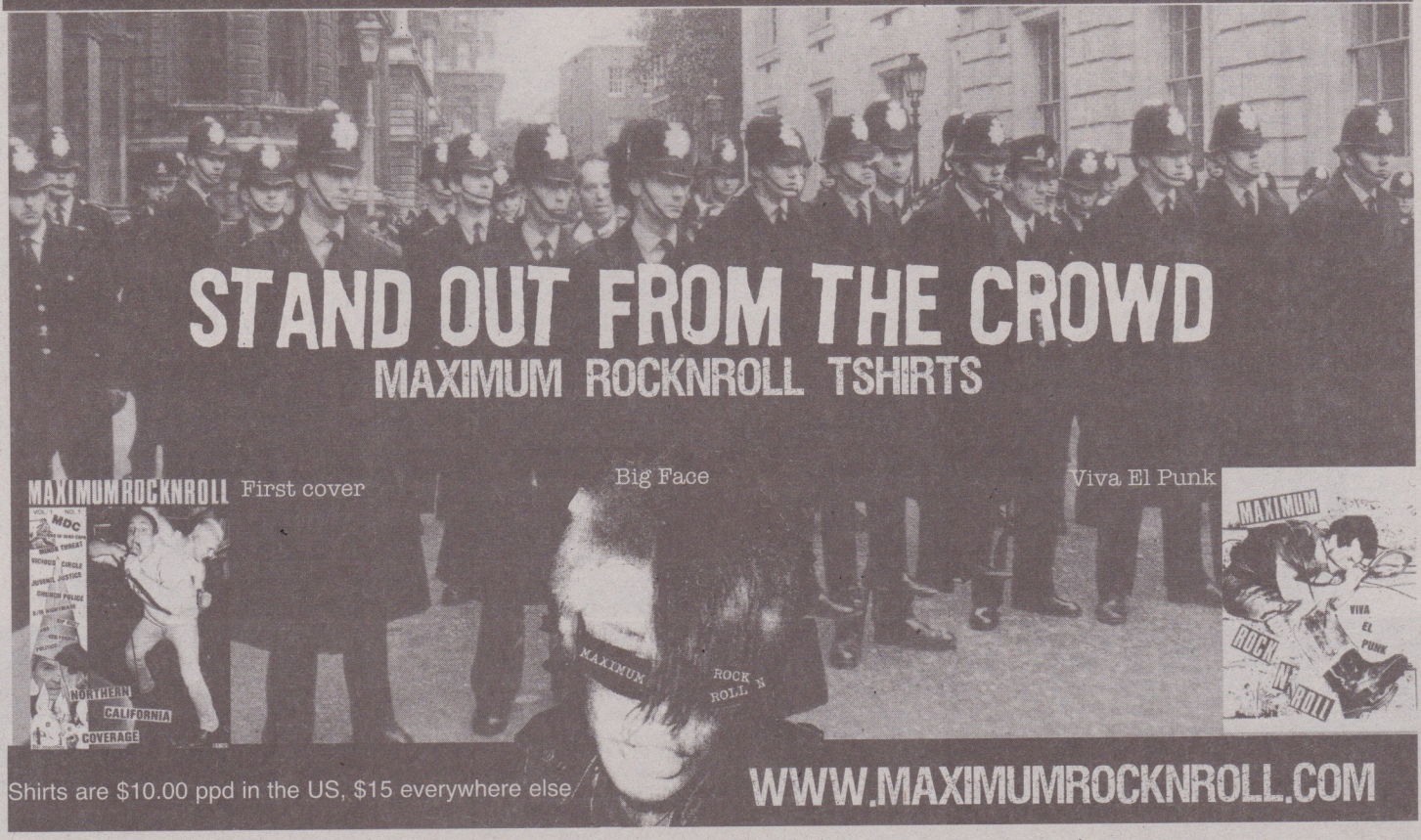

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY LAYLA GIBBON

RIP GIOVANNI DRÖMDEAD

In the early hours of September 5th, a group of punks were hanging out at an overlook point in the east of Caracas, Venezuela in the neighborhood of La Bonita, when they were attacked by a group of strangers. Five people were stabbed, and others were subjected to severe beatings. Two of the victims were from the band Apatia No, and three were members of Drömdead; Karl (Drömdead singer), Victor (who was punctured a lung, but is now out of danger at home), Johnny and Erickson (singer-bassist and drummer respectively of the band Apatia No, whom are out of danger as well) and Yani (Drömdead guitarist) who was killed. Michael and Nico were brutally beaten. Dito (Drömdead bassist) and the others present were fortunately unhurt. This situation arises in a context of heightened violence in Venezuela, where, in 2008, more than 14,000 have been killed, one of the highest murder counts in the region.

Five people were stabbed just because they were punks.

These are still very fresh wounds, and the world will never be the same for us—we shared many adventures, laughter, concerts, parties, drunkenness, and other trials with Yani. He was very focused and had clear priorities. He studied sociology, had a great passion for music, discovering new bands and sharing them with others. He was one of the purest people we have known. He loved animals and was among the first in our group to opt for vegetarianism as a lifestyle.

Before he was the band's guitarist, he was like our brother; we shared many secrets, fears, likes and joys. We always knew the danger it was to be the way we are, but deep down we never believed that anything would happen to us.

Everyone is out of the hospital, on lot of drugs, some on bedrest, but out of danger. The truth is I do not know right now the economic situation, but if you are interested in helping in any way, please communicate directly with Apatio No or Drömdead via their MySpace pages

www.myspace.com/oficialapatiano

www.myspace.com/dromdead

Thank you very much to each and everyone who wrote to us from various locations around the world giving us messages of encouragement and support to continue with our heads held high. At this time of tragedy we can only look forward and continue. However, never forget those people who have filled our hearts with joy.

Although it may be too early to say, Drömdead continue with greater force than ever, and devote all our achievements to the memory of our brother Yani.

With tears in our eyes;

Renzo Narvaez / Jonathan Sirit – Barcelona, 2009.

FRENCH RIOT POLICE CLEAR IMMIGRANT CAMP

From Agent France Presse

CALAIS, France - French riot police on Tuesday moved Afghan men and youths out of a makeshift camp known as "the Jungle" which is used as a base to launch risky attempts to get across the Channel to Britain.

French police began clearing on Tuesday an improvised camp dubbed "the jungle" where illegal migrants, mostly Afghans, gather near the port of Calais before trying to cross to Britain. French police began clearing on Tuesday an improvised camp dubbed "the jungle" where illegal migrants, mostly Afghans, gather near the port of Calais before trying to cross to Britain. A dawn operation was launched to evacuate the camp on a patch of sandy scrubland in the Channel port of Calais, with police arresting 278 migrants. The migrants gathered behind banners with slogans pleading with French authorities for shelter and protection.

But Immigration Minister Eric Besson said action had to be taken against migrant trafficking rings. "What I want is to dismantle this 'jungle', which is the operating base for human traffickers," Besson told RTL radio. Activists opposed the raid however. "It's a scandal," said Jean-Claude Lenoir of the Salam migrant support group. "We can't have soldiers fighting in Afghanistan and treat Afghans seeking refuge here with such little dignity." The 'jungle' inhabitants, many of them minors, rose at dawn with the muezzin's call to prayer lining up and braced for the police raid. Police, some with truncheons but mostly lightly armed, started leading out the migrants one by one. They followed without resistance, some in tears.

Minor scuffles broke out between police and several dozen activists who set up a human chain around the migrants, shouting "no border, no nation, stop deportation". Asked if he was afraid, 18-year-old Bilal Hazarbauz smiled: "Maybe they will deport me to Afghanistan. "But where else can we go? This our home, there is no other place." Bilal and the others were expected to be transferred to a detention centre in the nearby town of Coquelles, local aid groups say. But they also warn that many will be end up back on the streets after a few weeks. "They are going to be scattered across the countryside and be at the mercy of traffickers," said Lenoir. "At least here the young people had built a kind of community. It's tragic."

The authorities say each would be migrant will be offered an individual option. Thousands of mainly male migrants, from Afghanistan, Iraq and other troubled nations, have headed to Calais in the past decade to try to jump on a ferry or a train crossing the Channel tunnel to Britain. The government announced last week it would evacuate the "jungle" which it says has become a haven for people-smuggling gangs and a no-go zone for locals, with appalling sanitary conditions blamed for an

outbreak of scabies in the past few months. Calais officials support the police operation, saying the situation has become unbearable and denouncing a spike in offences against residents. Police started a crackdown on migrant squats and trafficking networks across the region six months ago.

Aid groups have condemned the 'jungle' raid as a media stunt that would simply push migrants further underground, making them more vulnerable to traffickers and criminal gangs. From a peak of 700 mostly Afghan Pashtuns based in the "jungle" in June, aid groups say two thirds have fled since the government indicated it would close the camp in April. "Most have left for Britain, Belgium, Holland or Norway, the others have scattered into thin air," said Thomas Suel of Terre d'Errance, one of a coalition of local aid groups. French authorities operated a centre for migrants at Sangatte, near Calais but closed it in 2002 because of crime and British accusations that it was a magnet for migrants wanting to cross the Channel. France says it is determined to stop migrants heading for Calais and crack down on human-trafficking, with dozens of squats closed and more operations to come. From Saint Malo in Brittany to the Belgian border, they count some seventeen migrant camps and squats along the Channel coast, where hundreds of Iraqis, Afghans, Eritreans or Vietnamese await their attempt at the British El Dorado.

ZELAYA'S MIDNIGHT GAMBIT

From a NACLA report by Greg Grandin

In a bold move, the democratically elected president of Honduras Manuel Zelaya—ousted in a military coup in June—has returned to Tegucigalpa, entering the country in secret, traveling overland with a small group of advisers. He is currently in the Brazilian embassy, and crowds of supporters are gathering around the building to demand the restoration of Honduran democracy. That Zelaya traveled at night, crossing "rivers and mountains," as he put it, all the while managing to evade Honduran intelligence—largely funded, trained, and provisioned by the US military—is quite a feat, and also a hint that Zelaya still commands the loyalty of some sectors of the military and police.

It's unclear what will happen next. Roberto Micheletti, the president installed by the coup, has imposed a fifteen-hour curfew—which will undoubtedly be extended—reminding reporters that there is a standing order for Zelaya's arrest. Yet Zelaya's return is sure to galvanize those opposed to the coup, whose protests over the last three months have prevented Micheletti from consolidating power.

It has become increasingly clear that Micheletti's strategy of trying to hold out until scheduled presidential elections in late November was not working, with a movement within Honduras for a boycott of the vote gaining steam and most Latin American nations saying they would not recognize its results. Since the prospect of holding elections with Zelaya in prison—or perhaps still rallying supporters from his Brazilian refuge—would only underscore the illegitimacy of the coup government, it seems that it will have no choice but to negotiate directly with Zelaya his return to power.

That Zelaya chose the Brazilian embassy as where to make his stand—undoubtedly with the approval of the Brazilian president, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva despite denials, is also a strategic masterstroke, for it shifts the away from Venezuela and Hugo Chávez—as the Honduran plotters have tried to frame the crisis—and toward Lula, everyone's favorite democratic leftist. Brazil's Foreign Minister, Celso Amorim, responded to the coup government's demand that Brazil turn Zelaya over by saying that any threat to the legitimate president or the embassy would be a grave breach of international law.

Those backing the coup perhaps sense that their game is up; a communiqué issued by the National Front Against the Coup reports that some businessmen and military leaders who supported Zelaya's overthrow are leaving the country. Meanwhile, back in the United States, The Washington Post has decided to actually forgo reporting on the story, instead allowing Michelletti space on its op-ed page—in a piece probably written by one of the coup's U.S. flaks, like Otto Reich or Lanny Davis—to make one last pitch for the November election, which he promises will be a "constitutional expression of self-determination and a demonstration of national sovereignty." Reich or Davis—er, I mean Micheletti—forgot to mention that the coup government, in effort to ensure high turnout, has threatened to jail anyone who doesn't vote in that election and has revoked the citizenship of the environmentalist Catholic priest José Andrés Tamayo, born in El Salvador but living in Honduras since 1983, for calling for a boycott of those elections.

If this is a moment of truth for Honduras, it is also one for Washington. Since his ouster, Washington has sent mixed messages, refusing to condemn the coup with the same force as the Organization of American States and the European Union, and refusing to apply as much pressure as it could—freezing the foreign bank accounts, for instance, of those behind the overthrow—that could force the restoration of democracy.

But Zelaya's dramatic return takes place on the eve of this Wednesday's meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, where he had been scheduled to speak as Honduras' legitimate leader. That the UN will probably issue a statement demanding his restoration on the eve of US president Barack Obama's inaugural address to that body will place pressure on the United States to take a clear stand.

Zelaya's return, says Mark Weisbrot of the Center for Economic and Policy Research, "will finally force the US to choose sides." With the OAS convening an emergency meeting in which it will undoubtedly voice strong support for Zelaya, it is, as Weisbrot notes, "pretty clear that the rest of the world will stand with Zelaya, for his return to the presidency, and for the restoration of democracy in Honduras." And sure enough, US Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, acknowledging that Zelaya's gambit has indeed changed the terms of the debate, issued a statement saying that the time was "opportune" to restore Zelaya to the presidency. Better late than never.

AUSTRALIAN FACES UP TO SEVEN YEARS FOR ABORTION

From Feminist.org

Tegan Simone Leach, a nineteen-year-old Australian woman, faces up to seven years in prison for allegedly facilitating her own abortion. Abortion is criminalized in the Australian state of Queensland, where Leach resides, with an exception only to save the life or health of the mother. Leach reportedly used a combination of mifepristone and misoprostol, which can be used to induce abortion but is typically used to treat gastric ulcers, to terminate her pregnancy, according to News Australia. The drugs were imported from the Ukraine.

Leach's 21 year old partner, Sergie Brennan, is being charged with supplying drugs to facilitate an abortion and faces up to three years in prison if convicted. Brennan told the Cairns Post, "I want to give my kid the best when I have a kid but at the moment I don't feel I can give them the best and that's the way she feels too."

Leach is the first woman in 50 years to be brought to trial regarding abortion in Queensland, despite the fact that 14,000 abortions are performed there annually, according to the Children By Choice Campaign. Queensland's Premier, Anna Bligh told the Australian. "I can understand that many people will be concerned about the circumstances of this young woman. It is, I think, a very tragic case...I'm not going to comment about the law while it's still being judged in the courts."

ONLY 6.5% OF REPORTED UK RAPES LEAD TO A CONVICTION

From www.bbc.co.uk
A review of the treatment of rape victims by the police and other agencies in England and Wales has been ordered by ministers. It will look at how rape victims are treated from the moment they come into contact with the authorities. Ministers are concerned that the conviction rate remains low despite repeated attempts to improve it. The review was delayed last month, when it was reported that ministers could not agree what it should cover. According to government figures, only 6.5% of rapes reported between 2007 and 2008 led to the attacker being convicted. Although the number of rape convictions has risen in the past decade, the proportion of rape allegations that lead to a conviction has fallen. Separate figures compiled by equality campaigners show a wide variation in the performance of individual police forces.

The review, to be headed by prisons reformer Baroness Stern, is expected to examine why the conviction rate is so low. But she will not look at the law itself. Instead the review will look at how different agencies such as police, doctors and lawyers, work together. Harriet Harman: "We've got to catch the rapist on the first offence" Part of the review will examine the attitudes of police officers because some victims have complained that their allegations were not taken seriously. Two major criminal cases have exposed serious flaws in how detectives investigated rapes in the London area. John Worboys, a taxi driver, was arrested in 2007 but released without charge. Earlier this year he was convicted of attacking 12 women, and a further 85 have come forward to say they too were victims. The police watchdog is now investigating how officers handled the case. The separate case of Kirk Reid, suspected of 71 offences, has also raised questions about how police investigate sexual assaults.

Women Against Rape spokeswoman Lisa Longstaff said individual police officers were not being held to account for failing to investigate allegations properly and there should be "less talk and more action. We have had review after review, research project after research project and still women are not getting the protection of the law when they are raped or suffer domestic violence."

Chief Constable Dave Whatton, of the Association of Chief Police Officers of England, Wales and Northern Ireland, said the review would go "hand in hand with work already under way to ensure there is a uniform approach to the police handling of rape cases. In recent years we have made significant advances in the way we approach investigation of this difficult offence but despite that, delivery remains inconsistent and there is more we need to do."

Last month there were reports of a cabinet split over the rape review, with Deputy Prime Minister Harriet Harman reported to be calling for a more thorough investigation. Home Secretary Alan Johnson and Justice Secretary Jack Straw were said to be opposed, saying the review would not be finished before a general election. Solicitor General Vera Baird dismissed the reports, saying there was "no rift" between the cabinet ministers. Baroness Stern's report is expected to be published early in 2010. She has described the deadline as "tight".

POLICE STORY

From www.sptimes.ru, by Sergey Chernov
To the shock of onlookers and the club's management, a punk concert was called off by the OMON special-task police force on Monday. The US hardcore punk band Die Young, which was to perform at the underground club Zoccolo, failed to perform after an estimated 50 OMON policemen and around 10 high-ranking police officers arrived at the venue before the show and ordered the show to be canceled. A source at Zoccolo said the police had also checked the venue's documentation. One officer said he would "recommend" canceling the concert, and the club had to obey.

The Russian musicians and promoter who came to the show were interrogated. "They wrote down information about the musicians who had come there, asked them what kind of songs they performed and if they [the songs] contain any threat to society," a musician from one of the three Russian bands that were scheduled to take part in the show said by phone on Thursday. He requested that his name and the name of his band should not appear in print. "Hardcore concerts are seen as 'extremist' by the police," he said. "In fact, not only some fascists, but also anti-fascists are treated as 'extremists.' Any musicians who touch on radical themes."

He said there was unconfirmed information that a call had been made to the police reporting an impending mass fight outside the club. "So they sent two trucks with the OMON police, many cars from the GUVD and RUVD [city and district Interior Ministry departments] and shut down the show," he said. "Everybody arrived, including mustached generals wearing decorations. I've never seen so many cops in all my life. There were more cops than fans." He said the club had been surrounded by the police, who also blocked all access to it, though he added that the police behaved politely. "There was no violence, but the thing is that whatever officials do not like is called 'extremism' now—any manifestation of youth activity, be it right-wing or left-wing," he said. "If Greenpeace supporters had a concert, they could come and shut it down just the same."

The musician said his band had posted a "friends only" letter to their fans on the Internet saying that from now on they would stop performing at public concerts and switch instead to "secret" gigs. "Before we got hit by the Nazis, now we get hit by the police. But it's the same thing," he said. According to the musician, the police are targeting the wrong people. "The police are not hunting extremists, they're hunting people with guitars who they try to describe as 'extremists.' But the ideas that this music brings are totally peaceful, calling for tolerance and other good things." The Skatalites will perform at The Place on Saturday. Local heroes Markscheider Kunst will be sharing the bill. The two bands are not hardcore punk or radical, so the chances are that the gig will not get shut down.

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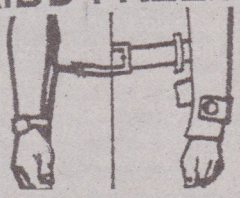

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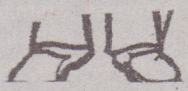

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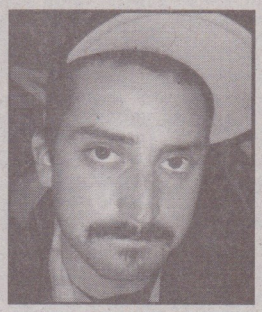
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's your best/worst puking story?
(asked at some show with some Midwest band whose singer got naked)

Pat, 23, Oakland
A girl vomited on my pants in a church parking lot. It was horrible and awkward, mostly for her.

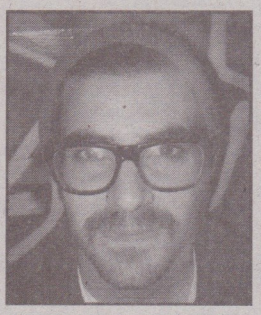


Andrew, 22, San Francisco
When I was 19 and still living with my parents, I came home from a party black out drunk, passed out, and then at 4AM proceeded to puke inside my sweatshirt through the neck, and slept that way until about 7AM. Then I woke up, took a shower, and went to school. My parents had no idea what went on.

Billy, 37, Minneapolis
The first time I went to Japan, we ordered so many beers on the flight that eventually, they just left the beer cart by us. We got so hammered, when our hosts picked us up, I had to ask them to pull over to find me a bag so that I could puke all over their minivan.

Erik, 37, Minneapolis
One of the beer companies that supplies the bar I own invited me on a golf excursion. We go, and I drink nonstop from 10AM to 7PM. We leave, and it's going badly, and we're going 85 and there's no pulling over, so I roll down the window, and with the velocity of the wind, puke probably four or five good solid heaves of pure liquid straight back into my own face, all over my buddy who's driving, and every inch of the inside of my car.

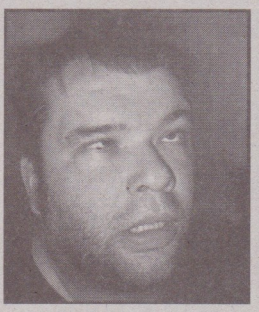
Logan, 26, Austin
On my sixteenth birthday, I took a bunch of mushrooms, went to Six Flags, rode a rollercoaster, and threw up on everybody.



Peter, 22, Oakland
Going out with Danielle Steele for drinks in France, getting too drunk, and puking on her daughter, frantically apologizing, going "I'm sorry, I'm not accustomed to this. Bleaugh!"

Brian, 29, San Francisco
I was once at a party and saw a guy that was trying to skin potatoes with tater gloves, but he couldn't quite get it to work out, and he ended up puking all over the potatoes instead.

Lane, 36, Minneapolis
I was in Germany, and I was unfortunate enough to smoke a joint that was half tobacco, and then proceeded to puke in every corner of the room. I think the room was shaped like an octagon.



Paddy, 37, Minneapolis
The first time I ever went to Europe, I got blacked out and took a couple of Adavans before I got on the plane. Apparently, halfway through the flight, I ripped a pillowcase off the free pillow, threw up in it, and then offered it to the old man sitting next to me, who politely accepted it and put it in the pouch. When we landed, the stewardess woke me up and told me that was mine, and it wasn't until I pulled it out and it was leaking that I found out what it was.

Bailey, 23, San Francisco
Threw up on BART during morning rush hour, at the feet of well-dressed commuters.

A W A] [O T T A W A] [O T T

By Jo Capitalicide

This is a scene report for Ottawa, Ontario. Ottawa's the capital of Canada. It's in between Montreal and Toronto and has somewhat of an affinity with the Montreal punk scene due to proximity and being half-francophone. I'm covering the scene from a hardcore punk point of view, so pardon me if I don't elaborate too much on grind, pop punk, or garage rock.

Contrary to the other Canadian cities, Ottawa doesn't have a rich punk history. Bands you may have heard of are UNWARRANTED TRUST, PORCELAIN FOREHEAD, GRAVE CONCERN, TRAPT, DEEP SIX, BUREAUCRATS, RED SQUARES, and ACTION. ACTION is reforming for a one-off show here in October!

CRITICAL CONVICTIONS is a modern hardcore band influenced by POISON IDEA and NEGATIVE APPROACH. They have a demo tape and upcoming 7". Half of the band used to be in a D-beat crust band called CENTERTOWN INSURGENTS. THE FUCKING MACHINES are old dudes playing a modern take on retro US bands like MINOR THREAT and WASTED YOUTH. They have two singers, big beards, one 7" and an LP. GERM ATTAK is hardcore street punk a la SKEPTIX, DISORDER, and PARTISANS. The band has toured quite extensively and has released four 7"s, two LPs, and several tapes and CDs. The new LP was released before a Euro tour and the record is called *They Live, We Sleep*. GERM ATTAK'S old bassist has started a band called H.O.P.E. ("Humans Off Planet Earth") with a guy from RADIO SCHIZO (ANTI-CIMEX/BOMBANFALL worship), and the guy from T.H.R.U.S.H. (harsh noise a la WOLF EYES/THROBBING GRISTLE). H.O.P.E. sounds like a weird version of GLOOM, DEFECTOR, etc. They have two demo tapes out, and play Montreal and Ottawa quite often. While I'm talking about noise, there's BOMBED OUT with their unintentional noise. They have two demo CDRs and a 7" (*Human Disease*). They've toured a bit in the US with GERM ATTAK, and sound kinda like Euro HC (CHAOS UK, PANDEMONIUM, UBR). SMART MOUTH is from the countryside and they're an '88-style youth crew band. I REFUSE is big around here and plays a similar style with more varied influences. They have several records out. Members of H.O.P.E. and BOMBED OUT have a new band called BAD JUDGEMENT, which sounds like PRINCE meets BLACK FLAG. NO SOLUTION is a guy from GERM ATTAK, and has released two demo tapes. The tapes have a lot of covers of a shitload of classic worldwide '80s HC punk like SIEGE, BGK, RAPPRESAGLIA, and KAAOS...more releases out soon. There's a new band with a noisy, lo-fi demo called ULTRA COLLAPSE MASSACRE. They sound like DECEIVING SOCIETY or CFDL. MENTAL RESCUE has a tape out of ultra fast HC a la LARM, PROTES BENGT, SIEGE, etc. It's got the singer of INEPSY.

I won't go too deep in the metal territory, but since metal punk is the big thing now, I'll mention a few cool bands the punks will appreciate. KARNAX sounds like SODOM playing ONSLAUGHT songs with shredding guitars and they have released two demos. BASTARDATOR has a few releases including the demo CD/tape called *Bastards of Mayhem*, a split 7" with CHILDREN OF TECHNOLOGY, and the *Identify the Dead* LP/CD. They've got a SACRILEGE meets VOIVOD kinda sound. They've recently been touring. Members of CRITICAL CONVICTIONS, H.O.P.E. BASTARDATOR, and TRIOXIN 245 have a new project called FILTH HOUNDS, which is like *Forward Into Battle* era English Dogs meets *Country Of Sweden* era Anti Cimex. RETURN TO STRENGTH was a BOLT THROWER meets NAPALM DEATH crusty metal type of band that just broke up and left behind two demos. They're working on a new TRAGEDY style band.

There's a few more HC-oriented '94-style skate punk bands like VAL VEENUS, INTERNATIONAL MANIAC INSTITUTE, HANDS OF THE FEW, and GUT REACTION. EMERGENCY DAMAGE CONTROL has a demo of lo-fi chaotic punk. THE DONNER PARTY is a powerviolence band that been around for about ten years. They exclusively play Ottawa and have many releases that don't make it past CDR unfortunately. They could be the next CAPITALIST CASUALTIES. Along similar lines was the SPAZZ influenced TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM who toured a lot and has a million records out. They were quite active until recently when they broke up. Now members are in CRITICAL CONVICTIONS and noisecore band HARSH SUPPLEMENT (like FEAR OF GOD and SORE THROAT). There's also NO REFUND, a band that's been around for about ten years and has a million releases of 7 MINUTES OF NAUSEA style noisecore. Might as well talk about some grindcore... There's FUCK THE FACTS who play a style that's more technical death metal now. They have too many releases to name and tour constantly. THE VANISHING ACT who, like many grind bands, have splits with UNHOLY GRAVE and åAGATHOCLES.

H.O.P.E.

BASTARDATOR

[OTTAWA]

[SEDATIVES]

There's a few pop punk bands worth mentioning like the RIPTIDES, who have a few records out, tour a bit, and have a big local following. They sound a lot like the DWARVES. The CREEPS and the VISITORS play SCREECHING WEASEL/QUEERS worship, share members, and both have some releases worth checking out. The CREEPS have a split 7" with New Brunswick band FEAR OF LIPSTICK. The VISITORS also have a new 7"... There's the BELLA BOMBS, a band that plays rock 'n' roll mixed with pop punk, and then there's MACHINE GUN DOLLY playing RANCID style pop punk.

DIRTY NUNS plays all-out DAYGLO ABORTIONS meets BLACK FLAG goofy punk, and will have an album out soon. IT'S ASSHOLE TIME plays tight rockin' HC a la ADRENALIN OD and SOA. FOUR STROKE is cool old dudes that play DOA/SUBHUMANS style punk. They have two CDs out and play all the time. KNIVES AND FOKES FOR FREEDOM plays a bare bones USHC style a la MINOR THREAT and MDC. They're fairly new and have no releases yet. SUICIDE PILOTS has an album out and play a lot. They sound like DEAD KENNEDYS or CRUCIFUCKS with politically-charged high vocals! They managed to stir up quite a controversy when their drummer, who works for the government, released some data to the public and got arrested.

Although not my thing, the biggest scene right now is probably garage rock. The 21-plus crowd is mainly into garage rock, and the younger crowd is into HC, crust, and street punk. MILLION DOLLAR MARXIST recently played a show. They used to be big here and had some records on Gearhead. GUNSMOKE plays rockabilly, has released a 7" and an LP, and has toured the USA. There's really noisy, pure '50s style garage like HOLY COBRAS, and the FELINES who sound like the SONICS mixed with the SHANGRI-LAS. There's some power pop bands like MOTHERS CHILDREN and BEACH BLANKETS. MOTHERS CHILDREN just released a 7" on Going Gaga. SAVAGE CRIMES has a cassette out on Bruised Tongue Tapes. They play fast garage punk. WHITE WIRES has an LP out and sounds like '60s pop gone punk. Soon they will have two new 7"s on Trouble In Mind Records and Ugly Pop. Apparently they're also planning a new LP. These guys keep busy, 'cause they also organize the punk and garage fest "Gaga Weekend."

There are new bands like WHISKEY SHITS, KRAPSKRAPS, and the VICTIMS (ya, I know...another band called the VICTIMS!). Also in a similar style are the ZERO HOURS, who have a good local following and a CD. ACID OVERDOSE mixes the style with more HC tendencies like BATTALION OF SAINTS. SKETCHY P and NUMMIES kinda mix it up a bit and are all over the map. NUMMIES features a member of BOMBED OUT on drums and has released a CD. DEAD END KIDS play tight mid-paced melodic street punk, but have yet to release anything. There's a new band called DESTROYER SCENE that seems to play really abrasive GG ALLIN AND THE MURDER JUNKIES meets metal type of stuff. It's hard to tell 'cause they're too drunk and out of tune to make anything of it. They were just on tour with WHISKEY SHITS. All ten of 'em packed inside a cube van in total darkness, drunk out of their minds!

TRIOXIN 245 has been at it for more than five years and has one full-length CD, two 7"s, and a split 7" with BESTHOVEN. They play a mix of TANK, VENOM, and ANTI CIMEX. Lately they're not too active because half the band moved to Montreal. There's a new post apocalyptic D-beat band called TOTAL WINTER. SCHIZOPHASIA is a band that plays noise-punk and straight up noise. Think CONFUSE/STATE CHILDREN meets WHITEHOUSE or SPK. So far they have four tapes—two with punk songs and two of noise.

SEDATIVES is a cool WIPERS meets TSOL style of band. They have a good 7" and will have an LP and Euro tour soon. They share members with BURIED INSIDE (well known local metal) and the WHITE WIRES. The UNCOOPERATIVES are ex-GRAVE CONCERN and play BEYOND POSSESSION/SUICIDAL TENDENCIES style crossover. There's a straight up skinhead band, ROOKERS, who plays stuff similar to PRESSURE POINT or COMBAT 84. SUPPOSITORIES has an LP of total drone-punk a la early-WIRE. Look out for their LP *Moments of Square Violence* and their new 7". Also look out for newcomers CENTERTOWN CRIPPLERS and YEAR ZERO. I'll finish things up with CAPITALICIDE who plays psychedelic goth punk. They played noisy HC back in 2001, then DISASTER/DISCHARGE worship D-beat on their 2005 demo, and now have more of a HAWKWIND/AMEBIX/UK DECAY style.

Now onto local record labels and zines. There's Sir Punkly run by TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM; Going Gaga is a garage rock label run by the WHITE WIRES; Bruised Tongue Tapes is run by the noise rock band FUCKED CORPSE, and CAPITALICIDE is run by GERM ATTAK. There are a few more independent record labels, but I'm out of the loop! Not much zine activity these days, but the garage scene has *Standard Issue* and *Going Gaga*. *Moon Conspiracy* (grind, thrash) and *Born 20 Years Too Late* (D-beat, HC) are no more. *Morbid Tales* (metal punx) moved to Montreal.

To book a show here, pick a band you like in this list and get a hold of them. A lot of shows in town are collectively booked! There's a lack of all ages venues unfortunately, but lots of places to play if you don't give a fuck about the kids! Record stores worth checking out are Vertigo (large vinyl selection, downtown), Bird Man (rock 'n' roll, garage), and End Hits (indie rock) who does shows as well as Sounds Unlikely (experimental) who does noise shows. I have created a website with mp3s and more info on all these bands. Please check it out at www.punxottawa.blogspot.com. Sorry to all the bands and people I forgot to mention! Please get in touch: capitalicide@hotmail.com

[GERM ATTAK]

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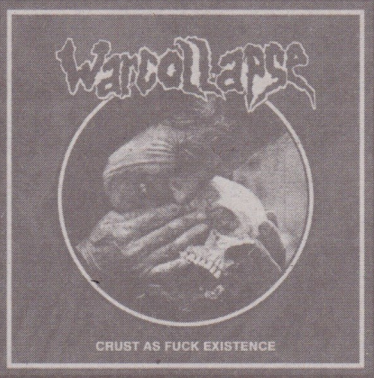

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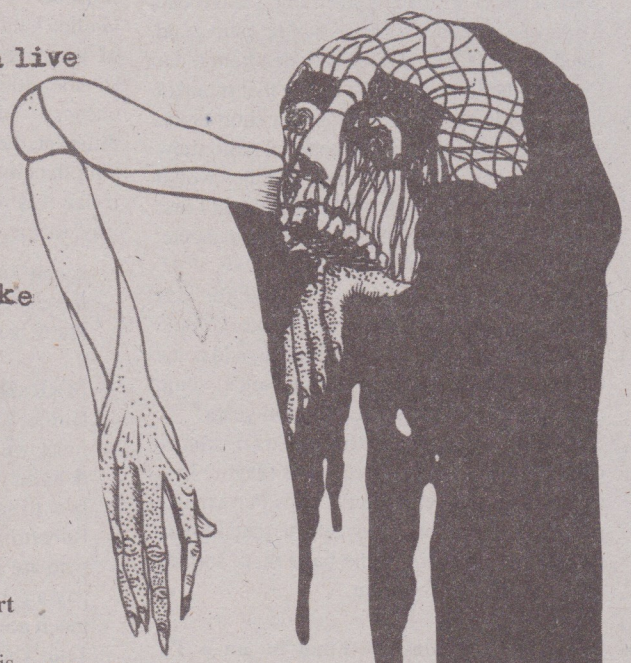
DESTINO FINAL

I would hope that anyone that has been lucky enough to witness Destino Final in a live setting instantly recognized why someone as fanatical as myself about hardcore would consider this bunch to be close to hitting the mark of the ideal hardcore band. Their brand of chilling, rabid, manic pounding is unlike anything to grace these ears, quite possibly ever. The tension they can build, both live and on record is unrivaled in the history of music.

Interview by: Martin Sorrondeguy, Cissie Scurlock, Layla Gibbon.
Photos taken by: Martin. Intro by: Justin B.



MRR: You guys were Invasión before, how did you get together to start Destino Final?

Guille: After the US tour, the drummer did not have too much time and he is actually having a baby, so the band fell through. There were some personal issues. I don't know…Guillem and I wanted to keep going and it made sense to just change the name. So we talked to Tete and Roberto and they were into doing something like that. The name of the band is the last song on the last Invasión record. It is kind of a continuation.

MRR: Also a new beginning.

Guille: Yeah.

MRR: Like a final destination.

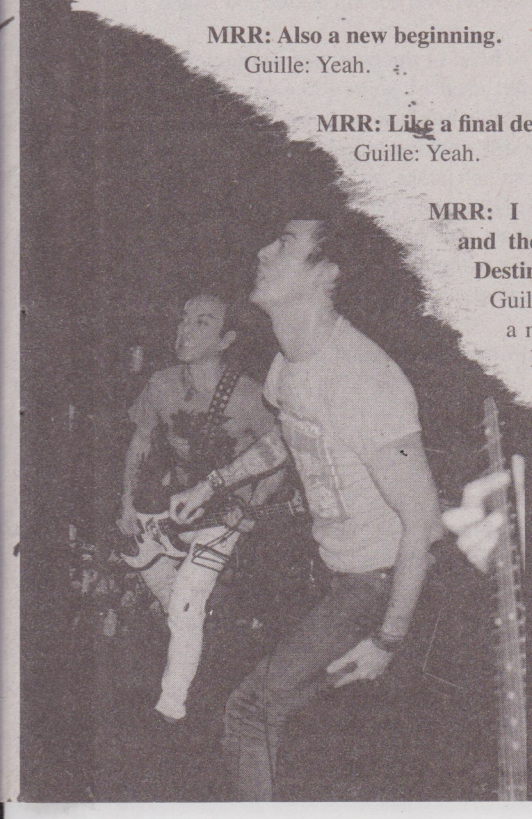
Guille: Yeah.

MRR: I used to work for a film company and there was a horror movie called Final Destination about people that die.

Guille: Yeah, I have seen it and there was also a movie called Invasion, so if you Google Destino Final you will get a bunch of stuff.

Roberto: And Play Station games.

[Laughter]



MRR: So you stay mysterious on the Internet?

Guille: Yeah, but not as mysterious as Sex Vid.

MRR: It would be cool to know how you discovered punk?

Guille: It was mostly through my brother. It was in '92 or '93. I listened to Bad Religion and NOFX and early Spanish bands, one of my first shows was La Banda Trapera del Rio. I went to the show with my cousin and my dad drove us there, and he was like, "I will come and pick you up in like three hours." When he came, La Banda had not played yet so we left without seeing them.

Roberto: Well, I had older brothers and when I was eight years old I started listening to punk through them. I learned songs by La Polla Records, Kortatu, Eskorbuto, and I was so young. There was also a comic called Pedro Pico y Pico Vena, it is a classic. It's associated with Spanish Punk so the comic would highlight bands and concerts and things that were happening. It came out in a monthly magazine and it was only one page in the comic section. So there you learned about bands and would go on a

search and learn about it all. From that I began to go to squats and shows and you realize you are a part of it.

Guillem: When I was fourteen I was searching on the radio and found a radio show from a small town next to mine that would play punk. I heard Eskorbuto and all that stuff. So I became a punk from the outskirts/small town and then I began to hang out with the local punks and discovered more of it.

Tete: When I was seven or eight years old I was at the market with my dad in our village and we saw some punks who were older punks and I said to my father, "Hey dad, when I am older I want to be like that." My dad at that moment smacked me in the face. That is a short story. Then I began to listen to the national radio show and they had a program at night and they would play demos from bands, and that is when I first heard Toreros After Ole, Parálisis Permanente, and all those early '80s bands.

Roberto: There was also a TV show for kids called *La Bola de Cristal*, with Alaska. I would never miss it and all sorts of people would come out on it. Vulpess, and a ton of bands would come out on it. That was on for two years.

Tete: There was another show called *La Edad de Oro*. They would also have bands playing live, and on their pilot episode Parálisis Permanente played, and within one week of that filming one of the members of the band died, so they dedicated the show to him.

MRR: So will Destino Final be on a TV show?

Roberto: Why not? [Laughter]

MRR: Subvert the children! [Laughter] Can you tell us a bit of what is happening in Spain, or more specifically, Barcelona, these days?

Guille: There are a lot of bands right now in Barcelona. I don't know, for me it seems like it is not that different from other larger cities. You know there are a bunch of sub-scenes.

Roberto: I do not agree because Spain is kind of conservative, you know.

Guille: Well, I am referring to bigger cities around the world.

Roberto: I see it as very different, because there are so many people who come from all over and there is so much international culture in Barcelona right now.

Guille: Compared to the rest of Spain? I am saying that Barcelona is not that different from big cities in the rest of the world.

Roberto: Oh, okay. In Barcelona there is a large squat movement, it is full of squats and you can't compare it to the rest of the world because that does not exist everywhere. So we develop a DIY scene.

MRR: Do you guys play a lot of squat shows?

Roberto: Yes, many times.

MRR: When I was a teenager most the hardcore punk shows were in squats in South London. Looking in from the outside, it seemed for a while there, in the late '90s, the squat scene in Europe was dying. Has there been a turn-around?

Guille: I think in Europe a lot of squats have been legalized so the squat movement has changed. In Barcelona, it is different, there is no negotiating with the city council, you squat it like it is illegal. It seems this way to me, a lot of the older squats are legal and you now pay some sort of rent. Once you get into negotiating with the city council it becomes much more laid back and there is not so much tension and that really has an effect on the way one does things.

MRR: Do people get complacent?

Guille: In a way. You know, if you know you are getting evicted from your house you are more willing to do some action. It is different. Everyone decides what they want but it definitely changes the way you do things. In Barcelona I think people are…I don't know how to say it in English…

Roberto: They are in a political movement. Most of the gigs are for benefits to help people who are in trouble. There are people who have trouble with the police and they have to pay a penalty, so we do benefits to get lawyers or get folks out of jail. There is really so much going on in that sense.

Tete: The majority of squats in Barcelona have nothing to do with punk. It is more of a political thing than a musical thing. Majority of my squatter friends don't listen to punk, they go to the shows because it is a benefit.

Roberto: They rely on punks because they are practically the only ones who have a solidarity with the movement.

Tete: Punks do have a solidarity with the movements/squatters, but other types of bands that are non-punk also play the gigs. They come together over certain causes and issues.

MRR: It seemed that things are similar, or have been in the past, not so much right now. I have heard punks say that they have felt used by some folks who have an agenda or certain issue. They have also felt that when punks need help we don't get it and we are shit. It is cool to see that people are still working together over there.

Tete: I have felt that when I have friends who talk shit on punks, you know, but when they need support or help, they go and ask the punks… [Laughter] We also have to remember that not all punks are political or activists. There are tons of destructive punks who go along just for the party or they want to get into a gig without paying, or harass women or whoever. So, I do understand when political folks are down on punks.

Roberto: It goes both ways.

Guillem: You find this problem everywhere. You always have this and we do what we can to make things better.

Guille: To have a good time too?

Guillem: Yes, to have a good time as well.

Guille: In the end, if you are not having fun, why bother?

MRR: What do you guys want to do with Destino Final?

Guillem: I think Destino Final is a band that makes music that we like and we express ourselves the way we want. It comes out spontaneously. It doesn't have an objective, we are doing the tours that we can and putting out the records that we can but simply express what we really feel. Take advantage of the occasions where we can do just that.

Roberto: Yeah, to enjoy ourselves.

Guillem: Being here at *MRR* has been amazing.
Guille: It is important for me to get out of Barcelona, it is a place that you have to get out of once in awhile. You need to get out. Destino Final is the perfect excuse to get out and meet people. This is what I like most about punk, getting out and having a place, sharing with people and meeting with people.

MRR: You guys just don't like hanging out in the city center, "The Rambla"?
[Laughter]
Roberto: I love Barcelona.
Guillem: Our first two shows in Barcelona, which are the only two to date, have been benefits to raise money for anarchist prisoners.

MRR: You have only had two shows in Barcelona?
All: Yes.
Roberto: Don't forget this band is only in existence for three months.

MRR: That's it?
All: Yes.

MRR: Wait, how can that be? I thought I heard folks talking about the band almost a year ago.
Guille: After Invasión broke up, we decided we wanted to continue.

MRR: So was it the rumors that were going around about the band? You were put on the Chaos in Texas fest roster a while ago.
Guille: Yeah because the thing was that it was a continuation of Invasión, we were playing Invasión songs, so we just changed the name.

MRR: So are you guys interested in playing Barcelona?
Guille: Yeah, I mean with Invasión we played for like four years and I think we only played six shows and most of them I booked.
Tete: I don't know, but we play there and the people just stand there and look at us like what is this fucking noise motherfuckers?
Guillem: They are not used to that kind of sound.
Tete: Then we come here and people love it and we feel fucking awesome! Over at home no one cares and here we are loved. [*Laughter*] It is like that.
Guille: For the first years of Invasión no one asked us to play anywhere, it was kind of frustrating but then we came here and people wanted us to play. People liked the record but no one really liked the record back home, at least that was the feeling we got.

MRR: Just Paco.
Guille: Yeah, just Paco liked it.

MRR: I remember that Yan from Firmeza 10 said that no one there cares about it so they only made a few of the record, but people here keep asking about it. No one in Spain likes it. That is so crazy to me, because we listen to the records and you imagine like this crazy scene. I guess it is not like that.
Guille: A lot of people, especially here at MRR, think Barcelona, it must be like awesome. But we are there and we have a few cool bands, but it is not.

MRR: It is an illusion.
Guille: Like when talking about the '80s, we played a show with Fucked Up, Invasión, Otan, Über and Tension, it was a huge show, it was fun. There was Mark from Ultimo Resorte, who happened to show up, and Paco and him were talking and he said, "I don't know why you always talk about the '80s and everything, this is so much better than what we had back in the '80s." I don't know, but for me it made me think all the times I have had illusions of the '80s, a lot of people don't realize what we have now. In Barcelona I feel that a lot of times it's alright, it is fun but…

MRR: Yeah, but everyone always feels like that, like, you don't realize how good something is until it is gone, when it is happening to you it's just life. Ya know? So do you feel like you are part of a scene?
Guille: Nah, a lot of times I feel like we are in the middle of a lot of scenes.
Roberto: We are just a big group of friends. With some bands we have a really good connection and with others we don't have anything to do with them. We are in a really DIY scene, and we have an exchange with really nice humble people. In my case, I am always trying to be around nice people, nice friends, and share art or whatever.

MRR : You brought up art and Destino Final have several artists in the band. I would say you have a certain aesthetic—a darkness—about your imagery, a very distinct, visual style. Can you talk a bit about the work?
Guillem: Yes, first off, when we planned the record we wanted something new, because the art is very important on a record. When you see a visual, a record cover, and it is impacting, it attracts you as well as reflects what is inside the record. We tried to find something different that would reflect who the band is. Something cold and dark, and that is what came out. Our lyrics, music, and art are that.
Guille: I think in the beginning of Invasión it was a bit of a surprise. We wanted to have a unique aesthetic and we were surprised because Guillem drew the first cover and we were like, "Whoa!" It fit perfectly. Guillem does great work. I love what he comes up with. He has a unique way of just drawing something without thinking and a lot of the work comes out like that. He has been doing lots of work and we haven't used them but from this point on, he has to do our work because it fits perfectly to what we try to express.

MRR: You guys are going to Japan next?
Guille: Yes, we are going to Japan.

MRR: You guys would be the first punk band from Barcelona to ever go to Japan, right?
All: From Barcelona, Yes. Sin Dios has been there but they are from Madrid.
Roberto: A part of why we are going is that Guillem was a driver on the D.S.B. tour and there was a friendship there. They invited us, so we are pleased with this.

MRR: Destino Final uses effects on the vocals and it creates a mood and a feeling, and it is kind of like the art and the package as a whole. How did you come to decide on this?
Guille: In the beginning it was intentional to have the delayed vocals. When the band started we were at the Anarchist Social Center and Guillem was like, "I have this really cool riff I want to play for you." So I had a P.A. there and we went upstairs to the practice space and I began to mess with it and it reminded us of Japanese hardcore and we liked it, so we stuck with it. We also wanted something special, more than just playing the songs, so at first it was like Japanese rip-off wannabe-sounding then it began moving into our own thing.

MRR: This has been the second time you are in the US, what is your impression of things here? Be honest.
[Laughter]
Guille: After touring Europe once and twice here, I think the US scene is not as political as the scene in Europe. But, on the other hand people are much more into it here. There is much more solidarity here. In Europe, people are cold and there is not so much interaction. Here everyone comes over and are nice.
Tete: One thing I don't like is that they don't provide food and drinks at gigs. Many organizers don't have a place for the bands to sleep. In Europe this is something that folks are very careful and mindful of. It is the basic. If a band were to go somewhere and they don't have food or drinks the bands would never go back there.

MRR: That has always been a drawback here.
Guillem: Well, I think it has to do with customs. We have squats and it is much more communal in Europe.
Tete: I think most bands from the US that have gone there have said that Europe was great, "They fed us, gave us drinks, and it was fucking awesome." Here the same people will book a show and they don't do the same. You can tell them, "Hey, you have been to Europe and you enjoyed the way you were treated." They'll say, "Yeah." But then we tell them they should do the same thing. I learned to do this by watching the older folks and folks who organized. The first shows I organized I did not treat the bands in that way and it was a problem. I learned that we all had to reciprocate. I think the US punks need to learn this still.
Roberto: Here it also seems people have houses or apartments, but in Europe we have the squats/bars etc. So I do think that people give what they can. In regards to food, no one is asking for a huge spread, we're just saying go to the supermarket with twenty bucks get pasta and tomatoes, you can make a great dinner with twenty bucks.
Guille: In the US they don't have the tradition of making a meal in that way, people are always on the go. They will quickly grab a burger or a burrito. It is a cultural thing.
Tete: I was talking to a Mexican friend of mine and she was saying that Latinos are used to sitting down at a table and having a meal, but here it is different.
Guille: I was here three years ago and stayed in Portland for a few months and it really shocked me when people would just make a sandwich for themselves and not offer anything. We are used to when you have people at your home, you cook for them.
Roberto: Or just offer.
Tete: For me, being punk implies community. If punk did not have that communal element it would not have existed til today. So, we come here, you go there, we make an exchange of music and more than just that. Having that, you know, that when you go abroad or we go abroad, we know we are going to be alright and taken care of. When I travel, no matter where I go, I end up with punks or people who are anarchists, in that way we don't have to pay for hotels.

MRR: Can you tell us about other projects you guys have going on outside of Destino Final?
Tete: I have an old band that is coming together again after a hiatus called Carton De Vino, which means a carton of wine, since we never really broke up, we get together once in a great while. I play with Etacarinae, we were here two months ago and we did an interview. I also have a project with one of the members of Destino Final, called POW. We play a sort of post-punk style. I also play bass in Infamé.

MRR: Guille, do you still do Mindless Mutant label / distro?
Guille: I am not sure. [Laughter] Yeah, there are still some records I want

to put out, so yes, I guess I am still doing it. I think that is called Muerte en Las Calles. I never finish what I start and am totally flaky. [Laughter] Yeah, people at *Maximum* know that.

MRR: What records do you want to put out?
Guille: There is this band called Epidemia, they did a demo and we have been talking about releasing it for a few years. They recorded a 7", but who knows. They are really flaky too. I have wanted to do a compilation for Barcelona bands, but I have wanted to do this for like four years now.

MRR: All the bands are different now or all the bands broke up now. [Laughter]
Guille: Yeah, but I still want to do that, I have also been talking to Shit SA.

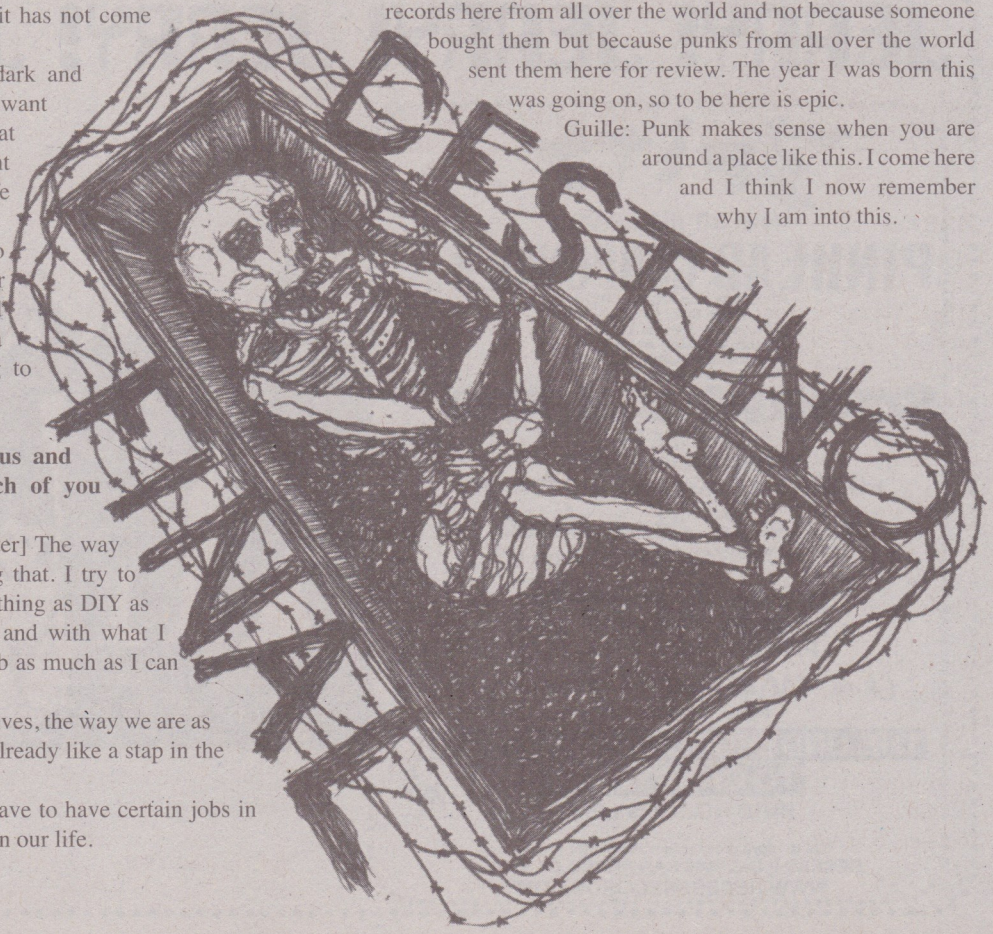
MRR: Wow! The old band?
Guille: Yeah, the old studio tracks. They also did a rehearsal with members of the Subteranean Kids, and the songs are much faster and raw.
Guillem: I do my art, I do art because I enjoy it, whoever wants a drawing or a piece, I will make something. I also play bass in Crimen de Estado. I did the 7" cover, and I make posters for shows…silkscreening.

MRR: In the future, a *Maximumrocknroll* cover. [Laughter]
Guillem: Yes.
Roberto: I am in another band called Suko de Nabo. I draw as well. I do art.
Guille: I also have a band called No Sex. When we come back from Japan I will do some stuff with this band. We recorded a 7", but since we are flaky it has not come out yet.
Roberto: Suko de Nabo has a very dark and nihilistic message but at the end, we want to make people realize there is light at the end of all the darkness and we want people to think about problems in life and try to change as much as possible.
Guillem: I have a workshop and I try to do everything in a DIY manner, whether it is my guitar or distortion pedals and stuff like that. It is like my house, a bunch of sewing machines…anything to make me even more self-sufficient.

MRR: Coming from a very religious and conservative country how does each of you break away from that?
Guillem: I stay off the streets. [Laughter] The way I live already, I think is already doing that. I try to consume as little as possible, do everything as DIY as possible, recycle everything possible, and with what I recycle, I try to make stuff from it. Rob as much as I can and that's it.
Roberto: Just the way we express ourselves, the way we are as people, the way we live our lives, it's already like a stap in the face of all the conservative people
Guillem: They impose on us that we have to have certain jobs in order to have "X" amount of products in our life.
Roberto: To dress a certain way…
Tete: Your car, a wife…things that are common and viewed as honorable by the larger society…good job, nice house and car.
Guille: What I like more than anything is to break schisms within punk. Many times in Barcelona people who are also in punk or in an Anarchist scene, build these norms that aren't written. There are taboos in punk, things that aren't acceptable and there are many.

MRR: Like what?
Guille: For example, we put a photo of the band in the first Invasión record and people went crazy and were upset about it. They called us poseurs.
Roberto: I honestly don't like it much either.
[Laughter]
Guille: I like to do things differently, even though people don't like it. One of the things we wanted to do, was at our shows, put up the distortion to the max so that people would leave. We have achieved this. In punk, many folks fall into a cycle that is comfortable. Within the counter culture a conformity develops. I like to break that even in silly ways.
Guillem: Even with a style of music or dress that is not what is in vogue at the moment. When Invasión started we were way different than what most folks listened to.
Tete: Well, without naming names, when a certain band came and played Barcelona some years ago, a ton of bands began to copy their style. So I think we are now coming away from that.
Roberto: What is nice is that people are beginning to find their own identity within punk and it's great.

MRR: Any last comments or shout outs?
Guillem: I want to thank all of you. It was great meeting you and being here.
Guille: Thanks to everyone who booked our shows, it is nice to come here and be treated so well.
Tete: It is an honor for me to be in a place like *MRR*, that is like the history of world of punk. Standing in these halls with all these records here from all over the world and not because someone bought them but because punks from all over the world sent them here for review. The year I was born this was going on, so to be here is epic.
Guille: Punk makes sense when you are around a place like this. I come here and I think I now remember why I am into this.



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HEX DISPENSERS

I've been buying punk records for 25 years. I've heard a lot of good shit. There's only a couple of bands that are so good that they stand head and shoulders above anything that's come before. The Hex Dispensers are one of them. Their new Winchester Mystery House *LP has been on my turntable almost every day since it came out. I wouldn't be lying if I told you I've listened to it a hundred times. The band defies genre…. They have the hooks of the Ramones and the darkness of the Wipers with some fucking Danzig/Elvis shit going on. They are the sum of four parts: Alyse's super tight tribal drumming, Tom's guitar backbone, Dave's rolling basslines and slick stage moves, topped off with Alex's crazy blues slides and unique vocals. I'm not even going to go into the "ex bands" bullshit…. They have of course done a ton of good shit previously – how else would they be this good? On top of being a great band they are real fucking people. Along with the Marked Men this band would play my wedding or my funeral.*
Interview by Logan Worrell
Intro by Tim Brooks

MRR: What do each of you do in the band?
Tom: I play guitar.
Dave: Bass.
Alex: I sing and play guitar.
Alyse: Drums.

MRR: Why'd you guys decide to start a band with each other?
Alex: Alyse, Tom, and I were in a band called This Damn Town, and it was winding down. We decided that we weren't going to do it anymore because we just hit a wall with it, but we decided that we wanted to keep playing together.
Alyse: Because it worked great
Alex: Yeah, because we have a good rapport. I mean Alyse and I better have a good rapport, we're married. But we like Tom, kind of, and we thought we wanted to keep playing with him. So we started another band to see how it would go and we liked where it was going,
Dave: You just wanted Tom's brisket to be within arms reach.
Alex: Basically, yeah.
Tom: Brisket is going to come up in every interview.
Dave: That's kind of a huge part.

MRR: Three years so far?
Alex: Yeah, three years. We just had our three-year *bandiversary*.

MRR: Why do you guys keep doing it? Is it still as fun as when you first started doing it?
Alex: We still like each other, yeah.
Alyse: Yeah. More and more fun.
Dave: We still like monsters.
Tom: Still plenty of minds out there to be *blooown*. [laughter]
Dave: Ohhhh. Mr. Kodiak strikes again.
Tom: I blow minds for a living, I could give you my card later. [laughter]

MRR: So when you decided to start the Hex Dispensers what kind of stuff were you going for? Was it completely organic? Did you just go in a room and try to do some shit?
Alex: This Damn Town was very twangy and dramatic.
Alyse: And serious.
Alex: It was very Danzig doing country kind of shit. That's what it ended up being.
Alyse: That's what it turned into, but not what we wanted.
Alex: So I wanted to do something that didn't take itself so fucking seriously, that was more fun. The whole horror shit it's just—we're joking, we don't wear fucking eyeliner.

MRR: Anymore.
Alex: Well Alyse does. We just wanted to have a good time and play stuff that was catchy and memorable, so that's what we set out to do. Initially, my first idea was maybe like, I wanted to do something that's noisy and blown out like the Coachwhips, but that's as thought out as the Marked Men. And so that's what we set out to do. It didn't end up sounding anything like that. I don't think we succeeded in that concept at all, but that was kind of the starting point. Everybody wants to do something and it always ends up being different, and it's cool. If you embrace that it's fine.

MRR: The songs definitely separate y'all from other catchy garagey kinda punk bands in the US. The songs seem well thought out…
Alex: I think an important distinction in a lot of bands is that people try to nail a style before they try to write songs. It's just like, "I want to be this meets this" or "I want to be just like this band," and they typically succeed at nailing the style they're going for, but that's not enough. I really love bands that just get together and write songs, and then it grows and blossoms from there. Those are the bands that I'm drawn to. I hope that's what we're doing 'cause it's what I'm trying to do. I don't know if that's the listeners' point of view.
Dave: I think a lot of it has to do with trusting your instincts, too. A lot of people just over-think the songwriting process. It doesn't have to be that hard, like you don't have to concentrate on every single part and try to identify it with another genre.
Alex: Right, right. They're trying to make sure it fits in a particular genre.

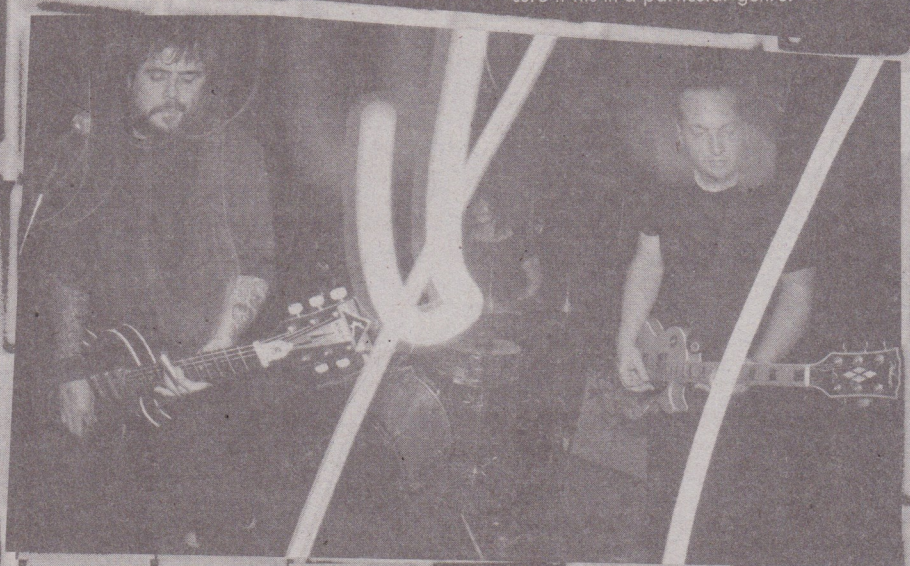


PHOTO BY CHRIS ANDERSON

HEXDISPENSE

PHOTO BY MARK MURRMANN

Dave: It doesn't have to be an overcomplicated process, you can write something that people enjoy and that you enjoy too without just going crazy with 58 parts in a song and trying to tie it to a specific artist.
Dave: We have very short memory spans.

MRR: I think I can definitely tell how you guys have progressed as a band. I really think the first record is great, and so is the first 7" and the *Lose My Cool* single. And then this new LP (*Winchester Mystery House*) came out... I hate when bands stay stagnant for so many fucking years, and they write the same songs a thousand times and it doesn't get any better. But you guys put out *Winchester Mystery House* and it's so much better than the first LP, which I already thought was great.
Alex: It's because more people are writing the songs now. Initially I was writing all the songs, and now we have more people participating and I just think it's going to get better.
Dave: I was really worried about the second album because I really loved the first one...
Alex: There's a difference.
Dave: I didn't want to mess with the sound and what they already did. It's kind of a dicey territory when someone is new in a band, and there's a new influence and a new personality. And you know, you want to stay out of the process that already worked but also add to it in a way.
Alex: It was a safe bet, though, having Dave join. Dave hit the ground running because we'd all played together. We'd done the Brotherhood of Electricity. We'd played live as the Brotherhood of Electricity. We knew chemically that it was going to be a pretty easy.

MRR: You did it without Dave for about two years as a three-piece, right?
Alyse: Yeah, a year and a half.

MRR: People are going to see his face on the record and be like, "Who the fuck is this guy?"
Dave: They're just going to see my eyes—they don't know. It could be anybody. I was living in Seattle for a long time and I decided I couldn't stand being wet and freezing nine months out of the year so I...
Tom: What better place to go than Texas?
Dave: What better, yeah, complete opposite. I did a little middle-aged soul searching and went to Germany for a couple of months and didn't really find shit. And then I, uh, came here.
Alex: He took his dog with him to Germany.
Dave: I took my dog...me and my dog did kind of a *Steinbeckian* trip through Europe and just kind of figured out what was going on with my life. Then I moved here and made this a full time thing.

MRR: You got the call and got off the bench. You're in the majors now.
Dave: Yeah, I got the call of the wild so I answered it, said, "I'm there." [laughter] And a month later I went back to Europe on tour with these guys. I kind of got lucky on that thing.

MRR: You earned that shit.
Dave: You want to know how many dues I've paid with interest on that shit?
Alex: He came from a privileged position because he'd already auditioned, so to speak.

MRR: Do you think the band is better received in Austin or outside of Austin?
Alex: Outside of Austin
Dave: We're fucking way better received in Germany, man!
Alyse: That is our place.
Alex: Well, I mean, the first record came out on a German label so it stands to reason.

MRR: Is Alien Snatch German?
Alex: Yeah, he's based out of Berlin.
Dave: He was originally from Stuttgart...
Tom: But the label wasn't, the label was like Dusseldorf.
Dave: Much to the befuddlement of the Angry Samoans. Like, "Why does anybody like these guys? Ohh, the label's German. I get it."
Alex: We played with the Angry Samoans
Alyse: In Germany.
Alex: And they had never heard of us, so they didn't know why people in Germany were singing along to our songs. And they were just like, "What the fuck is going on here? We've never heard of these guys and there's all these people here really into them." And then we were at this after party and they were there, and one of them said to the other, "Oh, they're on a *German* label." Like, "That explains it."
Dave: And then the collective like "*Ohhh.*"

MRR: It's not even the fact that Metal Mike's been strung out on meth for fifteen years.
Dave: Nah, he's straight, isn't he? He's sober.
Alex: They were fucking great.

MRR: Were they?
Alex: Yeah, they actually were.
Alyse: He's my favorite one.

MRR: Okay, so I gotta ask the hot question...I'm calling it out. Why "meow, meow, meow"?
Alex: Why *not* "meow, meow, meow"?
Dave: If you could "meow, meow, meow" in a song, wouldn't you?
Alex: If you need to ask, you don't get it.

MRR: It's funny because with punk bands there are a couple options you can do. There's "system," "society," or "cops." [laughter] And you guys have, doppelgangers, hemophiliacs, I believe? And meow, meow, meow, meow.
Alex: Well, Alyse and I love cats.
Dave: I didn't know that was a big contentious lyric.
Alex: It's really divisive because...
Alyse: Well, we thought it was a cat!
Alex: There's cat people, and then there's dog people.

Alyse: And maybe that's all it is.
Alex: Tom is a cat and dog person, and Dave is a cat and dog person, and Alyse and I are pretty exclusively cat people.
Tom: I was cat people first.
Alex: But yeah, then you fall in love with a dog, and then the laws of nature were broken.
Tom: Wow.
Alyse: That didn't come out right.
Alex: People have actually told us, "Man, I really like you guys a lot, but I really have a problem with that song where you guys sing 'meow.'" [laughs] It's all tough and it's all leather jackets and switchblades until we start singing "meow."
Alyse: I'm just upset that we don't have a new song on the new album that has meowing in it.
Alex: If anything it's proof positive that we don't take it very seriously.
Alyse: I'm, always meowing songs, like any song, I'll just meow instead of sing.
Alex: Some people just say "pineapple." Like, if you mouth "pineapple" you can just about lip synch to any song.

MRR: I always said "watermelon."
Alex: Yeah, "pineapple" or "watermelon," just any weird kind of cumbersome word.
Dave: Sister Christian, "meow, meow, meow."
Dave and Alyse: Meow, *meow*.
Alex: Alyse just meows every song, so I think it was just an extension of that.

MRR: You guys are going back to Europe, right?
Alex: We hope to, yeah, in the spring, we're gonna go back for a couple of weeks. We won't do a month long tour like we did before, I'm just too old for that. I've done enough tours of that length.

MRR: Alex Cuervo is 50 years old. [laughter]
Alex: I'm actually not the oldest member of the band.

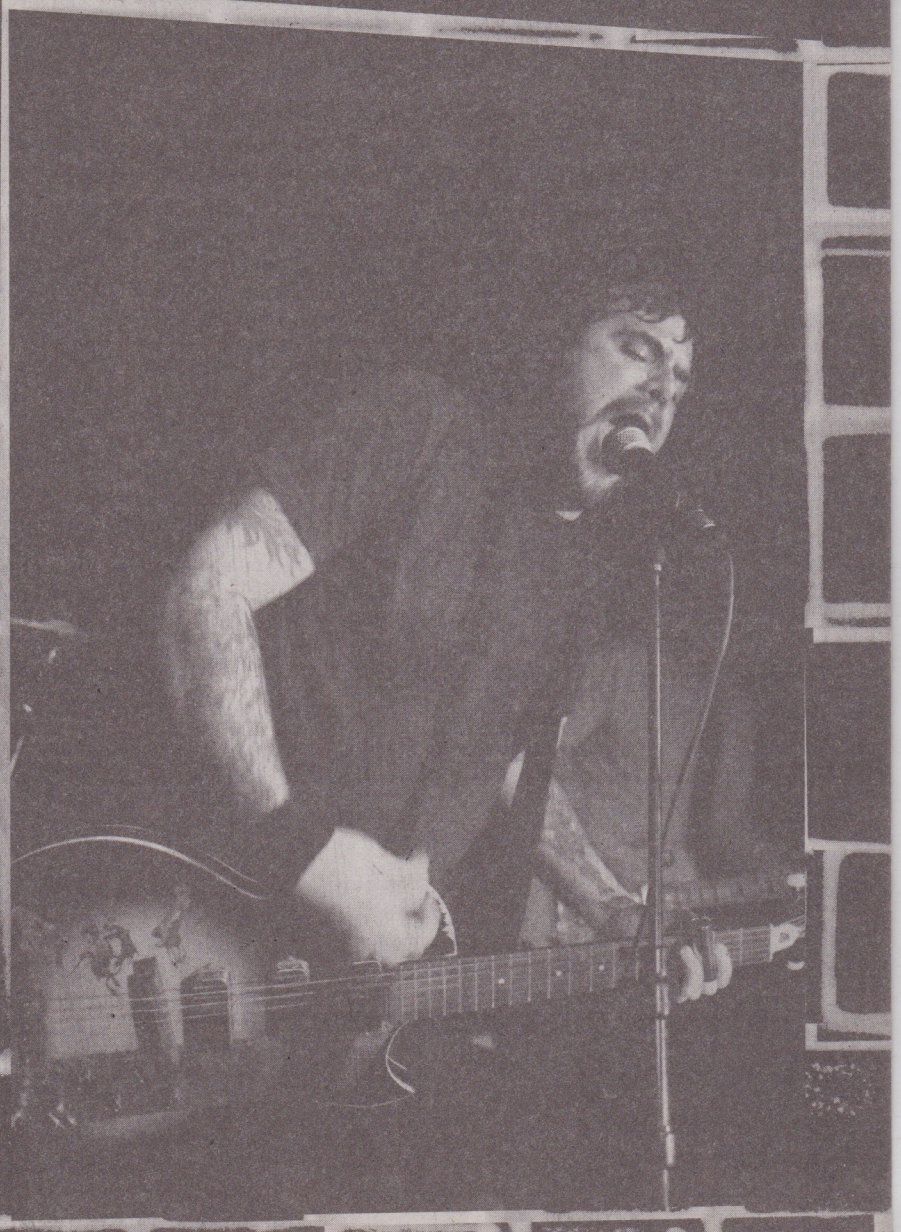
MRR: Who is?
Alex: Alyse. Dave.
Alex: You reach the point where you think your back just can't handle fucking sleeping on concrete floors every night for two weeks. I don't need a hotel, but just like a sleeping bag on top of, like, you know? I don't want luxury, 'cause if I wanted luxury I wouldn't play this kind of fucking music. I just want to like, be at home more often as I'm older. So it's fun to just do weekend trips where we fly.
Dave: How come Rancid get luxury?
Alyse: Have you seen their hair?
Dave: Are we not punk enough? Or just *tooo..*?
Alyse and Dave: Not punk enough.

MRR: Alyse is punk.
Alex: We don't fucking wear costumes.
Dave: That's prohibitive.

MRR: Except for the all black shirts.
Alex: That's not a costume.
Dave: That's a lifestyle, man.
Alex: It's a fucking way of life!

MRR: I love it. One of the first or second shows with Dave you were all wearing black shirts, which, it's organic, it just happens. I understand...Dave was wearing white shoes and it was the coolest looking fucking thing.
Alex: It really does just happen, you realize that.
Alyse: We just feel more comfortable.
Dave: Okay, whatever, Mr. "I've been in a million hardcore bands and have played to a sea of black t- shirts." [laughter]

MRR: You guys play pretty regularly in town and you play a broad variety of shows. You'll play a house party, a bigger club show, and you guys play with different types of bands. What kind of shows do you guys prefer to play in Austin, and everywhere, really?
Tom: I like house parties.
Dave: We don't really play that many house parties.
Alex: We don't play that many, it's really just a matter of wanting to play for the people that are going to have the most fun while we're playing. And sometimes it's a house party and sometimes that's a show with a particular touring band that we like a lot.
Alyse: Yeah, sometimes that's a big part of it.
Alex: If it's a touring band that we would have gone to see anyway, and we get the opportunity to play with them, then we'll do that. Really, we get offered a lot of shows that we're not able to play because we don't want to play too much. We don't want to burn everybody out. I mean we're playing a lot right now, but we got a new record, so it kind of it makes sense. But in general, we try not to wear out our welcome. We're pretty picky about the shows that we play because...We just want to play one that they might have gone to anyway whether we were playing or not. Everybody's happy, everybody has a good time.
Dave: That doesn't really answer shit.
Alex: No, it didn't. We're not very ambitious. We just want to have fun and if a show doesn't sound like it's going to be fun, then we won't do it.
Alyse: Playing Tom's house a couple of weekends ago.
Everyone: *That* was a great show.
Dave: That was the most fun show I think I've ever played.
Alex: That was great. We played with the Altars.
Alyse: I love playing house parties.



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Dave: There were water balloon fights, there was an Ikea lamp, and there was brisket.
Alex: We were surrounded by a circle of light.
Dave: There was a moonbounce …
Alyse: Dogs.
Dave: Dogs, meows.
Alex: We're fans of fun and we want to play when it's going to be fun. It's the whole fucking reason we do this.

MRR: Austin's definitely a very incestuous musical scene. There are lots of people that have been in bands together and all that kind of stuff. What are some of the other bands that you guys have done? I know Alyse was in the Winks. What happened with that, is it still a band?
Alyse: No, wow, it's been years now. I'm trying to think. That was my first band, for real band.

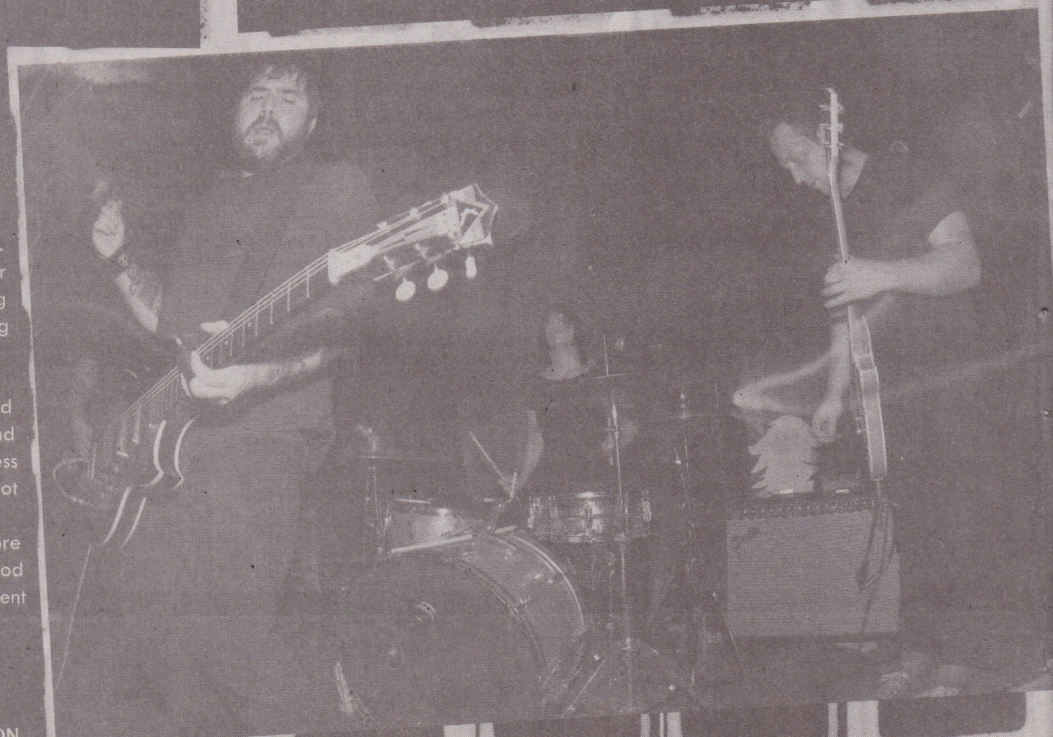
MRR: The first band ever or the first band that you played drums for?
Alyse: Yeah, I've played for fun and wanted to be in bands and stuff all through high school, but that was my first for real band.
Alex: Recording and touring band.
Alyse: Shows, that was it.
Dave: How many Austin bands between y'all? See, you've got the Winks, the Hatchbacks, the Kodiaks.
Tom: I was in Shimmy Smashups with the girls from the Applicators. It was all of our first bands.
Alyse: Whoa, I didn't know that.
Dave: This Damn Town.
Alex: Tom played in the Golden Boys.
Tom: I wasn't in the Golden Boys, I toured with them.
Alyse: I was in Mangina.

MRR: So when you guys went to the West Coast how many shows did you play in the Bay?
Elyse: Two.
Alex: They were good.
Dave: There was this shitty band the Young Offenders—they were fucking terrible.
Alex: Yeah, terrible.
Alyse: Total assholes.
Alex: The problem with the Young Offenders is that they're so standoffish…
Dave: They're rude.
Alex: They're really stuck up, they're really fucking weird about us borrowing their equipment, but they used our shit when they were here.
Dave: Whatever!
Alex: And they just fucking peed all over it, and like what a bunch of fucking cocksuckers, man! No, the Young Offenders are fucking heaven sent. They're so great and we had a great time. Those guys are amazing. Anyone who has ever spent more than five minutes around the Young Offenders can imagine what a fucking amazing time we had hanging out with those guys.
Alyse: Everyone was great.
Alex: Everybody was really fun to be around and showed us a really good time. The Oakland show was a little bit crazier and people were less reserved. I mean, in San Francisco there were a lot of people, it was well attended.
Dave: It was weird, because there were more people in San Francisco, but they just kind of stood there, and less people in Oakland, but they went crazy.
Alex: More reserved. The smaller crowd in Oakland was definitely the more enthusiastic crowd, but the crowd in San Francisco stayed through the whole fucking thing.
Alyse: Apparently they liked us.
Dave: They didn't leave and they bought shit, but then you couldn't tell.
Alex: Whatever.
Alyse: We had a good time.
Alex: If I lived in a city that cool I'd probably just ignore bands too.

MRR: What's y'alls recording process like, do you stay in town, go somewhere?
Dave: It's super fast, actually. Well, this is my first time. We went up to Fort Worth and recorded with Mark Ryan. It took two days.
Alyse: When we recorded there we kind of took over his house.
Dave: …And they were exceptionally accommodating and really cool.
Alyse: Kitchen.
Tom: Rumpus room, kitchen, dining room.
Alex: We live tracked all the instruments in one day.
Dave: Sent it off to what celebrity du jour for mastering. [laughter] Dave Rahn was the lucky guy who was able to master this record.
Alex: We are indebted to him.

MRR: What's next for you guys? Any other out of town weekends, any more records, maybe Europe in the spring?
Everyone: Europe in the spring.
Alex: If we get any opportunities to go play festivals, we'll do that, but for the most part, we're pretty much just going to save our time off so we can go back to Europe because we really had a great time.
Elyse: We would like to go to Chicago and play with CoCoComa.
Alex: Yeah, CoCoComa has a record release show coming up.
Dave: And the CoCoComa baby band.
Alex: That woud be awesome, but I don't know if we're going to be able to make it happen. CoCoComa is like a brother band, or a sister band. Any chance to play with them we want to, but we may not be able to pull it off this time.

MRR: Final thoughts?
Tom: Final statement? Oh my goodness. Come back to me.
Dave: You Jerry Springer-ed me.
Alyse: Oh no.
Alex: Find something to do, but mean it. Don't do something because you think it's going to be cool. Do something that's in your fucking heart.
Dave: Why don't you say start your own fucking band?
Alex: No, I don't want to say that.



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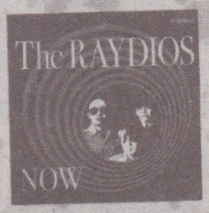

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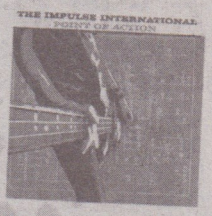

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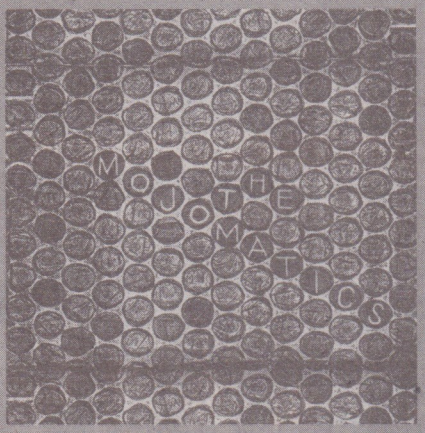

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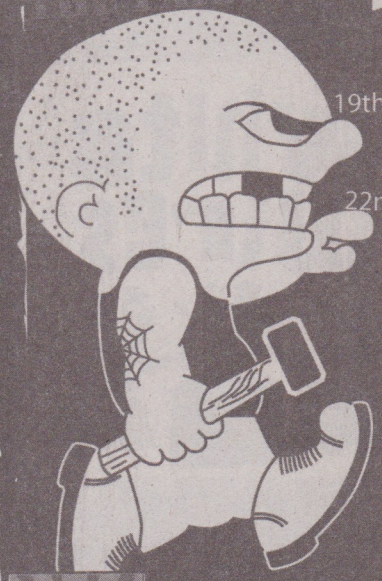

19th November- Gayles Central Club, Petaluma, CA*
20th November- The Red hat, Concord, CA*
21st November- Annie's Social Club, San Francisco, CA*
22nd November- Thee Parkside, San Francisco, CA*
24th November- Malone's, Santa Ana CA
25th November- Doll Hut, Anaheim, CA
27th November- Yucca Tap Room, Tempe, AZ
28th November- The Vaudeville, Tucson, AZ
29th November- Jug Heads, Phoenix, AZ
1st December- Primal Skate Shop, Abilene, TX
2nd December- Head Hunter's, Austin, TX
3rd December-Head Hunter's, Austin, TX
4th December- Santitos Bar, Houston, TX
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A NEW ERA HAS BEGUN

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John Joseph of the Cro-Mags

John Joseph is a legend. Whether you are familiar with his vocals on the Cro Mags Hardcore masterpiece **Age Of Quarrel**, singing for Bloodclot or his recent forays into the literary world with his biography **Evolution Of A Cro Magnon** he is a bold character, who along with Ian MacKaye, Henry Rollins or HR will forever be considered on of punk's great personalities. Over the years many rumors have filtered through the internet about his bad blood with Harley Flannegan or his dismissal of "Krshna-core" (even tho John himself is a devotee). After seeing the Cro Mags decimate at Chaos in Tejas I knew we needed him back in the pages of MRR to tell his side. He was kind enough to give us two hours of his time to talk and seldom have I met a more gracious, open and downright funny guy.

Introduction by Tim Brooks.
Interview by Dan Butler and Tim Brooks.
Live Photos by Chris Minicucci.

JJ on Cro-Mags reunion...

It's kind of weird how things start. We did a benefit for this guy Dr. Tom last year, he's helped so many people over the years with his practice and not charged anybody, you know. So it came outthat he has this disease now and he needed this operation and then he hasn't even been able to walk or anything. His practice went down and everyone said, "Yo, let's do a benefit for this dude." It was so sick like playing live, that people just started saying, hey, you know you want to do this Cro-Mag jam thing? And so that's what we call it kinda, 'cause I feel when people sell my stuff that I performed on, and sell my songs to Rock Star games. It's like just because certain individuals went and trademarked the name behind the other two dudes' backs when there was a split in the band, and then you're gonna sell my shit with performances of me on it and everything and not give anybody else in the band anything, then don't say shit if I do live concerts. That's what it's about, coming out here and giving back to the audience. You know, the offers just kept coming in and I mean I'm so busy. Craig has Sick Of It All, Mackie's always in the studio, AJ's got his project, but to keep it nostalgic you know we don't run it into the ground. What I make on these tours I give to my charity, anyway. So I'm not doing it for the money. I gotta go back and give $3,000 to keep my yoga center and food program open. We do it for the love of the music, interacting, seeing old friends and stuff. So you know, but we do Bad Brains songs we'll do fuckin' "12XU," whatever the fuck. We don't touch *Alpha Omega*. Alpha Bodega we call it!!

JJ on the Cro Mags with Harley

We *did* play together, in early 2000. But it was like too much beef, fights being started at shows, talking shit to audience members. Man, I got so many motherfucking emails on this shit that are like, "Yo, who's fucking in this band 'cause if certain individuals is coming out we ain't coming." There's a humility involved with performing, and if you don't have that then you turn into a fucking musician asshole. That's why I wrote in my book musicians are just assholes waiting to happen. It's like yo, everyone's all cool when it's the struggle and then I just seen so many people flip the script and turn into assholes just 'cause you got a little run where you're selling out some venues. Okay, motherfucker, let's see where you're at twenty years down the fucking road. Now you're seeing everyone coming back and doing the fucking reunions, and it's like what is that about? Money? You know? It's like yo, I never left.

Well you know it gets to be a challenge—back when shit first started going down it was just like, what am I, a fucking idiot? We got offered all this money to go do the lineup just adding one person, they didn't even give a fuck about Parris and I said no. 'Cause it's for the wrong reason and it's like I'm not going to do some shit just 'cause somebody's waving a bunch of money in my fucking face. When it's not done for the love, it's not done. And you know I washed all my hands of all that stuff. You know I might have forgiven all this shit in the past, trying to think there's some brotherhood there, and then you know (him) making a comment like, you know, fuck that motherfucker, the beef ain't over, I'm just here for the paycheck. It's like all right, that's when I wash my hands of it. And I ain't never gone back to play with that individual again.

JJ on the origins of the Mags

The first Cro-Mags was Dave Hahn—the Bad Brains manager, Dave Stein on guitar, Harley on bass and me on vocals, and we rehearsed for a few months, and then these dudes decided like you know they were gonna take a break for whatever reason, like one dude had to go into rehab. Dave Hahn, god rest his soul, and Dave Stein went to college. Harley wanted to do the gig as the Disco Smoothies, we had this gig and I'm like, "I'm not playing as fuckin' Disco Smoothies," so we got John Berry to do the gig, really that was the first inception of the Cro-Mags, but for obvious reasons you don't never hear about that for other people's convenience. So, the whole time I was in the temple, Harley was like, 'Yo man, you gotta come back, I'm restarting the Cro-Mags," and blah blah blah, but I was at both gigs that Eric sang at CBGB's and if you were there then you know why he got fired [laughs]. But you know, I mean he did help write a few of them songs with Harley so you know lyrically and Eric's a good dude, I don't have no beef with him or nothing.

JJ on the Fearless Vampire Killers

We just threw that shit together. It was for fun. You know it was a whole bunch of like interchanging members; it was a jam band! Just fucking jam this, jam that. It's a live thing. If you can't come out and kill it live, then you ain't shit. Like everybody said, nobody ever captured the Bad Brains sound the way they played live, or the Cro-Mags. And the closest thing that came to the Bad Brains was their first album. You know, Jerry Williams, because he was the soundman so he knew what knobs to turn, and I was there for the whole recording of that so I watched the whole process. But it's always been like if you can't do your shit live, dude, don't come with these studio albums and this pitch perfect and you know, slide your vocals in here and there and it's all bullshit. It's lost the soul of the music, man. And now it's just the crap that's being put out there. And if you listen to the lyrics of Fearless Vampire Killers, what is HR talking about, the message of what those lyrics about you know, even Bob Marley's like, "The Babylon system the vampires suckin' the blood of the children day by day," so that's where HR got Fearless Vampire Killers, and that's why we called the band FVK.

JJ on Both Worlds

That was some bullshit, 'cause we signed with Roadrunner and they promised a certain amount of tour support, then it's like "Oh you're only getting half of that." I was like, "Well, then I'm not going on fucking tour. Fuck you." And they were like, "Well, you're dropped." And I was like, "See ya later." That's how I don't give a fuck about this music business bullshit. We never sold out. I don't give a fuck about money; it's not why I do music. I do music for the love, the way it makes me feel. That's why I'm still out there doing it and still doing it the right way.

JJ on pain, anger, love and spirituality

You know, you go to Europe and these bands are singing about this and that and it's like, "Dude, you ain't never lived in a motherfuckin' burned down building in your life!" And it's like what I went through as a kid, how I was on the streets, it's the real. So all of that was building up and building up, so that with the *Age of Quarrel*, that shit came out on that record. But that book is you know, life is not all anger, and resentment. And it hasn't been for me. People are like, "Yo, do you still hate that foster family?" I was like, "I don't hate nobody. I don't give a fuck about 'em." It's indifference. It's actually like a double negative. I just don't care. I surround myself by people that are not going to kiss my ass, and let me know when I'm fucking up. I try to live by the Vedic teachings of Prabhupada, you know you forgive but you don't forget, you know what I'm saying? You know, fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me... and I know George Bush didn't get that right but I did. [laughs]

I don't have anger towards individuals. I have anger towards the ignorance that's being perpetrated by the people that are controlling this society and controlling the media and what's being done to the sheeple that's following them. Cro-mags were not just "I got some beef with this person," it was a bigger scope than that. We were fighting the illusion and that's what *Age of Quarrel* was about. I didn't write those lyrics based on "I got beef with this person, this person did this to me as a kid." Whatever. It's the bigger picture and that's still relevant, you know. The truth is the truth 5000 years ago and it'll be the truth 5000 years from now. It's not subject to time and circumstance and whatever. There's always going to be the maya, the illusion out there. What's going on now—they put Obama in there as the big ultimate fucking Obama deception and now everybody's following this shit. Look who's in the cabinet—CFR, all the fucking New World Order motherfuckers, the Bilderberg Group. He was having secret meetings with the Clintons and everything, man, leaving his press corps on the plane, going off and meeting with all the New World Order people. All this bail out shit, the 9/11 stuff, the war in Iraq, you think they just... So how could you not be pissed off? How could you not be wanting to help people and give people knowledge and be like, the material world's always gonna be a fucked up place. That's why Prabhupada said do your business and get out. It's like a toilet, you don't fucking hang in the toilet. Well maybe, you know, some crusties might, but I like to keep clean. [laughs]

So no matter what happens we're not meant to be here and that's the way I look at it, so if you could give people some knowledge and say, yo, here's what the real deal is, that's where the Cro-Mags came from. To say like it was fueled by anger? I wrote that album and a lot of those lyrics when I left the temple. You walk out and it's like boom, you know the anger's there, but it's like also delivering a message in a way that you're not standing up there like Shelter with fucking robes on, and then they turn out to be a bunch of fucking hypocrites. The Cro-Mags delivered the message with a fucking punch. Not a flower. You know.

The *Bhagavad Gita* was spoken on a battlefield. What do you think? Everybody's made to be a humble little monk? I'm a fucking warrior man. It's like all these dudes are trying to be so like urrghhh. It's all fucking like, yo, you gotta be hard, man. Give me a fucking break. If you ain't in touch with your real side, man, it's like you know that's why obstacles come in people's lives, to make them grow. But if you just come at everything through anger, you're not going to grow as a human being, man, and that's something I try to do every day is keep progressing. It ain't all about one thing—*anger* —it's like, dude, how long you going to be fucking angry for? You gonna get ulcers and hemorrhoids, you know what I'm saying? [laughter] At the same time just 'cause you are in touch with your emotions, don't make you weak, 'cause I'll still fuck a motherfucker up. You know, if I have to. But I don't walk around the street with that, like the fucking rock of Gibraltar, wearing MMA shit like I want to fight the fucking world 'cause that's all smoke and mirrors. Real motherfuckers—Joe Frazier said the most peaceful room is a room full of fighters. Real fighters. Because it's like, they don't have anything to prove. It's all the dudes that got all this shit to prove and they feel insecure with themselves that gotta fucking put this whole front on, like, I'm this big bad motherfucker. It's like, pshh. But then when the shit hits the fan, you see what happens. They're the first fucking ones down and out or fucking running. But I try to like pull back now and use my intelligence rather than other things to make choices, 'cause it's all about choice. The choices you make get you where you're at. The potential for trouble's always there.

You know, like I said, man, I'm in the thick of shit. I didn't go off to live my suburban life like a lot of people who bailed on the whole movement. I'll go to people's houses and they got 2.2 cars and the kids, and it's like I gotta get the fuck outta here. I gotta have my finger on the fucking pulse, stay connected. That's why I love New York. I like traveling, but New York's my home, man. It's just like you're connected to this fucking life. And even though a lot of it is just fucking yuppified and bullshit it's still New York man, it's still the real deal people there and it's just great living there, man. I been all over the planet, man, there's just no place like that. And that's what keeps me plugged in to my shit like I go recharge my batteries, that's what New York's about. There's always potential.

The other night some drunk dude fucking smashes into me walking down the street and I'm chanting, and I just had a nice organic meal, had a meeting that day, and I was like, "Yo, you could at least say excuse me." And he was like, "fuck you, you could get the fuck off the sidewalk!" He was kind of a big dude, but it would be over very quickly. I was like, okay, man, I got my hand on my beanbag and then he turns around and he goes, "I will rip your fucking head off! What? You don't think I could do it?" I was like, "Nah, man, you could do it, bro. Go ahead." [laughing] Let somebody else clean that dude's clock. 'Cause it's gonna happen. I don't have to do it. But maybe ten years ago I would have been like what? Boom, one elbow and it's over. I've done that before, I got assault charges, you know. What's it going to do? It's going to cost me $3000 in fucking lawyer and court fees, I'm gonna have another thing on my record that when I go to Canada and everywhere else I already have to pay $300, $400 every time I go there because of beating up assholes like that that. So I just diffuse the situation. But it's just New York, it's still a dangerous place. Somebody was just killed fucking two weeks ago in my neighborhood. Don't sleep on New York, it's still the beast that's maybe dormant for a while but there's still a lot of ill shit happening that you could get caught out there. I'm always like I said, SOA. Even though it's like, it's yuppies or whatever I'm always in a state of alert.

I roll through life happy now. But like I said, shit'll make me angry. But I try to not have it be because I took something personal and it's like somebody's trying to interject their poisonous fucking shit on me and then I accept that poison that they put out there and I'm like, that motherfucker, I'm gonna, wait till I see that motherfucker,.. it's on, you know. It's like I don't roll like that. I'm like, "You wanna talk shit? Talk shit, motherfucker. You got my number. If you really wanna come find me and do something? Bring it." I deal with shit, when shit comes to my doorstep, I deal with it. But I don't walk around life hating the fucking world. To me I'm just like psh, brush it. Brush that dirt off your fucking shoulder, just like fucking Jay-Z said. I just roll, I'm like, pff. I don't let it fuck with me.

JJ on Krshna-core

I don't feel responsible for that because we were never Krishnacore. What were Shelter or 108 devoted to? They were devoted to fucking misleading people. They lead people to a whole bunch of fake fucking gurus that were molesting children and stealing money, and I was the one that started speaking out. When I did that *Spin* article the whole fucking movement was like how fucking dare you. I said, dude, I spoke the truth. Let's see where these cats are in twenty years. Now look at this shit. Ray leaves his wife, he fucking opens a restaurant that serves fish! The other dude's beating his wife, leaves her with two fucking children, Porcell! They're a bunch of fuckin' hypokrishnas! They came from fucking bourgeoisie motherfucking

Connecticut! And they got into the shit, I hear all the stuff that these dudes talked in their band about how famous they are and were like demigods, and like they wanted to be fucking gurus. I say it like this: yo, what the fuck is the value of my words? If I can get you to turn a page in Prabhupada's books, then I did my job because that's the real. I'm not leading anybody to no fake guru. I'll defend Prabhupada to my last dying breath 'cause I know he was the real deal. He slept on the floor, he fed everybody else before he took even a grain of rice. He came to America seventy years old with seven dollars, a bag of cereal, and a case of books and came to the Bowery. Who could have done that? And then they would go and destroy his whole movement and pilfer it and they're still doing it today. So that's why I said let's see where all these people are down the road. And look at them now! They just used this whole thing as a way to make money. I could have opened a restaurant I could have done so many things. I gave my money to help keep Prabhupada's message alive the real way and that's to me what it's all about.

My spirit is to fucking attack motherfuckers that's doing fucked up shit. When I see fake motherfuckers that's doing shit that's fucked up and lying to everybody? I go after them. Prabhupada saved my life. I can never repay the gifts I got from that. So when I find you doing bullshit in the name of that, I'm gonna fucking expose you because if I'm your friend and a thief walks in the room, I tell you, yo money hide your shit. That's a real friend. Not that I let you go to that temple and you get hustled and that's what goes down. So my job is to warn all of these people and speak out against the corruption. Prabhupada said, example is better than precept. You could sit and talk all this fucking philosophy, I look at what a person does, not what they say. And what those dudes did to other people, besides what they say, what they did, what their fake gurus did to everybody and did to Prabhupada's movement, that speaks volumes. That's why I'm just like shut the fuck up and get out of my face or you're gonna get knocked out. That's just the way I am. I have a lot of anger towards what they did to Prabhupada's movement. So yeah, they used our name as like, "oh you ever heard of the Cro-Mags? Here. They're down with this." No, we're not down with that, we're down with Prabhupada, not down with your pedophile guru that's like stealing money from Prabhupada's movement and destroying the movement.

JJ on singing the infamous Age of Quarrel lyrics "Corruption and faggots all around me" and "If AIDS don't get you the warheads will."

Let me explain something to you, "If AIDS don't get you then the warheads will" don't mean anything towards gay people. I mean, AIDS was affecting everybody in the beginning, looking at the world and the way the shit was going, you know, It's an epidemic that got swept under the rug. So it's like I knew people that weren't gay that were shooting heroin and fucking dying of AIDS. I said "corruption and faggots all around me," sure, but that don't mean I was the one going out and bashing gay people. I said one lyric about it in a song. I don't judge anybody by anything that they do. It's not me to judge. To me, and according to the Vedas, it's actually that's a birth that you take. So if that's your birth, why am I gonna be like the Christians—we need to change you and purge the gayness out of you! It's like, dude, that's a birth. It's like any other people—that's it, it's part of who they are. So I don't judge anybody and as a matter of fact sometimes I don't even sing that. I go, "Corruption and problems all around me." I did it last night. At that

point there was still a lot of issues that I was dealing with personally by dudes that did shit to me when I was a little kid. But you know if it's two consenting adults doing whatever it is, that's not my place to say anything or to judge anybody.

JJ on devotion

You're like the mailman, it's like you're delivering the mail. You're delivering the message. You don't open the letter and change what's in the letter. It's not my job to say listen to what John Joseph has to say. Listen to what Prabhupada, who lived his life as a pure devotee, has to say because, and actually Prabhupada said it, "What's the value of your words? Simply give them my books." Because it's good to live your life a certain way and then people say, yo, that motherfucker's into some cool shit, y'know, check it out. We were living in the squats and having guns put on us and fucking Puerto Rican fucking knife fights and that was real. You know I don't think my devotion's so pure… it's definitely tinged with you know a lot of contamination, false ego, whatever, but you have the example of Prabhupada. So that's the example that we should aspire for. Not that we'd want to take his place, because you could never do that.

That's why I say I would never change nothing that I ever been through because your life experiences make you who you are. It's different for every single person. But what I went through is what brought me to this stage in the game, you know. And I try to be real serious with stuff. But also I'm not some robotic fucking dude, because you know Krishna, God has a sense of humor. Prabhupada had a sense of humor. It's like what are you supposed to be, some dry… who the fuck's going to be attracted to that? When I talk to somebody I'm not like talking down at them, man, I'm like yo, you don't even know the potential of that soul right there, it could make more advancement than you in this lifetime. So you should always offer respect to others always devoid of false prestige, you know? So when you come and you do things the right way, the way Prabhupada and Chaitanya gave the Siksastaka and tells people if you're on the path how to act towards other people. That's why everybody loved Prabhupada. When you met him it was like, he'd feed you till you were full and then clean everything and then eat.

JJ on Meat Is For Pussies

My new book *Meat is for Pussies* that's coming out, I'm telling you you're a fucking pussy if you eat meat. I'm saying, and I say it right in the introduction, if you continue to eat this food it will turn you into a feeble pussy as you progress in your life. Because it will cause disease. And then I break the shit down. It talks to the common dude who's in the fucking gym or working a construction job or whatever. I'm like them. I'm not like, some dude that's thinking he's all that or whatever the fuck. I'm just like yo, I give you the info like Chris Rock, man, make you laugh about the shit. I touch on the spiritual side that's the soul. So how could you possibly benefit any way by consuming an animal who's been tortured its entire life, slaughtered in the

most cruel way. And don't you think that that affects the karma, when we're killing billions of animals it affects the collective karma of the planet. And I get I got one little thing called Mind, Body, and Spirit and I don't really come at it from like, you know, this, you know, too much more than that, you know. I'm trying to like keep it light on that.

I been studying nutrition and I wanted to do this book on training and nutrition. It was called something else first. And then my publisher, Todd, who's in Murphy's Law, Todd Irwin, came up with the name. 'Cause I was talking with this dude I train with, this kickboxer dude. He comes up and I'm telling him about greens and all this, and he thought I was dissing vegetarians 'cause he just walked into the conversation. He was just like, every fucking vegetarian I see looks like a skinny pussy. And I was like, well, I been fucking vegetarian for almost thirty years, bro. You want to get in the ring and see how much endurance I got? And how the kicks and punches feel? I know vegetarians that will rip your fucking head off in a New York minute. So I told Todd, and he goes, dude, that's the book: *Meat is for Pussies*. That's really what I'm saying. You're a pussy if you destroy the environment. And it's going to turn you into a pussy man. I can't be something that I'm not. That's artificial. So when I write, it's like I gotta write from my experience. Like I got a chapter, "What the fuck, are they trying to kill us?" and it's all about codex and genetically modified food and fluoride in the water and aspartame and all this stuff. That's the way I write. I'm not gonna try to write the book that's not me.

I'm just making people aware of what the fuck's really being done to them. So once again it just comes back to just giving the fucking information and the way it's being given is in a palatable way that people are going to be like yo, this motherfucker makes sense, bro. My goal with this book is to get you, Joe Meat and Potato fucking Head motherfuckers to stop eating meat. Not for my good, but for yours. Because I seen my mother's boyfriend die of cancer, and people, all these people getting cancer now, this shit is rampant. Because of what they're doing to the food supply, the animals you're fucking eating, we passed all of those fucking huge 20-40-50-thousand cow fucking feedlots on the way up here. And my goal is to shut all that shit the fuck down by giving people the knowledge of what's really being done to them. You know the knowledge that they don't want the people to know. And I do it in the many, you know, as my friend says Bloodclot-isms [laughs].

JJ on writing and Evolution Of A Cro Magnon

My next book I'm working on is "*Conformity is for Pussies*." [laughter] It's like, who knows, I just like to write. If you're passionate about something and you love doing it, then you'll keep doing it. If you try to do something because it's like you think it's cool, or you should be doing it, or it's going to make you money, then you're not going to last. I'm still waiting for my first royalty check from Cro-Mags, by the way. Which never came. So I don't do it for the money. I do it cause I love doing it, you know. And I have a language and the way I speak from my experience. I was writing scripts and I started just compiling everything and then like when that shit went down and certain motherfuckers did shit to me and ratted me out and shit. (JJ was *arrested for going AWOL—turned by ex members of the band*), and then my apartment got taken. I had been keeping motherfucking all the shit I would remember or my brother would say. So that's how determined I was to keep writing. They came and just like took everything out of my apartment and threw it in a fucking warehouse and all my shit got stolen and thrown in the trash. So like I had to start all over again.

So many lies have been spread on the motherfucking Internet for so many fucking years that the real story needed to come out. And only one chapter of the whole book is dedicated to the fucking Cro-Mags shit. But I told the real story. And everybody knows it now. It's a New York story. It's a great story well told. That's what my writing teacher says and I needed to learn how to do that. And that's what we're doing with the film now, too. We're doing an adaptation but it's called '77, it's like the first year I spent on the streets. It's so many emotions, man, like the love, the hate, the anger, the fucking the beauty of the music. It's a complete experience and that's what the book was too. It's a complete experience on all different emotional levels. The thing about that book was it did go through such a whole slew of emotions, but it had a lot of comedy, too. It made motherfuckers laugh. Like I said, that was our meds when we went into that home and that's how we got by. We laughed, you know, and then there was also a time where it was like you're on the streets, and you're a kid, and motherfuckers trying to do something to you. And then it's like, the rage needs to come out. Pool ball on the table of life getting fucking bing bang bang bang getting knocked the fuck around.

The book's brought me and my mother closer, actually. Even while I was writing the shit, shit was coming out. And I was telling her, and that's how the whole ending of the book came. It was such an organic process, man. I didn't even know how to end the book. I was like, how the fuck do you end this? And then 9/11 and all this shit went down. And I'm like, yo, all of that stuff really made me try to live to my potential. What I'm doing in this world. And then even my whole relationship with her, you know. Seeing it from her side, finally. And then even, she's even told me more stuff. Like some of the shit my father did to her.

Darryl (Bad Brains) was reading the shit and was like "I was crying man, not crying laughter but just like tearing up, because it's just like you talking about all those old stories and the shit with the Puerto Ricans when I got stabbed." Going on tour with them, that was like a family kind of experience. That was

a really special time in the whole, movement. And those guys were *the* most influential band *ever*. They influenced everybody, Henry Rollins, the whole DC scene, the whole New York scene, everywhere they go. Even England, man. They played with The Damned at the Bayou Theater, and right away they were like, "We gotta take these fucking blokes to England!"

My publisher's cool because, even off the first book, he let me keep the proceeds. And I donated a lot of it to the temple. And I do shows, you know, the concerts and the spoken word stuff I get paid off of. I live simply. I don't have all this excess bullshit really, I pay my rent, and I pay my bills, and I eat food, and that is my lifestyle. I don't have BMWs and fucking five star hotel vacations where I'm eating fucking foie gras every fucking day. I live simply. So I don't smoke cigarettes, I don't drink, I don't have a drug problem. I'm not above getting my hands dirty. If a motherfucker says, "Yo, I got this fucking paint job you know, I'll pay you fucking whatever for four days." I'll do it.

JJ on MRR

It was a bunch of hippies, really, that ran this fucking magazine back in the day and the Cro-Mags did get a reputation based on what certain people was doing in the band of fucking being Nazis, beating up gay people and just fucking, you know, total dumb bullshit. And when I came back to the band I interjected what I was doing into the lyrics, but *Maximum* I didn't give a fuck, dude, I was like yeah, so what, man? The critic is just somebody that can't do it themselves. So they fucking sit there and criticize every fucking thing that everybody else does. And I kind of saw it as that way a little bit, but some of the shit that they said had some validity to it so, you know, I didn't care. Harley was like, "Let's go fucking like go to their place when we came out here." I was like, dude, let the motherfuckers go, who cares, you know. Who cares what anybody writes or says.

JJ on drink and drugs

I stopped drinking alcohol... '81. I don't even have a toast of champagne on motherfucking New Year's. I hate the taste of alcohol. Thank God my father was an alcoholic. I do have those tendencies. I can't just smoke one joint, I gotta finish the whole fucking bag or snort the whole bag of coke. So to me, it's like, I don't want to play with fire so I just leave all of that shit alone. And I don't need it 'cause I get high off what I do. It's natural, man. I don't need artificial stimulation. Frank (JJ's brother) is sober, my younger brother's had substance abuse problems a lot, and E will drink an occasional fucking glass of wine or whatever. Frank's the one who's more hardcore, got drug problems and stuff like that. That's how they dealt with their shit. But E, he's got anger like a motherfucker. And he just needs to really work on it 'cause he gets ulcers. Like somebody just said, "Yo, I seen your brother E, like I thought you were bad when you get mad, I saw your brother E and that he had like five bikers jump him and fucking was fucking 'em up in New York." So that's how he deals with his shit, by trying to be bulletproof, you know.

I never fucking sleep on paying attention. And that's why I don't get high. Because I don't let my guard down ever. I'm always walking around observing the situations, the peripheral, man, all the time. And paying attention. 'Cause I want to be sharp and boom, you know, your writing or your art or whatever. To really get in touch with the muse, it's like, you don't sit there and fucking pollute yourself! Now, I don't paint Xs on my hands but I don't get high for that reason. I don't want to have to be like, ohh man, I got such a hangover, I'm supposed to go on a 50 mile bike ride but I'm going to fucking can it. I never do that. And that's why I surround myself by other people who think that way too.

Final Thoughts...

Meat is for Pussies, man. Don't forget, it's coming out soon. It's a good read. Got other stuff coming, more music, whatever. Thanks for the interview.

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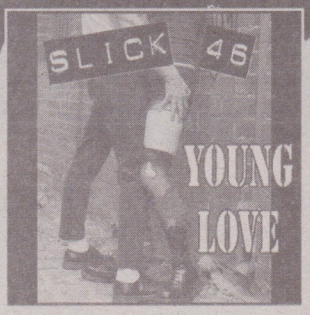

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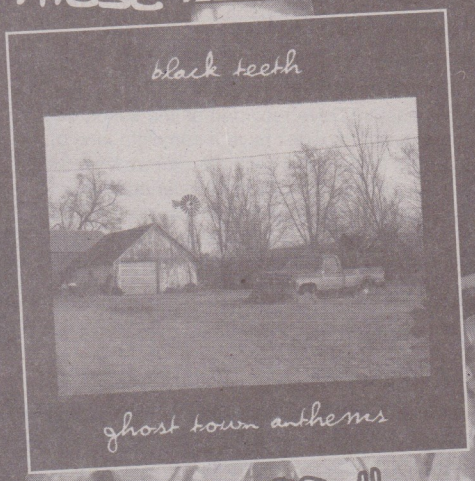

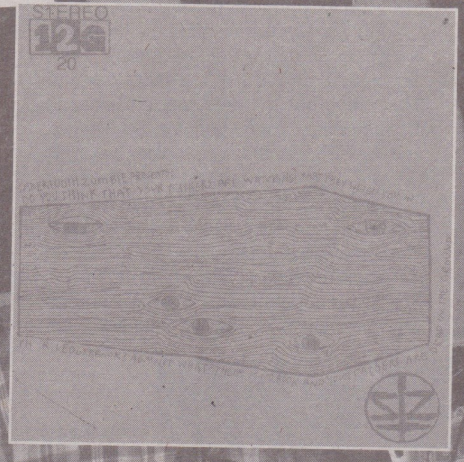

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Ratas del Vaticano

In the City of Monterrey, Mexico, there are four noisy rodents creating punk at the speed of light without crossing the dimension's barrier of the good old rock 'n' roll. They are Ratas del Vaticano, and after hunting for them like a stray cat by the roofs, I trapped them so they could answer a few questions. Here we go. Interview by Edwin.

Violeta Malverde (Bass), Rafael Trenton (Drums), Joaquin Cordero (Vocal and guitar), David (Vocal and guitar)

MRR: What kind of punk rock has inspired you, I said punk rock eh!?

Violeta: The real one.

Rafael: I think *cholopunk* would be the best word for our sound.

Joaquin: If by punk rock you mean all those bands from the '70s, then my favorite bands are the Sods, Anti Nowhere League, the Damned, the Boys, Dead Boys, the Kids, Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers, Iggy and the Stooges, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Ramones, Sex Pistols, Hubble Bubble...and the list goes on, you know.

David: The classic stuff and the Mexican old rock 'n' roll like Three Souls in My Mind, Sindrome del Punk, Massacre 68, and of course good bands from all around the world like the Kids, Parálisis Permanente, Ultimo Resorte, Rudimentary Peni, etc.

MRR: The question all the world wants to know the answer: why the name Ratas del Vaticano? Does it have something to do with the church? Do you guys hate Pope Benedicto?

Violeta: I don't care about any church or the pope. We don't intend to say that the pope is a rat. He might be one though. I heard Benedicto used to be a Nazi or something like that. That's the sickest thing I've ever heard, haha. I don't know, I guess it's funny to live in Mexico and have a band called Ratas del Vaticano because some people here are so religious—orthodox Catholics. And it's all bullshit. Religion is the opium of the masses, that's what the Proletariat said.

Rafael: How can you hate the guy, he looks like fucking Emperor Palpatine!

Joaquin: Well, I don't know it seems funny to have a band with a name like that, especially in Mexico where most of the people are catholic to the core. I don't really think it has something to do with the church or that we hate the pope. I mean, I don't hate anybody at all. We picked that name because we wanted to be offensive, not because we want people to stop believing in what they believe. If you try to change someone else's beliefs then you are being as repressive as, I don't know, the Inquisition and shit like that. Yet, I do think some people need religion because it really helps them find the confidence and the strength they are looking for. Still, I'm not defending religion. People need to believe in themselves. Just look at racism—it is based on fear and ignorance. That's so stupid, you know, we all live on the same planet, so why hate someone who looks different, or someone who has different beliefs or ideals. Diversity itself gives some flavor to our existence. We need respect, tolerance, love, and a little humor if we want to get along with our brothers all over the world.

David: I don't hate religion as a faith. As Joaquin says, it serves for some humans. I don't like religions as institutions and how they brainwash people. But I know it serves for some people to keep living and shit. I just don't care, here in Mexico they say they are Catholic, but they don't fuckin' care either.

MRR: All the songs seem like an old broken washing machine—repetitive, like a motor of unstoppable rock 'n' roll. Did you decide to play like this from the beginning or did the songs just come out that way?

Rafael: Our biggest influences are Whirlpool and Oster.

David: It's the way it ended up in the recording. It wasn't intentional.

Joaquin: Dave recorded all the songs but I guess he didn't have a complete idea of how to use the 4-track. So after we finished recording the songs, we listened to them and we were surprised by the result. I liked it a lot, yet I guess we knew it was going to sound cheap and bad, but we didn't know it would sound that bad—which I guess is

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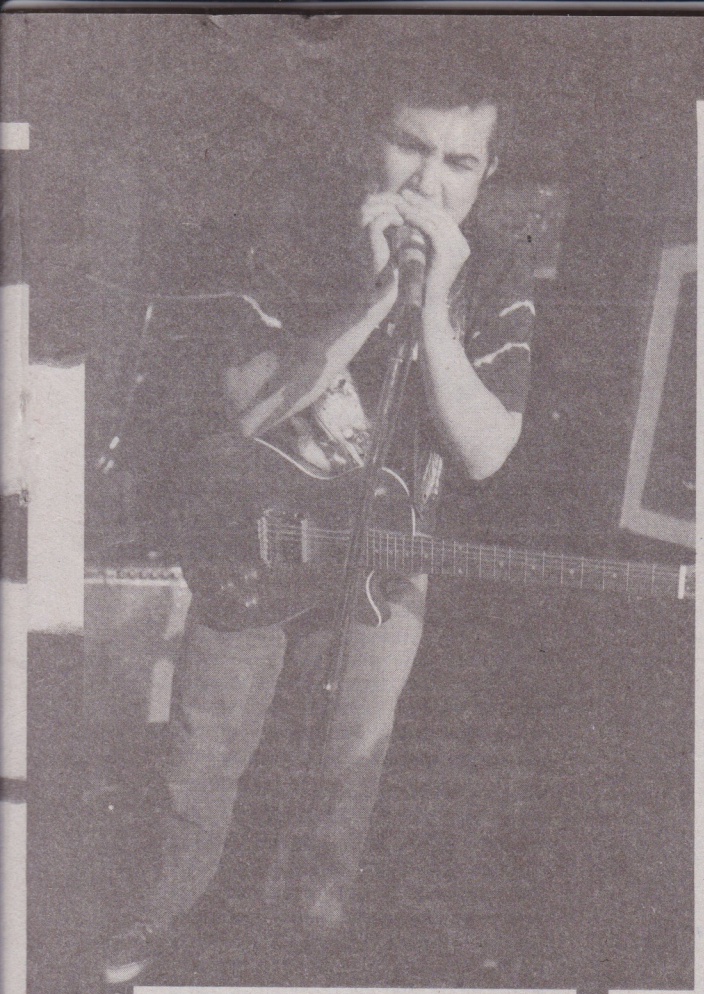

good, I don't know.

MRR: You guys have other slower songs too like "Tema de las Ratas," which has a very cool keyboard. Who wrote the lyrics of this song? Does it mean something for you or is it just a joke?

Violeta: I remember when Joaquin and Dave started this band. I told Dave how much I liked bands that had a theme song, like the Penetrators or Witchypoo or Los Rizillos, and they had just made that song "Tema de las Ratas" ("Theme of the Rats"). It was cool. At first I thought it could become a rap song, haha.

Rafael: I like "Paranoia" more than "Tema."

Joaquin: I made the lyrics to that song, but Dave and our first drummer Danny came up with the music. Lyrics might have meant something when I was writing them because I was kinda mad at society and stuff like that, but now I just don't care.

David: Yeah, Danny and I were improvising, and at the end Joaquin came up with these cool lyrics that seemed like a rap song and everybody thought it was cool.

MRR: Tell me about something cool that has happened to you at a show, a story that you will never forget and will be kept in the almanac of rock inside your heart.

Violeta: One time we were playing at this really small smelly place called Bar ni Soto in Mexico City, and the people were singing the keyboard notes of "Tema de las Ratas" because we never play keyboards live. And they were all so wasted on mescal, it was a great moment. I barely remember what happened after that show.

Rafael: A show we had in Aguascalientes was like, fucking dangerous. IWe were literally waiting for the audience to sexually attack Violeta. They were a bunch of paint/glue sniffing kids. Los Inservibles were also watching Violeta's back during the whole set. Once we finished it we went straight to our van, where hours later a cholo kid wanted to come in to sleep with us, hahaha.

Joaquin: People sometimes share some weed and beer with me before the show. That is so cool. And sometimes they throw stuff at us, which is even cooler.

David: People sometimes do not know how to react, and sometimes we have very wild shows with people smashing all over the drums and shit. And sometimes it seems they are so old and tired, they just stare at you.

MRR: Do you have something recorded besides the free download (available at www.nenerecords.net) and the LP that was released on Siltbreeze? Any future split or recordings to be released?

Rafael: We are working on a cumbia tribute to MJ.

Violeta: Lots of stuff coming soon. Besides the new releases on Volar and HBSP-2X, we are going to be on a compilation of Mexican punk bands along with Inservibles and Los Nassis and bands like that. Hopefully that will be soon.

David: A tape on Full Beans (France) and a 7" with Volar Records (Craig and Brian from Christmas Island) and two songs on a new Latin punk compilation from a Mexican label called Cintas Pepe, run by our dear friend Yecatl (from Inservibles).

MRR: Who wrote the lyrics to "Olvido?" Does it talk about death as most people think of it, or does it talk about death as something dimensional, something that is here already?

Joaquin: I did. Well, it is not about death or dying, it is about imagining life as if you have never existed. Would the world be as it is right now without you in it? That's what it is about, and some depression and shit like that. You know, daily frustrations in the routine of a young Mexican trying to survive in his country. Boring shit in the end.

MRR: The song "Puñeta con Frenesi" is an ode to masturbation. How frequently do you practice onanism? How frequently do you guys touch your sexual parts and play with yourself? (Yes, Violeta, this question is for you too.)

Violeta: A lot of our songs talk about masturbation. "Comiénzate a Masturbar" does too. And "Cantina." Onanism is something very important for me—it's like a sport I try to practice as much as possible. I don't know about the frequency though. Maybe once every two or three days.

Rafael: Every time Jerry Springer puts on any special on pay-per-view, like the Cinco de Mayo special where that fat latina and a midget were making out in a giant tortilla with beans and lettuce. You can pretty much tell that this happens every day.

David: Yeah, well. I don't have a girlfriend, so I practice masturbation like four times a week and I try to delay my ejaculation. I also like to take a long break and enjoy going back. It feels better, you know.

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Joaquin: I guess once a day, except when touring because it is difficult, which is kind of a drag.

MRR: What about the recording style? Are you satisfied with the Killed By Death sound, or do your want something better? Dave Ardilla, I know you record everything on the 4-track. Will you ever try to record on a computer?

Violeta: I'm not at all into slick production, especially when it comes to punk rock.

Rafael: I think it is a neat and unique sound—I really hate that direct-to-computer guitar sound, kinda like very electric. I don't know how to explain it.

Joaquin: Yes, I am satisfied with the sound we have on our recordings. I would only try to record with better equipment if I had, I don't know, a progressive rock band. Which is never going to happen, thanks to Ala.

David: I'm very satisfied 'cause we are not paying a lot of money for the recordings. We only spend money on tapes and it sounds cheap and raw, the way it was meant to be. I don't like using computers except for watching porn or email.

MRR: Tell me about your hobbies, guys, do you collect anything? Any obsession of any kind—sexual, psychological, or gastronomic?

Violeta: I always try to collect the bus tickets that have the number 21. Also, all kinds of boxes. I am sort of obsessed with boxes. I keep a lot of useless shit in my room.

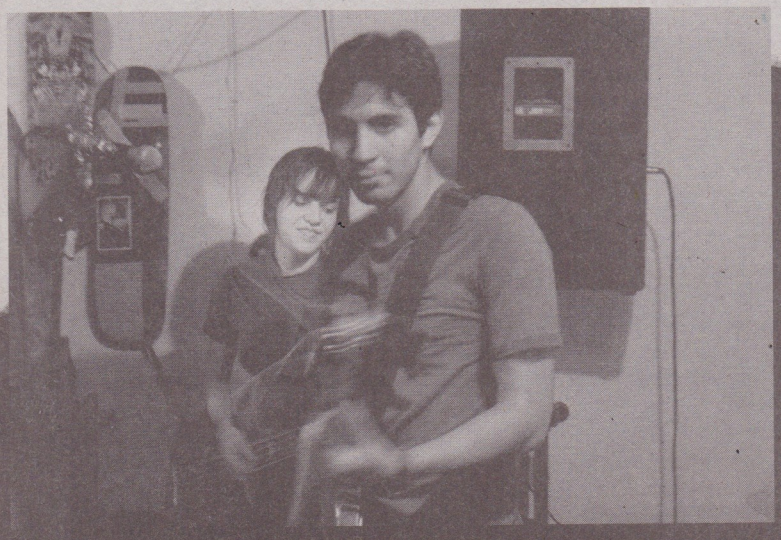
Rafael: I like gore material, like photos, videos, accident footage, suicides, executions, all that kind of stuff. Nowadays I stream it, better than collecting it, gore isn't that much fun anymore for me.

Joaquin: I used to collect coins, rocks, records, stamps, and basketball cards when I was younger. Now I only collect skulls of dead animals and memories, which is harder and cheaper. About the obsessions, well I guess I'm kind of attracted to dead bodies, death, serial killers, space, porn, mental disorders, and exotic foods, especially those with insects as main ingredients. Lately I've been reading lots of Muslim authors like Al-Farabi, Averroes, and Avempace. So I guess I like world cultures and folkloric traditions of all kinds.

David: I used to collect rocks too when I was a kid. And I tried to start a collection of pogs in primary school too. I don't collect anything nowadays, I spend my money on beer and gas. I have an obsession with odors. I really like to sniff girls' armpits, or my own armpits sometimes. I also like to be humiliated sometimes.

MRR: I know that Joaquin makes collages with paper cut-outs, and the cover of the LP is actually one of those. Can you explain to the readers something interesting or funny about the parts used, like the Nazi Mexican flag or Hector Suarez? Or tell me about the guys that appear on the backcover—who are they actually?

Violeta: The faces you see on the back cover of *Mocosos Patéticos* belong to some young crazy people from a Mexican communist organization in the '70s who used to call themselves "Liga del 23 de Septiembre" (the September 23rd League). During the '70s a lot of people here still believed in communism and anarchy, and the government had a very rigid power over the people. Anyone that seemed subversive or communist or against the president died or disappeared. So the September 23rd League didn't last long, but they achieved some cool stuff. They could kill the richest man from Monterrey at that time. They kidnapped the president's brother and robbed some banks. I've heard several stories that these guys would kidnap kids from school and send them to Cuba, or even eat them. Crazy stuff. They're all dead now, sadly. The Nazi flags from the front cover are designs from Mexican Nazis during World War II. It's sort of surreal to think they were actually Mexicans and Nazis at the same time. Totally fucked up! Mexico has a sick history of weird flags.



Rafael: Hector Suarez is a cool comedian. He does a very cruel/fun impression of a ghetto Cuban boy—a drugged raver/dancer so fucking ridiculous it's not even believable, and many more I can't even remember.

MRR: What places have you played outside of the ranch (Monterrey) where we live? I know there is a US tour coming soon. How do you feel about it? Are you nervous or do you not give a fuck?

Joaquin: The West Coast tour in the US has recently finished. Right know we are stuck in Oakland. To tell you the truth, at first I was so nervous about the whole trip and shit like that. But it was a nice experience, and we met some very cool people, especially in Mexicali/Calexico, Portland, and San Francisco. We had some trouble at a little town in Northern California, you know with all those Republican rednecks, but in general everybody was so nice. Of course there were some disappointments, but it was worth the experience. I doubt we are going to travel again 'cause when I came here I had 140 dollars and now I'm leaving with only 5 bucks.

Rafael: We just played in Texas (Austin, Houston, and McAllen) and we have had a good response from all the gringo guys. Most of the time they don't even know what the fuck we are playing, singing, or saying, but they seem to enjoy it. McAllen is a different story, it's like being in Mexico. They do speak fluent Spanish and shit. We just toured the West Coast. It was amazing.

David: I liked California and Portland a lot. Portland seems like everybody is stoned. Sarah Crews (spider girl from Oakland) helped us drive all the way, so thanks to her and all her lovely friends.

MRR: If you could write a letter to someone who's already dead (famous or not), who would it be?

Violeta: I don't know, maybe I would write to Michael Jackson just to tell him I always believed he never raped those kids. And I would like to write the story of my life and send it to Karl Marx. And to Houdini I would send a note saying, "Is there an afterlife?" because he might be the only one who could write me back.

Rafael: It might sound corny or something, but definitely to MJ. I would ask him about the sexual abuse charges against him, like really ask him what happened. I do believe in him, but there is always this part of me that wants to believe he did abuse children.

Joaquin: I don't know, if he or she is dead then how are they supposed to read my letter? I think I would write to myself and then get my body frozen and after being reanimated I would read it and write me back and give the letter to my past self with the help of a time machine.

David: To Kurt Cobain, aka "El Rubio," how we call it in Mexico. I want to know his opinion about his grandfather signing guitars and selling them through eBay.

MRR: Do you believe in scenes (music, art, etc.)?

Rafael: Not really. Like at first you might think it is the right thing to believe in, but as time passes (or you grow up/get older) you find out that almost 99% of the time those people are just lame, or so obsessed with that scene/thing, which makes it kind of pointless. So they like let you down, and you are yet again lost and alone. Scenes are just stupid, you have to follow "the rules" and live by that or whatever. But fuck that. Better to believe in yourself, in the end you are going to die on your own, not with your scene.

Joaquin: I used to believe in music and arts, but now everything has changed from what it used to be. I think the internet and the growth of media has something to do with all this phenomenon. I don't see myself living off this—I mean I have a job in Monterrey, in charge of a warehouse, you know a shitty job even when I have a college degree. I now see art and music just as hobbies, I have lost faith in both of them, but that does not mean I don't like them.

David: Sometimes I believe in them, especially when I watch *Rocky* movies or stuff like that. I think sometimes there is something in the air and you can feel it, and everybody is so connected and into something related to everyone. So sometimes I do believe, sometimes I don't. I always believe in having a good time though.

MRR: Do you believe in revolutions? Do you believe in global changes?

Violeta: Yes, I do believe in revolutions. I believe the world is changing all the time and some of those changes come from revolutions. From the bottom to the top. But sometimes it's the other way around and that's lame. I do believe people can change things if they want it and create revolutions. Sadly in Monterrey they're still voting for the biggest corporate political parties and it's hard to make them realize what's going on. We need something that comes from the bottom and goes all the way up to the top. Something that comes from the people.

Rafael: I think it's something similar to the scene question. People can like make a revolution in their minds and live with that by their own. I really hate when "revolutionaries" or people that want to change something want you to be as involved as them. I mean, fuck that! If you can't convince me then fuck you, don't try to persuade me to really believe in you. Either you do it or you don't! That's it!

David: I believe in personal changes and then revolutions.

Joaquin: Yes I do, but once a revolution becomes static, you know, once it establishes itself as a system, it is time for another revolution. A revolution must never stop.

MRR: What does punk mean to you? Do you believe in it after all that has happened? Or is it just an attitude or a musical genre? Is it just a product or just to have fun or what?

Violeta: It becomes a product just like anything else you can think of in this world: rock 'n' roll, sex, drugs, revolutions, even people. Living in this kind of world it's natural to expect that's what's going to happen. If something like punk rock is born, it's going to become a target for

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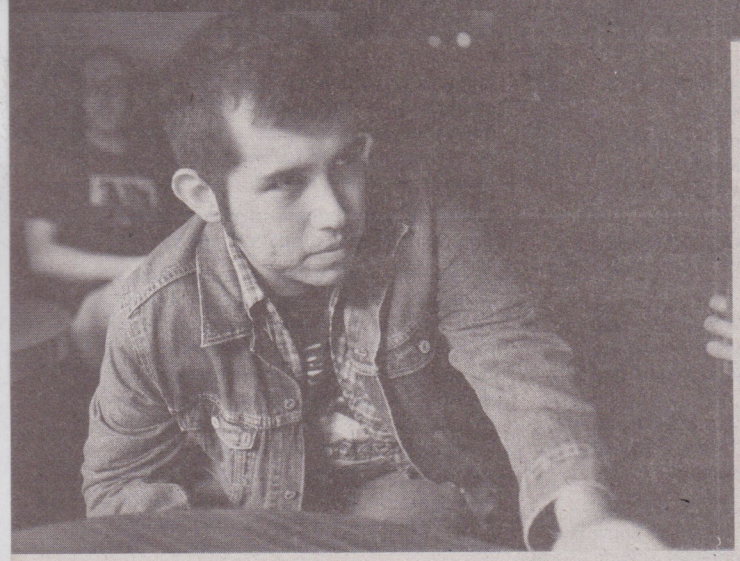


teenagers sooner or later. So you decide if you swallow it that way. But punk is not about following trends and everybody knows that. I do believe in punk, it's not just a music genre or having a mohawk to me. I don't know. I think everyone has their own attitude towards punk and I have my own. What punk means to me might be different from what punk means to Wavves, but it's still punk...I guess.

Rafael: When I was young, I blindly followed the "punk code," but then as I grew up I found out it was kind of stupid. So I see punk as a real fun thing. I love all those punk bands that don't take themselves seriously, like you see them having fun and stuff. I hate those bands where all the members seem to be like from a Russian militia or something, that they are like dead serious about their ideals, and dying for animal rights, and shit like that. That's not even fun! Maybe I'm just too naive, but I like it that way.

Joaquin: I used to believe in the rebellious I-don't-give-a-fuck-attitude of punk rock when I was younger, but as I keep growing I only see it as a musical genre and a product. I mean there a lot of things to be mad at, but I don't think music has the power to change the world. It might have power in changing someone's attitude, but it won't stop governments or police officers in doing what they do.

David: I don't know what you mean by punk. I do believe in punk as an attitude, maybe it's the rock 'n' roll attitude of doing whatever you want to do no matter what's popular or what the people say. I do believe in DIY of course.

MRR: What do you guys take seriously in life and what not?

Violeta: I don't know. I don't think I take a lot of things seriously.

Rafael: I think I'm at a point right now where again I'm lost, having no education at all, like I'm stuck between having to work a shitty job, or try to finish high school so that I can get a better job. But in the end, I find myself not doing either of those two, so I don't think I take my life that seriously.

Joaquin: I guess I try not to take life too seriously because I don't like being disappointed by it. But I do take some things seriously, like my family.

David: Friends and family. Everything else is not worth the worry.

MRR: If you could die and go to hell and see the devil sitting at the gates of the underworld, what would you tell him?

Violeta: Are you God?

Rafael: Wanna smoke some weed and listen to Mayhem?

Joaquin: I would invite him to have some beers. But I guess beer might be warm in hell, so probably bourbon would do better.

David: I don't believe in the devil.

MRR: If someday you rub a bottle and a genie appears in front of you and he grants three wishes to each one of you, what would you ask?

Violeta: No border patrols anywhere. No STDs. And some indian nuts.

Rafael: An ability where the more I eat, the slimmer I get. The ability to turn Joaquin sober when it is needed, making Dave shut up when it is needed, having a smaller normal sized dick—it's hard to pump that much blood into it!

Joaquin: A life without worries at all, I guess.

David: Yeah, a life without work as we know it nowadays and without racism and a life near the beach trading bananas.

MRR: And finally, what would you do with a million dollars?

Violeta: Buy one million burgers at McDonald's. Or send the money to Africa.

Rafael: Probably save it so I wouldn't have to work for a long time, or maybe buy several ugly looking ghetto homes.

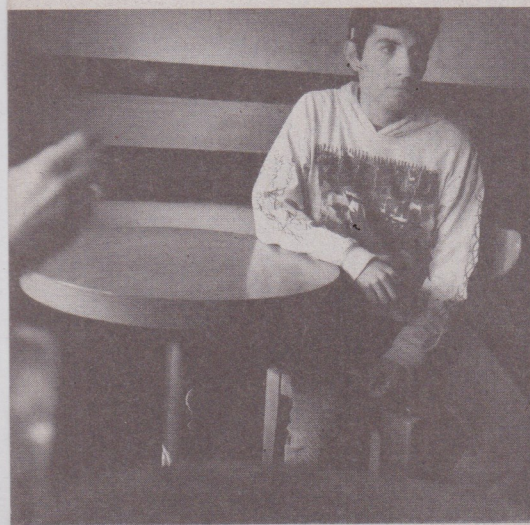
Joaquin: I would save half in the bank and bet the rest in Vegas.

David: I would get a lot of drugs and alcohol and a stand of Mexican food and have a party for friends and I would contact the Spits to play there.

MRR: Well that's all folks. Now that I have you in my claws I don't know for sure if I will eat you or not. Now that I see you closer you seem to be mangy and malnourished, you smell really bad, and the lack of hair in some areas disgusts me a lot. I think I will let you go. Goddamn Rats!

Edwin
http://www.myspace.com/hervionononocomix

Photos this page: Mark Murrmann



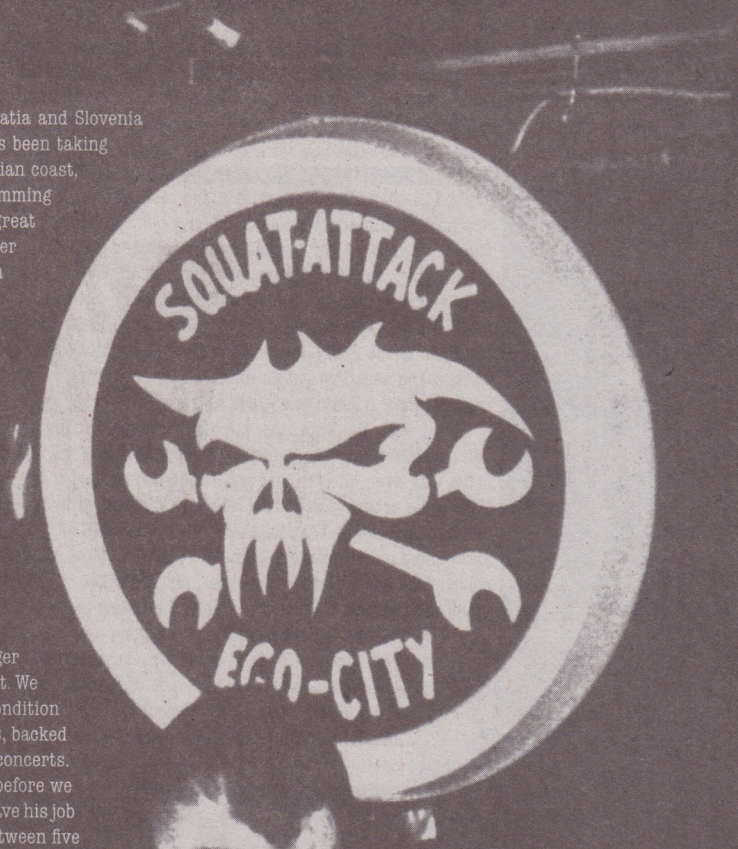
CURE FOR THE SICK WORLD 2008 TOUR

ANTIDOTUM: AND CZOSNEK

Following is a brief report of the November 2008 tour that two Polish bands, ANTIDOTUM and CZOSNEK did mainly in Central Europe. We got the chance to visit and play some important places in the European DIY punk network. Instead of boring you with "who smelled worst" stories, I will try to shed some light on the scenes not often mentioned in US zines. Enjoy!

The idea of the tour occurred during my visits to punk festivals in Croatia and Slovenia during the summer of 2008. Namely, Monte Paradiso festival, which has been taking place for sixteen years now in Pula, an ancient Roman city on the Croatian coast, and Balkanika Core, a newer fest that takes place in a squatted swimming pool in Kranj, Slovenia. The fests this year were a chance to see great performances by LA FRACTION, PISSCHRIST, and SOTATILA, among other bands. The second one resulted in a clash between punx from more than ten European countries and riot cops and security. As a consequence, the last day of the event had to be moved to the nearby capital city Ljubljana. After meeting people from different countries at these fests, the outline for the tour was started, with four dates in ex-Yugoslavia and the possibilities for more shows in Austria and Italy. The last ANTIDOTUM album was co-released by NNNW, a Polish label that I've helped with for almost twenty years, and the German label Skuld Records. We asked some friends in Germany for help and were quickly offered four to five more shows. Everything looked brilliant. We'd played in Vienna in October and other Austrian cities either showed no interest or were already booked, so we decided for a Swiss date. We then got a message that the Italian shows were not going to happen, and we'd almost cancelled the tour, but we found a place to play in Poland on the way home and decided to continue!

A week before the tour we were told by our (CZOSNEK) singer that he was not able to go with us due to some kind of psychiatric treatment. We could do nothing but support him in this. That wasn't the first time his condition led us to going out as three-piece with the guitarist trying to do the vocals, backed by some screams from our bass player, but it was never more than three concerts. Time was short and we couldn't even rehearse. On top of that, two days before we left a co-worker of our guitarist got sick and the guitarist was not able to leave his job before 4PM. Our first concert was to take place in Bratislava, Slovakia, between five and six hours away, and we were told to show up by 6:00. After an exchange of emails with Martina, who used to sing in NAÏVE FIGHTERS (they have records on Maloka/Malarie) and booked the show, we decided to risk it. We arrived to Obluda Club, which is situated near the train station in the capital of Slovakia. At 9:00 we greeted Martina and her husband Juro, and met a small crew from Vienna (which is just 60km away) and some locals and rushed on stage. All the stress of the previous days had accumulated at this point, but I hope ANTIDOTUM's performance made up for it all. As both our hosts had to wake up early



czosnek in zurich

antidotum in bratislava

the next morning for their jobs, we were only able to hang out a small amount and saw pictures from their wedding, which was held at the club. We also heard some nasty stories about a Nazi presence in their city. The club itself had been attacked in the past but is now secured and protected.

We woke up the next day and dropped Martina off nearby her university. We had a relatively short way to go to Zagreb (Croatia), so we decided to go through Hungary to skip the highway tolls and drive 100 km less. This is a good place for some background information. A big part of Europe is now fortified as the European Union. Most of the countries have signed the Schengen agreement, which means there are no checkpoints on the borders, but you may be checked by customs or police anywhere in the country. Croatia is one of the countries that is not accepted by the EU, and one of the reasons is their inability to get some mass murderers (aka war heroes) in front of the international court. Slovenia is the only ex-Yugoslavian country that's in the EU. They have even made the Euro their official currency. For us it meant possible problems on the Croatian border, and we had to cross it four times.

We found the space for the show, the Medika squat, in the center of Zagreb, only to be told they'd just had the electricity cut off. The space is enormous; a huge complex of buildings that used to be a pharmacological company. It's situated a short five-minute walk from the main train station, next to some university buildings and yuppie filled cafes. The place was squatted some months ago and the squatters were evicted the day after riots with police in Slovenia. (The eviction was part of and effort to clean the city before George W. Bush's visit to Zagreb.) After that, it was re-squatted and still needs a lot of fixing. The electricity was re-connected, we ate some cold food, and prepared for the show. It went okay, but there wasn't really an *atmosphere* there, if you know what I mean. Nothing to complain about really, but being a huge fan of the Croatian DIY punk scene that I've got to know a bit, I expected more. Still, meeting some friends was great.

In the morning our guitarist-now-singer lost his voice...*perfect!* He was unable to produce a single word. The day's drive was even shorter, but we had to cross the border again. The border crossing went fine. When we showed them some rusty drum set hardware, they laughed and let us go. We didn't have to show them our broken cymbals. Slovenian customs officials are some of the least friendly creatures, but sometimes it's useful to smile to them and just tell them what they want to hear.

We got to Kranj, a small city 20km north of Ljubljana. There's a small island not far from the city center with a shopping center on one side and an old swimming pool on the other. AKD Izbruh is the name of the squatted pool; nobody lives there, but they organize a lot of events during the year, including all of the big names (e.g., DISCHARGE, EXTREME NOISE TERROR, TOTAL CHAOS) and a lot of smaller concerts. We played there with the Polish band KLINIKA two years before and were excited to be back. It started to rain, again, and we arrived three hours early, so we spent the time walking through the town, meeting some crazy local punx ("yeah, we want to fight the cops tonight!"), had some *rakija* (grape distilled spirit, almost 70% alcohol) with a local junkie crew, and eventually met up with Darci, whom we thanked for setting up the show. I had met him via his label, Bum Records, and as the guitarist of AKTIVNA PROPAGANDA, the pillar in this country of political hardcore punk.

Maciek, our voiceless singer managed to articulate a few words during the day, so he decided to try another show. Crazy as it sounds, but fighting fire with fire worked on him. A little bit of walnut liquor from Vesna, a couple of crazy jokes from friends who showed up, and he made it through the set somehow. The only thing was that I had to talk between songs, because he could only growl. A local band, K.A.O.S., also played, and were as angry and raging as a young punk band should be. The party continued for some time, but all of a sudden we were again left alone! Nobody wants to party anymore! We were barricaded inside this huge building with the power generator turned off and had pee outside. Over the next morning's coffee we had a chance to talk with Darci about the aftermath of the summer riots at the festival. Surprisingly, apart from not being served in one of the cafes, nothing major happened. They were not fined nor was a court case brought against them. It's enough that they are in trouble with the Slovenian copyright agency because of past concerts.

Saturday and another short trip to Pula. Monte Paradiso was the next stop and it serves as a space for numerous activities—from rehearsal rooms to Linux workshops, to social and ecological NGOs. Years ago Monte Paradiso was situated in a castle, and then moved to another location in some post-army buildings (seems a popular location for punk places in former Yugoslavia). We've played there twice already, once in a club and again during one of the summer festivals. The punk crew has been organizing the Antifa Fest for five years now. The fest is a chance to meet others, take part in workshops and discussions, see movies, and enjoy the bands and party.

The festival lasted two days. The place was full of friendly people. I didn't manage to see all the bands as I was busy with the stall, but I enjoyed DISLIKE, a crazy Croatian grind band. That night was a high point of the last few days—seeing a whole crew of people working together, others taking part, not just consuming the entertainment, and seeing old friends while meeting a whole lot of new faces. We had such a good time that we were the last three people to be kicked out when they finally decided to lock the club door in the morning. Be warned! We will be back one day!

The next day we went to see DISFEAR and DOOMRIDERS in Slovenia. We had a day off and hoped to be added to the bill, but it didn't work. We were invited to a post-festival party by the Pula crew, but decided to go to the show instead. I regret it in a way. I'd rather listen to DISFEAR albums, than see them discuss whether the next song is from the new or the previous album or cheesily say, "Slovenia, you are great!" I've never been a metalhead and I will never understand this sort of attitude. But, the set was great and the sound was superb, only after the previous night spent in an asylum from harsh reality, we didn't really feel well in that place. We were invited by local squatters to spend the night there—no water, no electricity...who cares.

The Monday gig was in Ilirska Bistrica. We had plenty of time so we decided to go to the seaside, spent a relaxing afternoon in surprisingly empty Koper, and went to a village called Kozina to get some

fresh beer. Although Slovenia isn't memorable for its beer, in this town there's a small brewery and restaurant that doesn't sell its beer elsewhere—only fresh from the tap or in two-liter bottles at their location. It's not pasteurized, and we were eager to load some B12 vitamins into our veins.

The MKNZ club is famous for its live recordings of bands like AUS ROTTEN, HARUM SCARUM, DOOM, and TRAGEDY. MKNZ club has been running for over 40 years and shamefully I had never been there before. We arrived early, had food, soundchecked, set up the stall, felt great, and waited for the people. And waited...and waited...and waited...we played the show for the club crew and two others. They told us the same thing happened to some other bands in the past few months. The sets were not the best quality, to put it in a modest way—as a punishment we were handed the recording afterwards. I still recommend visiting MKNZ.

The next day we had a show in Zurich and decided to travel through Germany so we could avoid the Alps and Italian tolls and customs. There is a law in Italy that every CD or record in the country has to have a copyright sticker, and they will stop bands on the road and confiscate a distro. Mila of Agipunk claims you have to have really bad luck for it to happen, but unfortunately for some bands it has happened. We found a small checkpoint where we could tell them we were going to a nearby town and we were not going to use the highway. We arrived at the border and found no one! In two minutes we were on the highway of course and made it to Zurich pretty quick.

Kalki squat *(Kalkbreitsrasse)* should be a synonym for "hospitality." We arrived a day before the gig, were greeted by Vale, whom I had met before when he booked KLINIKA in the same place. It was a quiet Tuesday night with nothing scheduled for the squat. We brought some wine with us and just sat in the bar, chatted with Vale and some locals, played table football, and eventually went to sleep.

Zurich seems to have a lot of activities—the list of squats was enormous. I was especially moved when Vale complained that only about twenty people are active in the Kalki squat. I find it hard to think of an example where more than five to ten people work together back in my hometown in Poland. The squat is not just a bar and place for shows; there's also a cinema, screen printing and computer rooms, and an info shop.

The next night's show went well. We played after midnight and topped it off with a party with weird music. Thankfully, it was mostly *not* disco. We woke up early the next day and left for Berlin. We went through a small border checkpoint again and surprised a German officer with how worn our tires were. Too shocked to ask questions, he checked all the passports in the computer and let us go! We'd been advised by German punx to avoid stopping on the highways in the rich, southern part of Germany, as the cops there love to start conversations with alcohol and drug tests. We weren't hassled and the trip was luckily boring, long, and cold. We arrived at 2 AM and were happy to fall asleep at Sabrina's flat.

Berlin, or its Kreuzberg district, seems like another planet. Before the fall of the Berlin Wall it was an alternative and relatively cheap district, next to the Wall itself. Then, all of a sudden, when the Wall fell down, it found itself almost in the center of one of the biggest European cities. The gentrification process that had started in the '90s was backed up by a city policy to get rid of all the freaks from the city centers. That isn't working as fast as they'd like it to, but you can see the changes. SO36, a club that remembers '70s punk shows, is still there, as is Kopi squat, despite facing serious eviction threats during the past few years. Most people and bands traveling through Europe know the Kopi. I'd first met people involved in the Kopi when they organized shows in East Berlin under the communist rule. The crew is quite international with a huge Polish section, so it's an all time place for hugs and greetings

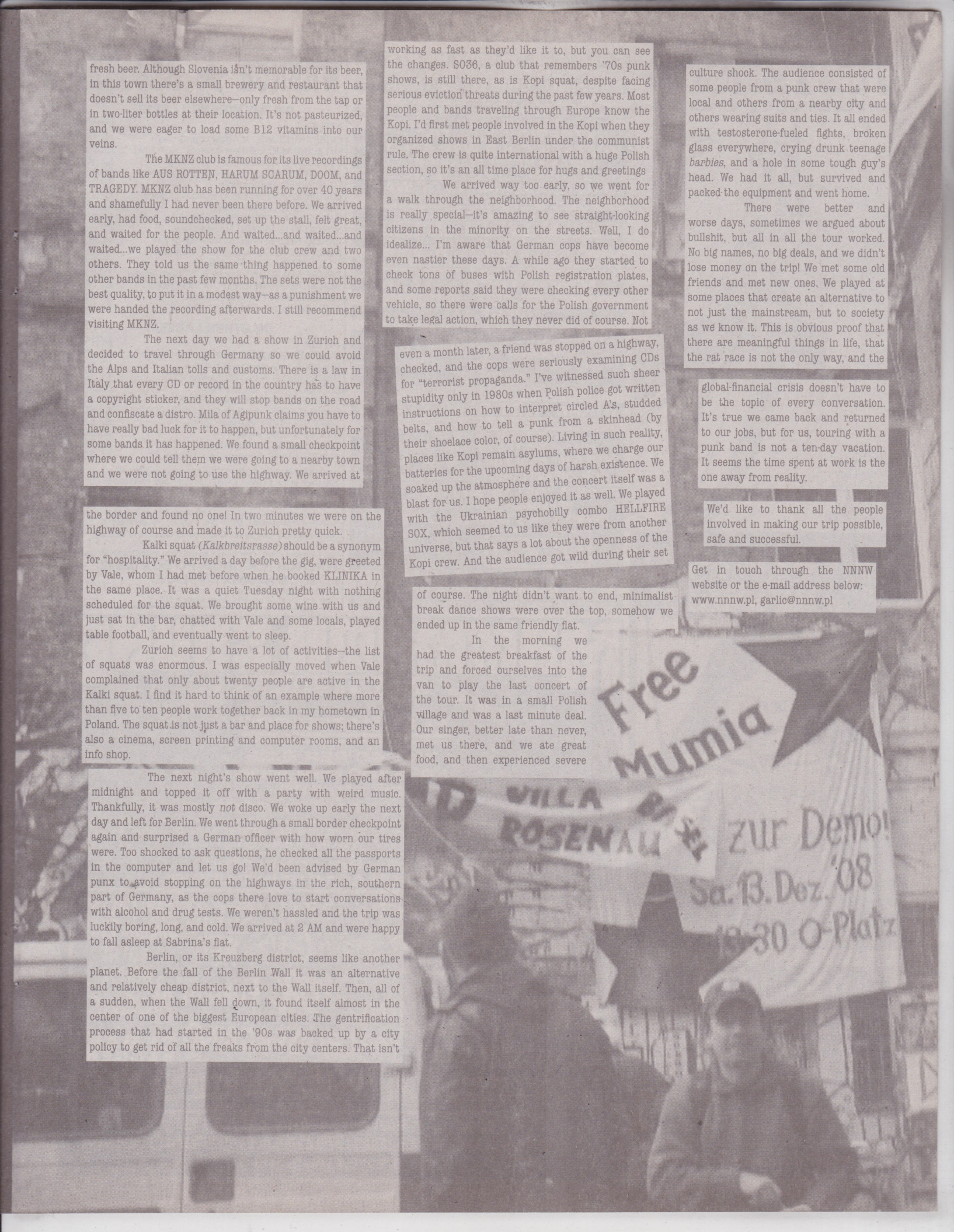
We arrived way too early, so we went for a walk through the neighborhood. The neighborhood is really special—it's amazing to see straight-looking citizens in the minority on the streets. Well, I do idealize... I'm aware that German cops have become even nastier these days. A while ago they started to check tons of buses with Polish registration plates, and some reports said they were checking every other vehicle, so there were calls for the Polish government to take legal action, which they never did of course. Not even a month later, a friend was stopped on a highway, checked, and the cops were seriously examining CDs for "terrorist propaganda." I've witnessed such sheer stupidity only in 1980s when Polish police got written instructions on how to interpret circled A's, studded belts, and how to tell a punk from a skinhead (by their shoelace color, of course). Living in such reality, places like Kopi remain asylums, where we charge our batteries for the upcoming days of harsh existence. We soaked up the atmosphere and the concert itself was a blast for us. I hope people enjoyed it as well. We played with the Ukrainian psychobilly combo HELLFIRE SOX, which seemed to us like they were from another universe, but that says a lot about the openness of the Kopi crew. And the audience got wild during their set of course. The night didn't want to end, minimalist break dance shows were over the top, somehow we ended up in the same friendly flat.

In the morning we had the greatest breakfast of the trip and forced ourselves into the van to play the last concert of the tour. It was in a small Polish village and was a last minute deal. Our singer, better late than never, met us there, and we ate great food, and then experienced severe culture shock. The audience consisted of some people from a punk crew that were local and others from a nearby city and others wearing suits and ties. It all ended with testosterone-fueled fights, broken glass everywhere, crying drunk teenage *barbies*, and a hole in some tough guy's head. We had it all, but survived and packed the equipment and went home.

There were better and worse days, sometimes we argued about bullshit, but all in all the tour worked. No big names, no big deals, and we didn't lose money on the trip! We met some old friends and met new ones. We played at some places that create an alternative to not just the mainstream, but to society as we know it. This is obvious proof that there are meaningful things in life, that the rat race is not the only way, and the global-financial crisis doesn't have to be the topic of every conversation. It's true we came back and returned to our jobs, but for us, touring with a punk band is not a ten-day vacation. It seems the time spent at work is the one away from reality.

We'd like to thank all the people involved in making our trip possible, safe and successful.

Get in touch through the NNNW website or the e-mail address below: www.nnnw.pl, garlic@nnnw.pl



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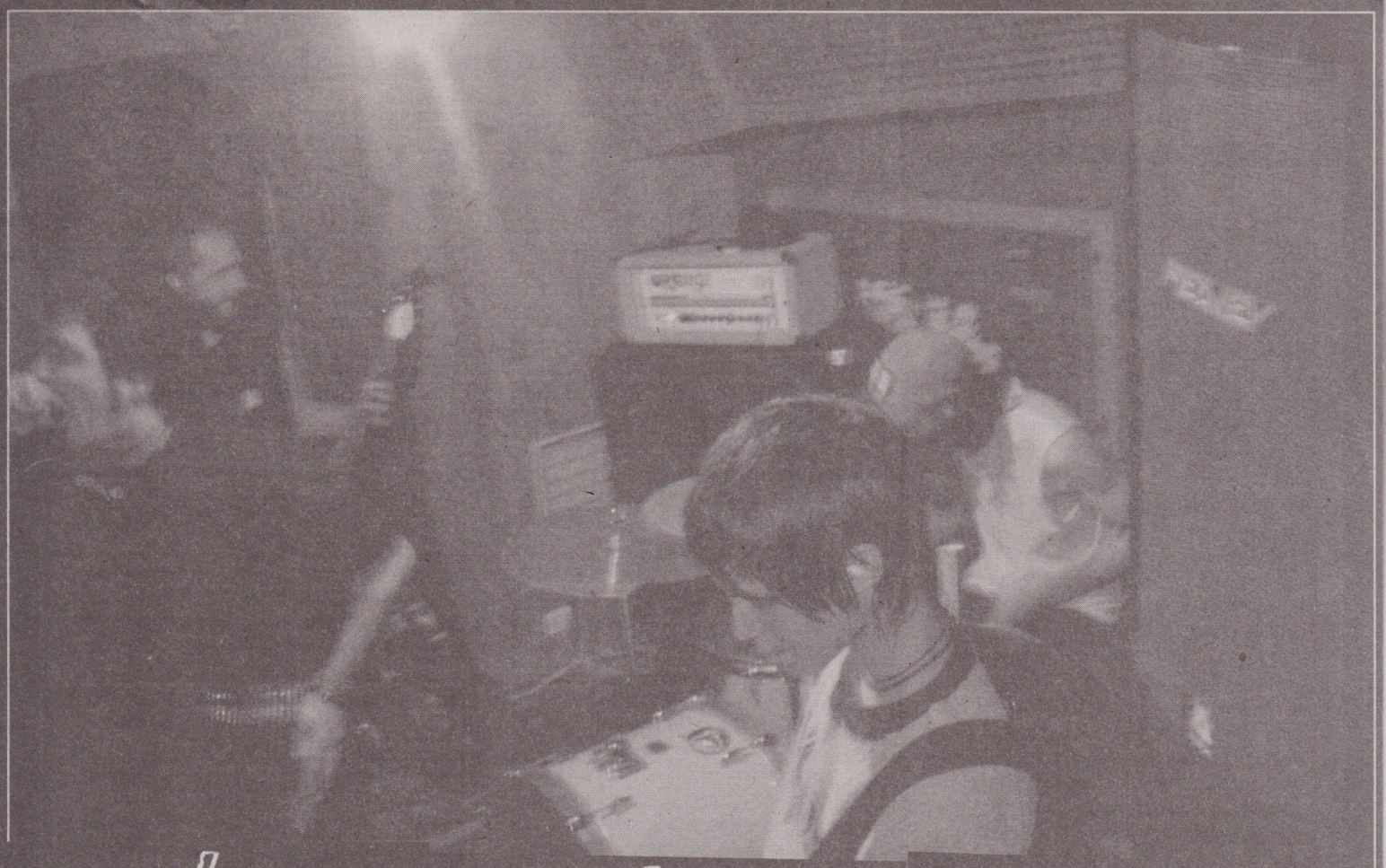


WARNING WARNING WARNING

Warning//Warning from France is a new noise and distortion band that has only been around for just under a year. So far the band has managed to put out a very impressive eight-track demo that can best be described as a sort of French Lebenden Toten. In my fanzine More Noize *I even called it* the *demo of 2009. While there are heaps of bands going for out-of-this-world distortion levels,* Spending Loud Night *feedback effects, and all the rest of it, Warning// Warning has managed to not only perfect the style, but made it their own. For a band that has only been around for so short, that is quite a feat and no doubt the future looks particularly* sonical.

Interview by Tony Gunnarsson

MRR: There seems be a wave of bands from all over the world that are now playing noisy punk—paying homage to Confuse and all those other bands. Apart from the prospect of future deafness, what got you interested in playing this style of noisy punk?

Nico: Apart from the fact, I have a deep interest in noise in its large spectrum, so of course in noise punk, or whatever you wanna call it, which basically is a subjective and absolutely not a subtle argument, there's something attractive in the fact you don't have to be a good musician to play this kind of music. A good tune doesn't exist at all, it's all about enthusiasm... You might just need heaps of frustrations, love, and anger. So it's all about the expression of your feelings in a simple way: making noise.

Olivier: I think there is some kind of backlash against the trend in punk (and especially crust) nowadays to have big amplifiers and huge fucking metal sound. For my part I play exclusively on Broken™ cymbals and Isitwoodorshit™ sticks… But definitely Warning//Warning is the bastard child of boredom and punk love…

Fish: I love noise and I want to make your eardrums bleed.

Fabro: I don't know if there's a wave of noise punk bands. As far as I know, in France only two play this kind of punk: us and State Poison. I agree with the others, the fact that it's simple and a bit naïve is really refreshing in this time of down-tuned or down tempo bands with tons of expensive equipment.

MRR: While the band has only just started playing you have managed to put out a short but I think very impressive first demo cassette. While most of these newer noisy punk bands are trying to sound like Confuse and Gloom et al for the most part the result is often just crust or D-beat with extra guitar distortion. How did you manage to get the sound so right? Do you use a lot of pedals and effects? How many nights did you spend listening to *Spending Loud Night*?

Nico: Turning every buttons to the max on the pedals friends lent or gave to me was a good starting point. Sorry, I'm a vampire, I have to feed at night...

Fish: Nah, you can't be a vampire and a ninja at the same time, you have to choose. Anyway, turning every button to the max is not enough—I just need some DIY distortion pedals so I can turn it to 11.

Olivier: Well, thanks for the nice words. Regarding the sound I guess each of us took what he likes most in noisy punk stuff; I don't know, I don't intellectualize that much the shit we play…

Fabro: My love story with noisy punk

hardcore began maybe five years ago, during an Atrocious Madness show. When we started the band, one of the first things we agreed was to not use a D-beat. Maybe because Olivier and I already play in a D-beat band (Gasmask Terrör), and we wanted something different. For the sound, we use average pedals that every band uses, nothing really sophisticated. The trick is to put all pedals together and turn it to the max.

MRR: There is a song about staying punk and staying DIY, "Feedback Sabbath", another is about how great punk is and about the people who talk too much shit "Punk Is Love," others are about the general apathy of modern life "Zombivision" and "Media Overdose." I understand from reading the lyrics that you think that punk is not only about the music, and I think it is very refreshing that there are people that (still) care enough to write songs about this. I mean as obvious as this should be, perhaps people need to be reminded that punk is not just about being another consumer. What are your thoughts on all this?

Nico: Punk is a good escape line to try not to fall in the alienating normal life dictated by the so-called empowered class to control us. As long as punk isn't collapsing in a parallel form of the system we're fighting against, like for example speculating on an object produced for individual benefit instead of sharing collectively everything we removed from the commercial system. I'm also a part of both the problem and the solution. Hopefully we still find heaps of autonomous places, free second hand clothes areas, collective meals, collective gardens, workshops, amongst many others exciting collective and organized autonomous initiatives... And it's fuckin' refreshing to meet punks in all those alternatives, which brings us to the fact that yes, for fucks sake, punk is way more than music, punk is love. And hate. And everything in between...

Olivier: What is important is the way you do things more than what you sing about. You can sing about drinking beer and have fun and be in total defiance with the music industry, (refusing contracts, guarantees, riders and shit like that) and you can sing about how the system sucks and be on a major label. You can have circle As everywhere on your records and be on fucking MySpace or Facebook or whatever, you can use color ads on glossy papers and try to be as sexy as the next indie crap. Or you can choose to reject the capitalist marketing methods and be underground. And ugly (especially for us).

Fish: Not being another consumer and buying some expensive obscure records on eBay seems strange to me. I mean MP3s are OK, tapes, CDRs—I guess I just don't dissociate punk music and DIY ethics.

Fabro: I definitely agree with the "more than music" motto. That's what makes the difference between us and an average r'n'r band. I write lyrics about what makes me angry and about what I love. I try to not only focus on negative things and I want to defend what's important for me. DIY punk is one of those things that I want to defend. Beyond lyrics, as a band we want our records to stay as cheap as possible and encourage people to dub them or upload them. We don't play in venues where the entrance is expensive and where people that don't have the exact amount of money can't come in. And we don't want a MySpace. DIY is not only about cheap records and circle As on the cover.

MRR: What other bands are you playing in at the moment? Or used to play in before Warning//Warning?

Olivier: For the previous bands I'll only name the most recent defunct ones: Holy Fuckin' Shit!, Police Charged, Daymare, Let Jesus Bleed. We are currently involved in Gasmask Terrör (raw D-beat punk), Chambre Froide (black metal), and Procession Funèbre (black metal).

Fish: No other bands, just some stupid random harsh noise with my computer. I was in a playground before W//W.

MRR: Can you write something about the state of the French DIY music scene today? I mean, what bands are around and where shows are and audiences etc. Personally I only know of very few French bands. But I have seen a collection of flyers on the State Poison website, and if flyers are anything to go by it seems the scene is very active...Also of course people like me know of France because of Alex's zine, *Ratcharge*...

Fish: Yeah, great bands and great people in France, but no kids and lemon faces, I feel so lonely! Very active, I don't know. I'm just so glad that people are still motivated and organize shows, sometimes there are a lots of people sometime not. It's the same everywhere I guess.

Fabro: The thing I like in France is that the scene is pretty small. We can think it sucks, but on the other hand the scene is more mixed. For example, with Gasmask Terrör often played with screamo bands. I mean, what's important in a confined scene is less the style of punk you play than the DIY aspect of bands. As Fish said, we have tons of good bands: Face Up To It! Lexomyl, State Poison, La Fraction, Michel Platinium, Strong As Ten, Abject Object, Desecrator, Altars Of Blasphemy (ex-Krap Nek), Kiss The Bottle, Bokanovsky... the list could be very long. I know that the French scene is often unknown and I think that it's because French bands are often really good live but they're not so brilliant on records. Don't ask me why.

Nico: There's a huge diversity of DIY bands, zines and collectives around, and it's good to see that some bands attempt to do it out of the punk area. There are many experimental bands, free whatever pop, and I could go on, that are doing the music they believe in, in a DIY and no profit way. The DIY doesn't belong to punks, of course, and they definitely didn't invented it all. I guess at first DIY and no profit is an intentionally political way to reappropriate our lives, without having to take the established ways of doing our activities. Whether they about music or the way people can feed, growing their veggies, sharing collective cars, building bikes together, re-use, learning from each other, sewing, etc.. It's all about trying to re-learn or find some new ways of communication, organization, trying to find ways to become autonomous both materially and politically, in a collective way. That being said, I have a big interest in how many collectives are alive (let's say "in France"), and how inspiring this network is here, how people organize to share materials, practice rooms, with a deep belief in the DIY no profit ethic, wherever their sphere of musical interest comes from. And sorry, I won't name drop here, but feel free to contact us if you wanna have more information about bands, collectives, etc in our area.

MRR: Is punk in France "political" in 2009? That is, music is connected with squat movements and a wider protest culture?

Olivier: In a sense punk in France is political, the squat movement is still linked to punk, so are the antifascist actions but you will almost find no punks in anarchist meetings or workers unions, because punks don't like work ahahah.

Nico: There are punks taking part in many actions, anarchist meetings, autonomous experiences, book writings, organized forms of resistance against the

established scheme, defense and support of migrants rights, defense and support of prisoners, fighting within the queer movement, anti-sexist movement, disturbing hunts, defending animal rights. There's not as much punks involved in a strictly collective and political way as you can find at a gig, but still, Manichaeism shouldn't be used on this point or else you'd hide the work that some really dedicated people are doing on a day-to-day basis. Punk has always tried to be a counter culture (composed by people, so basically a part of the people and not a bunch of individuals you could label to make another division), an escape line in which you could find a place for solidarity, experiences, whatever the color of your skin, your sex, your sexuality, your diet, your look. So punk has and is by this fact a political sphere, mostly attached to anarchism. Don't get me wrong and (see me as) naive here, I know it's not all beautiful and easy, but again I want to be positive and there is for sure punks in 2009 (and to answer to the question, in (sic) France as well) connected to a political existence, that are trying to explore some ways to destroy the hard weight of thousands years of education based on patriarchism, heterosexism, privilege of white people, domination of a rich class, borders and capitalism. There are punks active in opening free and autonomous places, and working to bring this to an achievement with people from different horizons.

MRR: It seems bands who play in France tend to go down on short trips to Spain because of the close geographical proximity, is there a lot of border-punk-exchange going on? Also, I wonder if this is not also the case with other bordering-to-France countries. Should people talk of a more European scene, than individual national scenes?

Olivier: Bordeaux is kinda close to the Spanish border so it's easier to us to play there instead of Paris for instance. In exchange we put up gigs for Basque and Spanish bands quite often. I think we should talk about local scenes instead of national scenes because we know a lot more people in Basque country than we know in North of France. Borders are created by politicians and they should not be reinforced by punks.

Fish: *Si señor, necessito rapido*! I see punk as a local thing first, but it's ok to talk about a more European scene!

Fabro: I don't think that talking of a European scene is appropriate. When you tour Europe with your band, you can notice differences between countries and sometimes it's huge! I don't pretend this is necessarily linked to cultural things, but there are countries like Germany that are rich and where it's easier to buy instruments, practice and record. It's quite different in Romania for example. Some European countries have big scenes that are really organized, where you can see shows almost every day, while in some others shows are so rare that people come from all over the country to see it. In some countries, it's easy to squat while it's totally impossible in some others. Yeah, it's definitely too simplistic to talk about a European scene.

Nico: Isn't international network a better term??

MRR: What do you think are the most defining elements of punk/DIY in 2009 and how do you think this will change in 2010?

Olivier: 2009: Fashion over meaning. Consumption over participation. 2010: worse. It will be impossible to meet new people, discover new bands without being part of a virtual, egocult, superficial network. 2011: truce. 2012: we all die.

Fish: Going to shows riding skateboards. In 2010, going to shows riding antigravity overboards.

Fabro: I don't know what are the most defining elements of punk in 2009, but I fear what it's gonna be in the future: more "thanks for the add," more nihilism as a pose, even less little punk distros, and less label that trade records, more big "DIY" punk distributions with more expensive records. It sounds really pessimistic and I hope I'm wrong. There are still a lot of bands, zines and punks that believe DIY still prevails, and I want to focus on them.

MRR: OK, since the first part of this interview was done you wrote me that you were planning to play a few shows and that you have some new songs, and might get another demo out and perhaps a debut 7". Where is Warning/Warning headed now?

Fish: I'm not recording anything until I get my overboard.

Olivier: Pffff… damn kids.

Fabro: Haha! Ok, we planned to record new songs in the next few months. Too early to say more. We'll definitely play more shows; we all enjoy playing live.

Nico: No Fish, you're actually wrong!!! If you are a ninja before you turn into a vampire, then you're a ninja *and* a vampire. Call it, I don't know, *ninjire*? And if you're also a punk, you could call it ninja bloodpuker, and the soundtrack of your mutation could be final blood bath??

MRR. How can people get in contact with you? Any additional words?

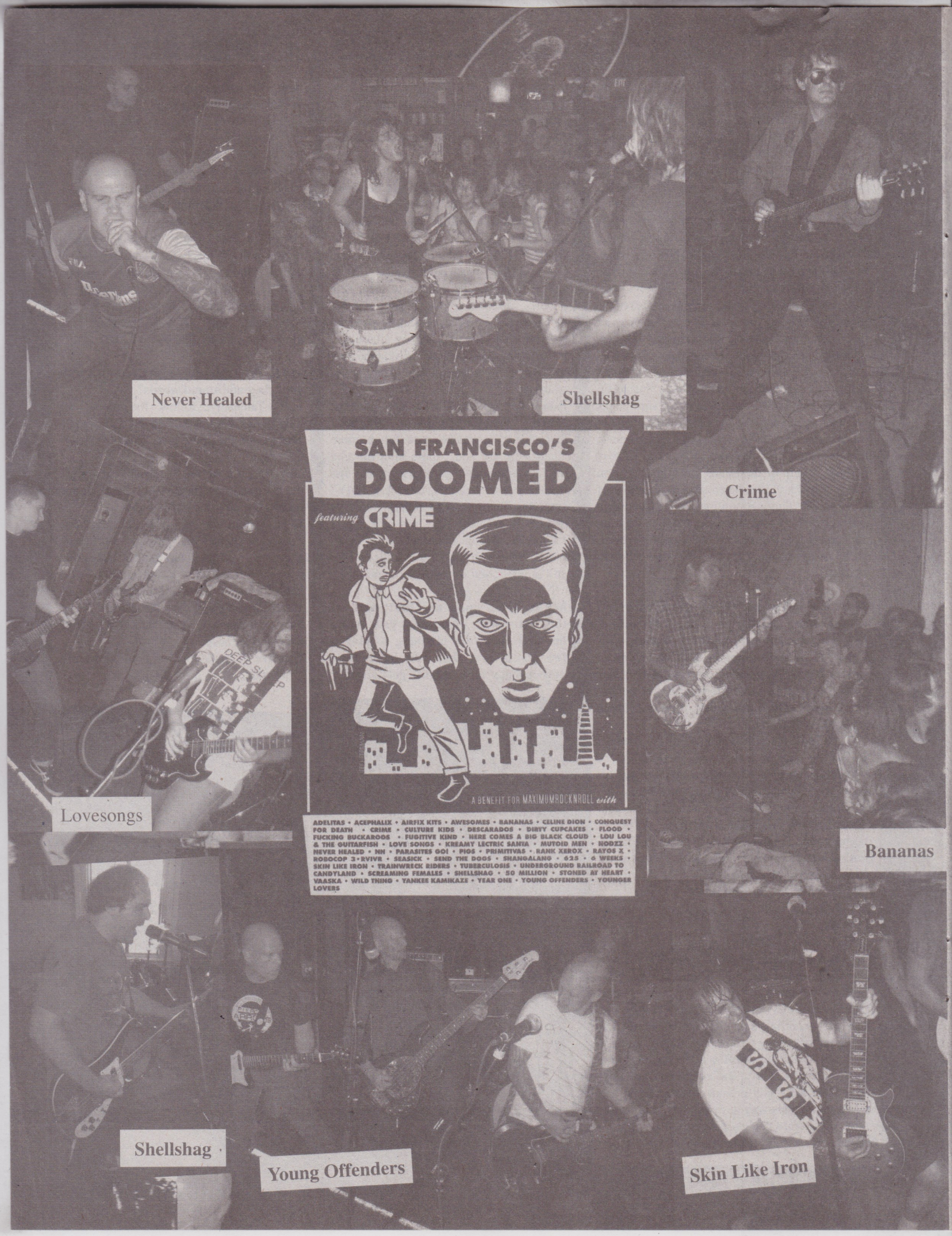
Fish: Telepathy, follow the noise, the bloodstains, behind the voodoo dolls, email. Thanks for the interview. Protect ya ears, homies!

Olivier: Look at the rising star and walk the left hand path then first on the right and second left after the traffic light.

Nico: Thanks for letting us talk shit here. You can contact us through this email address: warningwarning@lavache.com, which is our collective email address.

Fabro: Here's my mail: defectivechain@gmail.com and here's my street address: Fabrice Jouhannet, 21 rue du Portail, 33800 Bordeaux, France

Feel free to contact us for anything (shows or just talk, jokes, or insults).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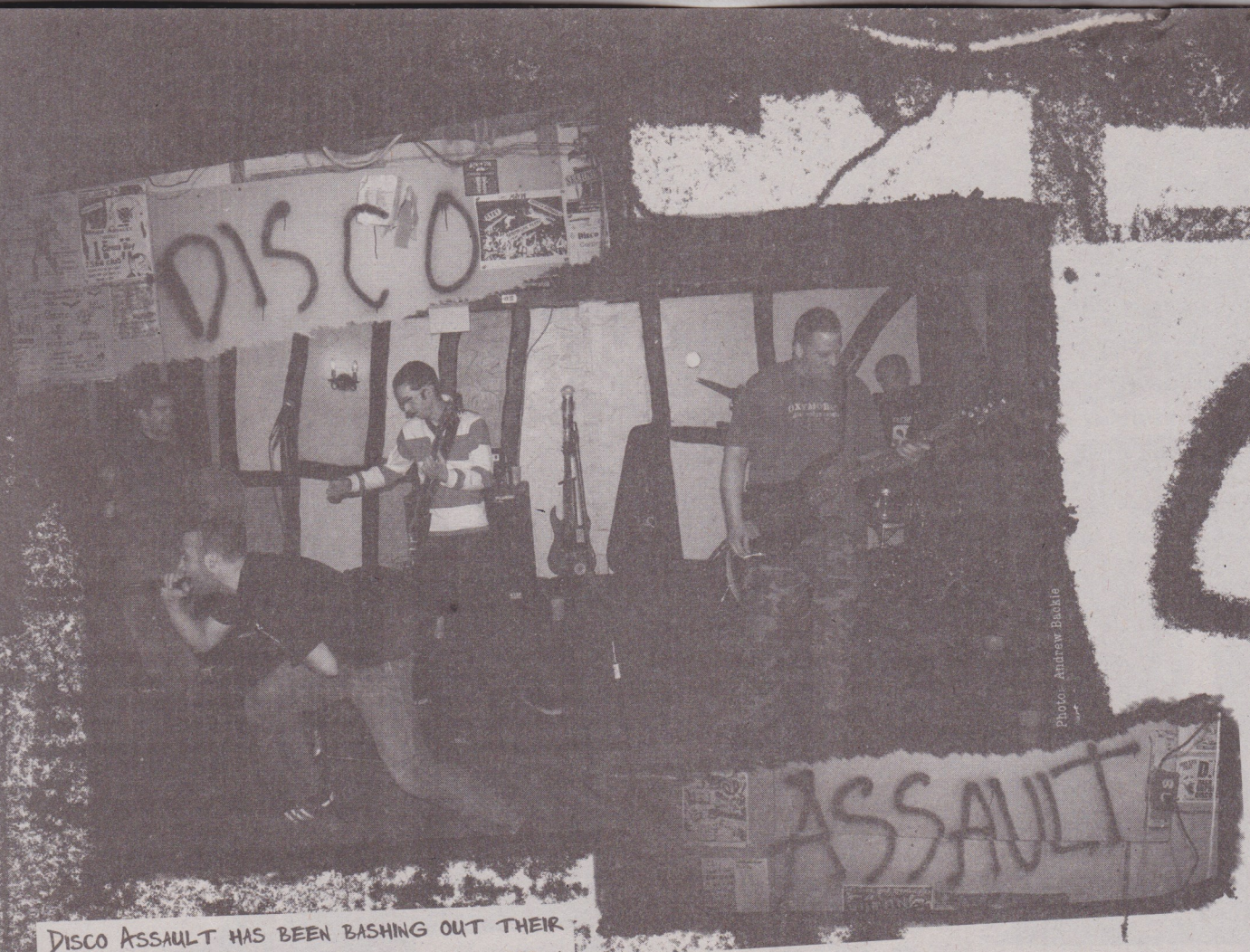

Photo: Andrew Backle

DISCO ASSAULT HAS BEEN BASHING OUT THEIR BRAND OF EARLY-80S MIDWEST HARDCORE FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. THE BAND HAS FINALLY RESOLVED THEIR ROTATING DRUMMER ISSUES...ACTUALLY THEY HAVE DUCT TAPED HIM TO HIS DRUM STOOL AND HE AIN'T GOING ANYWHERE. WITH A STEADY DRUMMER ON THE THRONE DISCO ASSAULT HAS BECOME A POWERFUL LIVE ACT. THE BAND HAS RECENTLY RELEASED A FIVE-SONG 7" SATURDAY NIGHT BLEEDER ON SCHIZOPHRENIC RECORDS. GRAB YOURSELF A BEER AS WE CHAT WITH DISCO ASSAULT.

INTERVIEW BY TIMMY FUCK

MRR: So before we start can you introduce yourselves and tell us how the band came together?

Paul: Paul "the mangler," vocals.

Matt: Matty boy, buckets

Ritalin Kid: Matt "Ritalin Kid," guitar and backup vocals. We started back in late 2005. We all have been heavily involved in music and we were sick of what was coming out of the city. So we stopped sitting around and complaining and did something about it.

Jay: Bass, backing vocals. Paul and Matt (Ritalin kid) had already been jamming with the purpose of forming something permanent. Not being able to find a reliable bassist and drummer, they had asked me and Chris (our original drummer) to join. We wrote five or six decent songs pretty quickly and after loads of debate decided on a band name and began playing live and recording.

MRR: There seems to have been a steady rotation of drummers. What the hell are you doing to them?

Jay: It may appear that way considering Matt Fink is our third drummer. John was transient; we knew there wasn't a long-term objective. Though, we were fortunate enough to play quite a few gigs and record with him. His versatility and talent truly inspired the three of us—we were then in a position to rise to his level and thrash harder. Matt was our best option for a permanent replacement, and he was a friend anyhow.

Paul: Drummers in the surrounding area that want to play in a band that fashions its sound from the birth era of hardcore are, well, few and far between. When I say surrounding area, even though we are geographically ten minutes from the shadows of what's left of the Motor City, due to the creation of "Homeland Security" and in light of the Bush administration, we might as well be living in the shadows of the Berlin Wall. Trying to get a drummer from the greater metro Detroit area would not be very practical. The existing drummers in our city who could play for us choose to involve themselves with a surge of bands that are playing new emo/hardcore metal. I think that would be the type of music they're playing, I'm not sure. One thing I am sure of is that there are way too many of them.

Ritalin Kid: The first drummer wasn't working out anymore, the second wasn't happy with his home situation and relocated to Montreal. Matt's a great drummer and fits our style, so things worked out well.

Matt: They couldn't handle this shit...

MRR: Can you tell us about the name Disco Assault? Is that or *Saturday Night Bleeder* rooted in any stories?

Paul: Coming up with a name for the band that everybody agreed on was almost next to impossible, or at least that's how my memory perceives it. What are you going to do? Everything is a run-off of a band that once was,

a band that still is, a song by some band, a title from an album by that band...Who fucking cares? Only thing we could agree on is that we didn't want it to sound like an emo/screamo band name. There is no great story of our band name. As far as the title of our 7", it's pretty much self-explanatory.

Ritalin Kid: It's a bit of a British rooted term, and very anti-disco or anti-rave music....

Jay: We were googled by customs once, they seemed perplexed by the band name, but then appeared as if they won an intelligence battle when they matched our faces in the office with our faces on the page. As far as the title of the 45 goes, it's really just a play on words. It almost rhymes with *Saturday Night Fever* and was released a few weeks before the death of John Travolta's son. Not that it's funny, just cosmically coincidental considering they're into Scientology and all.

MRR: So how were you all introduced to this wonderful world of HC punk?

Ritalin Kid: I grew up on metal and skate punk. I'm really just into good music in general—or so I think... And when it comes down to it hardcore is what keeps me going. It's fast, short, and aggressive. It has lots of energy. I like seeing bands that play 15 songs in 30 minutes. In most cases, any longer than that you get bored. Hardcore is where it's at for me. I guess if I could play guitar better we would be a thrash metal band...

Jay: Haha Matt. I guess if I could play better I would write those disturbing end-of-the -world type symphonies that Nomeansno does so well. I think unreality introduced me to punk reality. It was exhilarating to discover something different or larger than the small farming town I grew up in. I first bought *Feeding of the 5000* by Crass and *Time Flies* by Subhumans 'cos I thought the record sleeves looked neat. I was swallowed whole by the music, lyrics, artwork, and the overall spirit of DIY possibilities, I made a fairly quick transition. Crass ignited my thinking—they ruined my religion, my schooling and my prospects for employment. The Subhumans impacted me internally, personally, and made me feel less alone.

Paul: I have listened to, and still do, many different genres of music—punk always being the most prevalent. I have an older sister who had several punk friends when she was younger, and myself much younger. I guess there is just something primal in me that has always driven me towards that subculture. I have a natural disdain for normal, run of the mill people, music, ideas, and morals. Punk, Oi!, and hardcore to me are just like a natural pressure valve for my frustration and aggression towards what I perceive to be injustice and a mundane society.

Matt: Dude, honestly... Skateboarding and the cold beers that come along with it opened so many other doors for me.

MRR: Can you tell us about life in Windsor and the source of all that pent up aggression?

Ritalin Kid: Windsor is the asshole of Canada. It's as far south as you can get and borders Detroit. It is the automotive capital of Canada, so that right there will tell you what things are like here right now. I guess it's cliché to say your town sucks, most people do. It does in a sense but we make the best of what we have and a lot of our aggression comes out in our music. It keeps us sane.

Paul: Windsor is a working/poverty line class city. It's frozen concrete in the winter and sweltering humid grimy air in the summer. It's a colorful bouquet of working class people, alcoholics, drug addicts, Bible thumpers, racist trash, un-employed, criminals, thugs, and shut-ins, available in all ethnicities, shape, sizes, and flavors. A lovely fucking place to raise a family, or a band.

Jay: It's like living in any city of 200 or so thousand people right now. There's loads of unemployment, bankruptcy, foreclosures, cancer, and recent increases in crime, depression, and suicide to properly reflect the current crisis. Lots of people are pissed off and desperate. It's funny to check out all the double think in the local news these days—one report will focus on recession, the next will encourage consumers to spend in an effort to kick start the economy, the one after will encourage people to tighten their wallets, then it's a blister about the wars. It's all fear based and it generates panic. At this rate, the only viable employment to pursue will be government jobs: education, healthcare, police, military, that sort of thing. Skilled wages may very much be a thing of the past. It's an employers market to a degree—there's less opportunity to negotiate wages when this region is saturated with so much unemployment. Those bastards in Ottawa (in league with banks) aren't interested in improving the quality of life. It's one massive racket bound by too much unchartered law. What's happening is proof positive that people can't rely on leaders to protect the necessities of modest living? Any destiny to achieve can only come through your own choice of action 'cos politicians aren't going to give it to you.

Matt: Windsor sucks man, what can I say. We do the best we can with what we have. I mean I'm quite a bit younger then the rest of the guys, but it seems like I caught the tail end of what was the Windsor "scene." But we keep on keeping on hahahahaha.

MRR: Are there many bands or a scene in Windsor?

Paul: There is a scene, just not the kind we are into. There are a few other good local punk and metal bands, but not a lot of people to support them.

Twelve years ago it seemed like it was much better, with some great acts and several venues that hosted all ages shows. Then 9/11 happened. I'm just joking, 9/11 had fucking nothing to do with anything. It just sort of withered away to nothing.

Jay: Actually, I think 9/11 had a lot to do with it...

Ritalin Kid: If you read the papers it's always the same bands getting hyped, indie and new metal/ screamo types which they sometimes term as "hardcore." That pisses me off more than anything. A lot of people here don't know what to think of us. There haven't really been too many bands here that play our style. We do what we do and enjoy it! As for bands in Windsor; STCT, Gnar Sesh, Vermin, Suburban Decay...just to name a few. It's hard with a border splitting us between Detroit.

Customs and immigration are a pain these days and a lot of people can't cross either way, which makes it harder for a cross border scene.

Matt: All depends on what your into man. As far as hardcore punk shit, we are the scene, give or take a few bands.

Photo: Tim Marcus

Matt: For me, and any band I've been in, it's all about the good times, brah.

MRR: How would you describe your sound to a punk who has never heard the band? Who do you site as influences on your sound?

Paul: I think whatever you hear is pretty much it. Early USHC is pretty much the staple of our influences—probably would also say American Oi!.

Ritalin Kid: Where do I start? Specifically it would have to be any early US hardcore from the Midwest, Boston, even California. Detroit was a mecca in the early '80s...*This Is Boston Not LA* comp, and bands from the western US. But I tend to surprise people on what I will bust out at a party or tell someone I listen to. Certain bands stand out; it's more about a band than the "genre."

Jay: Lots of people have made reference to the style of hardcore they perceive us to play, I don't always feel it. It leaves an impression of nostalgia, like we aren't inspired enough to represent our own ideas and music as a band. It occurred naturally really. When we first came together we definitely weren't trying to corner any particular style. We did have an idea of appeal, or what/who we didn't want to appeal to and how Paul wanted to present himself (and us) lyrically. I think the goal was to give back to a sound we appreciate and have some fun while doing it our own way. Thus far, the result has been Disco Assault.

Matt: I'm sure there are a bunch of bands to compare us too. We play what feels right to us and that's it. I can't even begin to list the shit that's influenced me over the years.

MRR: Was there any specific idea behind Disco Assault as a band... goals etc.

Ritalin Kid: At first, not really. Personally, I want to accomplish as much as we can. I grew up in Detroit and the scene was always localized and I always thought the bands were great and should broaden their range. Eventually, friends started bands that did that and they were traveling all over the place. I want to play shows, make music and records, and travel as much as we can. We're just looking for a good time. And for me, doing those things are exactly that.

Paul: We just wanted to play a certain style of older music that not many people in our local area catered to. We don't want to be progressive. We do not claim to be doing anything new or original. We just want to play for people who wouldn't mind once in a while going to see an older style hardcore band play. Not trying to win over anybody who isn't into it.

Jay: Our intentions were to write original songs and play gigs. It was more like, "Let's jam and see what comes from it." Goals? I like traveling, playing live, watching bands, and meeting people. But lots of times I prefer the process of practicing, writing new songs, and recording. That's what is probably the most fun for me.

MRR: What does Disco Assault write about? What influences your lyrics?

Paul: My lyrics are influenced by my surroundings, immediate and relative. My personal bias is definitely public domain for anybody who would care enough to read the lyrics. I dislike religion, administration, abuse of freedoms, abuse of rights, injustice, and prejudice. I also enjoy long walks on the beach and I am great with children. But seriously, if it pisses me off then I probably wrote a song about it.

Photo: Rob Hooligan

MRR: I love the line "Punch into work, punch out the boss."

Jay: Yeah, I like the other line, 'Rob you of your dignity, take away your pride, pay you shit for wages then throw you to the side, the working man struggles, the company thrives, they drive around in limousines while you work to survive."

MRR: Has the band had the chance to play out of town often?

Ritalin Kid: Not as much as we would like, yet. We've had a couple of setbacks but keep pushing forward. Now that we have had a good recording session and a 7" on Schizophrenic I feel as though more people will hear us, and it will be a bit easier to get out. But I definitely would like to play out of town a lot more...

Jay: We've played as far northeast as Sherbrooke, Quebec and as far south as Rutland, Ohio—got to be a good 800 kilometers between the two cities. I would consider that out of town.

Matt: Since I started playing with these dudes we've also played a few Detroit shows, ripped up Now That's Class in Cleveland, and a bunch of small town Ontario shows, and I'm sure there will be a shit load more to come.

MRR: Okay, if somebody asked you about the best story ever, your one all-time favorite memory of the band thus far, what would it be?

Ritalin Kid: Our buddy throwing a cinder block at the monitor at a show here in Windsor. It's the only time I've seen the bartender get pissed at someone at one of our gigs. Here a show is filled with broken bottles and craziness and he never seems to care.

Paul: We played Skatopia a couple years ago and it was fucking nuts—a crazy pit in a barn that felt physically unstable, with roman candles whizzing by our heads every couple of seconds. We don't really have the opportunity to get out as much as we would like.

Jay: Thus far, my favorite memory would be the gigs we've played at the fortress in Ypsilanti: one in the basement with Invader, the other in the garage with the State. Awesome atmosphere and diverse crowds, despite the noise citations from the police.

Matt: Uhh, anytime on the road is filled with pretty much ridiculous antics and cheesy jokes. I honestly can't really think of any specific stories...fuck, I gotta stop smoking reefer.

MRR: Any future goals for the band?

Paul: We would like to get out of town a bit more, and possibly put out some more recordings.

Ritalin Kid: Put out more records. Play lots of shows. Tour? Go to Europe? I guess do as much as we can.

Jay: I'd like to continue writing and recording. Overseas would be really rad. I'm still trying to convince Eddie Francis (the mayor of Windsor) to come check out one of our locals gigs, but he's not returned any of my phone calls. He can be reached at (519) 255-6315.

Matt: I'm along for the ride, dude, so far shit's been pretty rad. I love jamming with these fuckers and we're gonna take it as far as we can go.

You can contact the band at www.discoassault.net and check them out when they come and crush your town. Their brand new five-song 7" Saturday Night Bleeder is available from Schizophrenic Records, or through distributors such as Ebullition, Revelation, No Idea, and Revolver.

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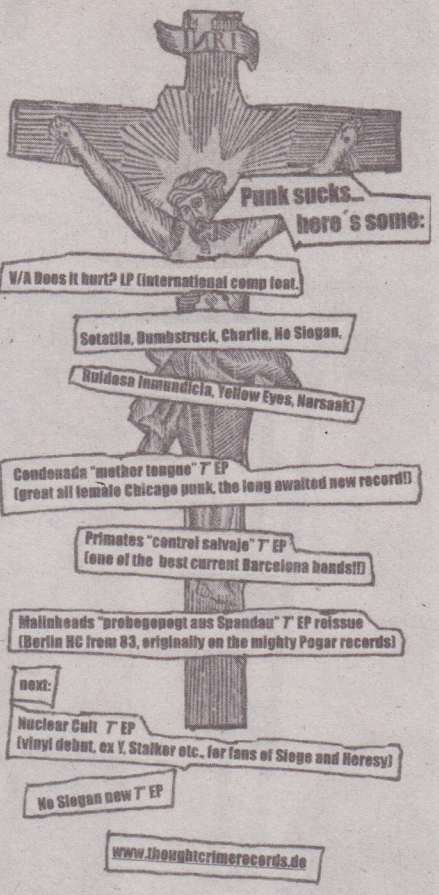

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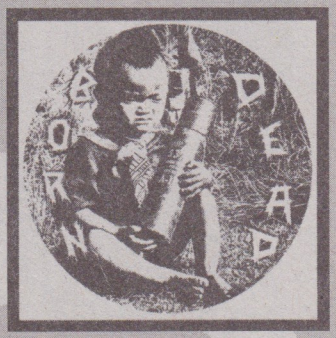

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RATOS DE PORÃO

1983 represented a strong change in the foundations of brazilian punk. The first generation with their bands, fanzines and committed people had to manage more and more with the street reality, and also with their own lives. Few gigs, few rehearsals, gang violence, death, police repression and other factors made it extremely difficult in the punk scene at that time. Around this very bad atmosphere, a bunch of poor teenagers from the east and northside of São Paulo city (aged between fifteen and eighteen) had the chance to gather a full length album with all the fury, hate, urgency and wildness from a whole generation.

25 years ago, Crucificados Pelo Sistema by Ratos de Porão came out. The first hardcore album from South America. A memorable masterpiece in Brazil. The first time that a Brazilian band could put out on vinyl themes like death, war, militarism, nuclear eminence, the international monetary foundation, the poor areas in São Paulo, the church, pollution, and others, under the last breaths of the military regime in Brazil. The singer, Joao Gordo, talks in this interview about this intense period, the rehearsal practices, gigs, tours, the scene in São Paulo and what this album means today.

25 Years of Crucifados Pelo Sistema - Text by George Ferreira / Photos by Priscila Farias

MRR: *Crucificados* was recorded a few months after you joined the band. How was this period? I imagine that it must had be a clash of influences.

Certainly. When I joined Ratos de Porão they were US hardcore punk wannabe kids. They played a lot and very well. They were very ahead compared to the other Brazilian bands. I was a big fan of them. The first time I listened them was through that split cassette tape with Colera in 1982. Then I met them in the *SUB* compilation recording sessions, 'cos I was a close friend of Redson from Colera. They were very into a lot of bands like Teen Idles, Neos, Minor Threat, and I came out with a lot of Scandinavian influence–the Finnish and Swedish bands like Kaaos, Terveet Kadet, Shitlickers, Anti Cimex, and all that stuff. And we were all manic fans of early punk rock since the '70s, and also very into the noisiest bands from that era like Chaos UK and Disorder. But behind all these influences was the main one: Discharge, of course.

MRR: And the new material came out quickly?

Some songs were done before I joined the band, songs like "FMI," "Caos," "Guerra Desumana," "Poluição Atômica," "Corrupção," "Periferia," "Sistema de Protesto," etc. I just joined in and put the vocals on it. After I joined the band, I did "Crucificados Pelo Sistema," "Morrer," "Periferia," "Nao me Importo" (along with Clemente of Inocentes when we were inside an electric bus), "Obrigado a Obedecer," "Pobreza," and "Asas da Vingança" (this title I took from an old story from Thor of Marvel Comics). When an idea came out, I also showed the guitar sound to our guitarist Mingau. I imitated the guitar sound through my mouth and then a new sound came out.

MRR: How were the early rehearsals in that time? 'Cos there were no professional studios for practicing in Brazil around 1983.

So our first practices were at our drummer Jao's house. Then we moved

to other places, we changed a lot. I remember we shared rehearsals rooms with bands like M-19, Inocentes and Psykoze too. These were crazy rehearsals, all instruments turned on in an only 60's big amplifier.

MRR: And Psykoze had some common punk hardcore style with you guys.
They were our buddies. We hung out a lot together. Around late 1983 we did, along with them, the famous gig in Salvador, Bahia (north side of Brazil, 36 hours away by bus), and everything went wrong. The audience almost destroyed the stage and the local booker didn't pay us. We stayed like three weeks walking like zombies around Salvador, with no money, no food, just eating shit on garbage. At the end we finally went back to São Paulo (southeast side of Brazil). Another famous one was the first punk gig at Napalm Club (the main punk and new wave venue in SP at that time). The show ended 'cos some guys started a big riot and the venue closed the doors to the SP punks.

MRR: And how was the network with worldwide punk?
Personally, we didn't keep it too seriously. We were tough kids without money, and sleazy too. So sometimes some pen pals sent us records and we didn't reply. So we got the records and sold them to buy pot, alcohol, food. I just remember sending *Crucificados* album for like two or three foreign guys.

MRR: But Punk Rock Discos Record Shop (run by Fabio, singer of Olho Seco) was the place that connected Brazilian punks to the worldwide network, right?
Definitely. Fabio used to release some tape compilations like *Swedish Hardcore*, *Finland Hardcore*, *Italian Hardcore*, and that's how we all got into these bands. Those compilations used had a lot of rare material. A few people here had the chance to grab the original vinyl pressings. It was out of our reality, we were poor kids. At that time, a full length LP means to us our whole monthly salary.

MRR: And then Fabio got the idea about releasing you guys.
The first idea was to put out a 7" EP like Inocentes *Miseria e Fome*, Olho Seco *Botas, Fuzis e Capacetes*, and Lixomania *Violencia e Sobrevivencia* singles. The EP would be called *Este Mundo é um Caos*, which means "this world is chaos." But Fabio realized that the pressing costs for a 7" EP and an LP were almost the same. Considering that we had a long set list, we choose the LP format for sure. And that's when we moved to the title, *Crucificados Pelo Sistema*.

MRR: It's funny to imagine that Ratos de Porão recorded the album at the Vice Versa, which was a bossa nova studio from the '60s.
Yeah! But when we got there we had no sketches or plans for recording it. The thing was totally spontaneous–no plans, nothing. Jao dropped out from his father's motorcycle repairing shop at the suburbs, got the bus and slept. We were waiting him at Punk Rock Discos record shop along with Fabio. We waited and waited so long and then we lost a lot of studio recording time. Finally he arrived and we recorded almost everything on a live session. We just added the vocals and guitar solos later. The record was recorded and mixed in six hours!

MRR: And that guitar sound came from an old big muff pedal, which gave the chainsaw noise in the whole album.
The big muff came from Miguel Barella, which was the guitarist of the post-punk bands Voluntarios da Patria and Agentss, and became our own style. The studio producer also did a lot of mistakes, because he had no experience about recording such fast hardcore punk act like us. So when you listened the album there is a lot drums mistakes that were a lack of microphones at the right places.

MRR: You recorded it with your own poor equipment.
Some new wave friends from that time promised to lend us some imported guitars and bass guitars, but they disappeared. Then we recorded with our own shit and Lixomania gave us a bass guitar for help.

MRR: *Crucificados Pelo Sistema* also represented a new generation of punk hardcore bands in São Paulo, mostly influenced by Finnish, Swedish, and English hardcore. Bands like Ruidos Absurdos, Lobotomia, SP Caos, Armagedom.
Right. But talking about these bands, Lobotomia was the best so far. And they were musically connected with what we would do later on, all those metal punk influence from bands like Onslaught, later Discharge, English Dogs, Anti Sect, etc.

MRR: And when the record came out, what was the impact?
Almost none. We also did no record release gigs, there was little feedback because the punk scene in São Paulo was all around the gang violence, everything was empty and with no right direction. It took some years for the record to be really recognized. Definitely we didn't have the idea that we made a worldwide hardcore classic album. But in the last three decades, *Crucificados* songs were mandatory in our live set list for sure.

MRR: There were many pressings of the album in Brazil.
Originally the LP came out on blue and red sleeves through Punk Rock Discos. The front cover was made by Marcos of Ruidos Absurdos. Then Fabio started New Face Records and a grey sleeve pressing came out. Devil Discos also did a silver and white sleeve version on vinyl and a blue sleeve CD version too. Besides that, some foreign pressings came out like the CD version on Speedstate Records from Japan.

How about the 25 year celebration LP reissue of *Crucificados Pelo Sistema*?
This special reissue edition is out now through Munster Records/Beat Generation from Spain. They are a huge record label and always release our stuff there and worldwide too. We did a a lot of research in our photo archives and there is gonna be a lot of unreleased shots. I also prepared a cool text talking about the whole recording day. Besides that, we also put out our official documentary called *Guidable*, produced by Ratos de Porão and Black Vomit Filmes, and it has a large research at our own archives and tons of stories told by us and old band members. It should be available on DVD very soon. Check it out–it's definitely cool!

explode into colors

I swear, Explode Into Colors sounds like an army of girl warriors on horses cresting a hill and coming to fuck yr shit up, or maybe at the same time it's like floating in a pool of glitter. Stealing from echoey effectedness of dub, the sparseness of ESG and the pure swooping dance adrenaline of Os Mutantes they birth out something completely different. Anyways...

Interview conducted by Marissa Magic/Photos Christian Reed/Concert Co-Op

MRR: OK, first of all a gazillion part question—who are you, what do you play, how/why did you start, when did you start?
Heather Treadway: Floor tom, rack tom on stand, percussion, keys, melodica, vocals (I call everything the "trambonie" to keep it simple.) I started over a year ago, can't remember when. They asked me to join after they'd been playing together a little bit and realized they needed a slave to play the extra parts. No, but really they realized they needed a third person to fill out the sound and add maybe a more polyrhythmic element. Plus, Claudia can't play guitar and keyboard at the same time! I did it to get to play fun and spooky dance music with friends. I was at a time in my life when I was ready to take on another creative project and was hungry to explore making my own music. I'd never been in a band before, just collaborated here and there with people.
Claudia Meza: I play the baritone and sing. I also make the samples, hopefully that will change soon. (I want to make Lisa a trigger and loop station for her drums.) Lisa and I have been playing forever. I had known of Heather and always wanted to be friends, this band was the perfect excuse. Most of the band's sound is actually Heather playing five thousand things at once while Lisa and I drink Mai Tais, and admire her dexterity.
Lisa Schonberg: Before EIC I was living in Olympia playing drums in Kickball and working at a Sicilian restaurant called Trinacria. I went to grad school at Evergreen and studied ants in the tropics. Claudia and I have played music together for about eight years now, on and off with different groups of people, and once had a band called Thunder!Thunder!Thunder! I have also spent time doing entomological field work in Hawaii, Washington, Costa Rica and NYC, and worked for the Xerces Society for Invertebrate Conservation in Portland.

MRR: "Trambonie"?
Claudia: When Heather first started playing with us she didn't know the names to all her instruments, to save her grief, we came up with the word trambonie. There is little trambonie, big trambonie, keyboardy trambonie and jingle jangles, which encompass all her bells...

MRR: What was everyone doing before this? Do you do other stuff outside the band?
Heather: I am a fashion designer in Portland. I have my own line called Heather Treadway. It used to be called Paperdoll Fashion. I also dance with Janet Pants and work at a coffee shop near my house.
Claudia: I was playing drums in Hornet Leg, doing freelance design work and working for the Portland Water Bureau labs monitoring the city's drinking water.
Lisa: I play double C

drums with rad drummer friends like Lindsay Schief, Neal Morgan, STS and Danny Sasaki, and also have a project that is largely improv with Jonathan Sielaff on bass clarinet. I teach private drum lessons and I teach at Rock and Roll Camp For Girls. And I study insects. I do freestyle entomology.

MRR: I know that you're from Portland now, but I also know that you all met in Olympia, for me having lived in Olympia and having been part of the Olympia punk community has had an influence on me as far as me being a girl in a band, how I approach music communities and playing shows, DIY, blah blah blah. Would you say you're influenced by Olympia? How?

Heather: Definitely Olympia has influenced me. I think I wouldn't have such an open mind to what music and dance is if it hadn't been for the freaky ass shit I saw at house shows. Olympia taught me how to be free and also how to organize people and create events. You see the same faces every day there, so it's easy to make stuff happen.

Claudia: Before I lived in Olympia, I lived in LA and I think both punk scenes shaped me immensely. LA made me picky because I had more opportunities to see and experience the kind of shows only a larger city can host. But Olympia made me strangely pickier because you have to make your own fun, since events aren't really handed to you. So knowing you can throw an awesome party with your ten friends makes you think twice about playing some dumb show at some dumb venue that may be huge but doesn't mean anything to you. As for being a girl in a band, I've never had to think twice about it since both rad scenes afforded me that ignorance.

Lisa: Yes, Olympia is where I really I feel like I totally incubated, became more confident with drumming, and also became super sure that I could make whatever musical project I had in my mind happen, because there was an awesome tight community of people there to support each other's projects. And that this community thrived without having stable venues like we have in PDX, is so fucking rad. House shows are so killer in Olympia, they are the core of the music scene there, and its so great that they've been happening in a few of the same houses for like a decade or more now. I put on house shows in Olympia a bunch and was so inspired by those times.

MRR: Is Portland an influence?

Heather: Yes, in that it is bigger but still very cool. There are a lot of people that want to make interesting and fun art/happenings and the vibe is still pretty unpretentious. Great bands are from Portland—White Rainbow, AS/SS, Purple Rhinestone Eagle, Evolutionary Jass Band—so many good bands. It's inspiring and also helps create this strong sense of community within the music scene. Seeing each other at shows and whatnot.

Claudia: For sure, it's our immediate environment and it can't help but influence. We have such amazing friends that are doing such great and interesting things. I feel lucky to live in Portland at this moment and time.

Lisa: Of course PDX is an influence. It's basically Olympia minus the incredibly awesome but irritating small town reality that there is absolutely no anonymity there, so it was sometimes hard for me to focus. I get more done here. I've also felt really renewed here by the fact that there's tons of people my age and older doing the raddest inspiring things. In addition, PDX has so many incredible resources that are unmatched in Olympia—I have met so many amazing women through working at Rock Camp, for instance, and am super inspired by the camper girls there who basically just pick up an instrument and write songs together right away, having never done it before. That's the most punk you can get. They have no preconceptions about what a song should sound like. I'm really inspired by them. And basically, I am in love with this city, so many things about it are an influence to me. Forest Park. Friend's art openings. The bikes. The bridges.

MRR: Speaking of girls rock camp, I just participated in it here (Bay Area), I wasn't even there all week (I just did a zine workshop) but still not only was it exciting to work with the girls and have my band play for them, it was equally rad to meet so many awesome ladies, and the fact that that environment exists, not only for the kids but for us, is so exciting and important to me. How did you get involved in Rock Camp?

Lisa: One of the main reasons I was drawn to move to Portland from Oly was to teach at Rock Camp. I have been teaching drums for a long time, and working at rock camp basically reassures me that I have a purpose on this planet. I'd heard about it through friends that had volunteered in the past. I have been teaching drums and

photo on this page Meagan Holmes
All others Christian Reed/Concert Co-op

band coaching at Girls Rock Institute (GRI) for over a year now—GRI is Rock Camp's after school program that runs throughout the school year. I've also taught drums at Ladies Rock Camp, which is for women 18+, and this summer I'm teaching drums at summer camp for the first time. It's basically the raddest thing in the whole entire universe. The campers, and the other teachers and staff at Rock Camp are some of the most creative and fun people I have ever worked with.

MRR: What are some other influences including bands but also beyond bands?

Heather: Fela Kuti, dancers of all sorts, my drum teacher at Evergreen named Tyler, um...everything. The world.

Claudia: What hasn't influenced me? John Cage, Merce Cunningham and early hip-hop, no-wave, basically New York in 1977. The Tom Tom Club, Pedro Infante, Tsai Ming-Liang, Cy Twombly, The Boredoms, Charles Ives, Sir Victor Uwaifo, Music Concrete, minimalism, dub, Tropicalia, the list is endless…and of course each other.

Lisa: I'm super influenced by my friends whose music floors me. LAKE. Natalja Kent. AS/SS. Panther. TJO. Old Time Relijun. I could go on forever. I was really influenced by a professor, Dick Andrus, at SUNY-Binghamton, where I went to school. Took my first environmental studies class with him when I was nineteen, and he basically opened my eyes to politics, to how things really are. I feel like I've been so much more confident in my path since then, as far as doing what I am drawn to and what feels right. Eugenio Alliotta also has been a big influence on me. I worked with him in his restaurant Trinacria in Olympia for years, and he's done pretty incredible things and is a huge inspiration to me.

MRR: It seems like you have a pretty specific aesthetic, like what your shirts look like, what your tapes look like, the fact that copies of your demo are mainly cassettes...is there kind of one person in charge of that? How much thought is put into that?

Heather: I'm gonna say Claudia usually has the final say on most of our aesthetic decisions relating to merchandise, web presence and album art. Of course we all agree on whatever gets put out there. I'm pretty relaxed about how we appear to people, but I think for Claudia this band is just as much an art project with a visual message as it is a musical project. She keeps us focused on that message which is great for continuity. The pyramids on the tapes are based off of a silkscreen image I used to print on my fabrics. That screen was designed by Sarah Utter. I don't know whose idea the gold spray paint was for that...The t-shirt design was an idea Claudia had based on take-out thank you bags. Lisa makes beautiful art for the band: Posters, thank you cards, web and merch design and layout etc. We all contribute to our aesthetic obviously.

MRR: Claudia has mentioned to me before that a lot of the time she makes up lyrics onstage, how important are the lyrics? Is it more about the phonetics?

Heather: Lyrics?! I didn't know we had lyrics!!! Awesome!

Claudia: I write the bulk of the lyrics. I take care in writing them for our recordings but they definitely get shaped through our live performances. The phonetics or the rhythm of the words are one of my main inspirations; it's very much beats first. I usually have a basic idea of what the songs will be about but sometimes I talk to Heather about a subject that I'm thinking about and she freestyles words and themes. I grab ideas from our conversations and shape them. I've written lyrics for at least two songs this way. Heather is a very good freestyler.

MRR: So you ladies have pretty complex songs, with lots of multi rhythmic drumming coming from multiple people, chants and yelps, so on and so forth, what's the songwriting process like?

Heather: So much fun, usually. It's always a little different, but seems to just flow naturally from all three of us. We have good musical chemistry I guess. Lisa and I are kind of hippies, so we are very accustomed to drum jamming together, sometimes songs start with our rhythms, sometimes it's just one of us who comes up with a hook, a melody, or a beat and everyone adds to it, sometimes one of us has a broader idea of how they see the song unfolding and they share their idea with everyone and we play the parts they had in their head. It all depends. But now that we've been playing together for over a year, we have a stronger sense as to how the band should sound and it's easier for everyone to get on the same page.

Claudia: My favorite part of being in this band is coming up with new songs with Hey Trey and Liss. A lot of songs are written beats and vocals first. Sometimes they are based on a keyboard part, or bass line. There are some songs that are based on just vocal loops or textures and noises from our pedals.

Lisa: It differs song to song. We've always got our tape recorder on hand just in case someone happens to write a melody or beat that we want to use. Sometimes a song will start with a beat, or a melodic hook on the keys, or a bass line. Then we jam on it, from there, Claudia is really good at arranging so she'll suggest an arrangement for the parts we wrote, and we'll solidify the structure of the song. And then there's always small changes that happen for weeks and months on.

MRR: How much improvisation is involved? Is there any at all?

Heather: Nope, it's all choreographed like *The Nutcracker*. That's how we sound so tight.

Claudia: In our performances, not that much. Improvisation is how we write most of our songs though. We are trying to open it up in our live shows though. We do have some interludes in our set, or songs that we designate as our "jam" song but for the most part, we are really composed. I think you need to be with two drummers. That can easily become a hippie train wreck!

Lisa: Our Under The Sea cover is largely improvisational.

MRR: It seems like there are more and more bands with drums as the main instrument (EIC, Awesomes, IUD, Braidstorm, Foot Village) Is that totally EIC trademark? Would you say you even fit into that category?

Heather: I think people just realized all at the same time that drum/rhythm based music just sounds better than wanky guitar solo boringness.

Claudia: Yes, I agree with Heather. Wanky Guitar = zzzz. And also, EIC trademark to the max. I would like to take this opportunity to take credit for all drum based bands and sounds. The Boredoms, every high school drum line, ESG, The Liars, All of electronic music and Slipknot. IT WAS ALL US.

MRR: I never thought about that, but it's totally true. Lots of drums do totally kill the whole wanky guitar solo thing! Whenever I see a band that plays dumb solos I feel like I'm either watching Dave Matthews Band or watching some dude masturbate on stage. With more rhythmic music it feels like everyone is participating, instead of just watching someone be like "check out my diiiiiickkkkk."

Claudia: Yes, we agree. However, there is nothing wrong with a tasteful, melodic guitar solo though, or guitar based music. Nothing. I freaking love the Fucking Champs and Black Sabbath.

MRR: Did you set out to be a mainly drum band? How did you end up with your set up/how intentional is it?

Heather: I think we always knew it was going to be like this.

Claudia: Well, we are all drummers. Lisa and I have been playing music for a long time but when we became more focused on this project, I was mainly interested in playing drums so I think a lot of our initial jams were all beats and effected vocals. This had a large part in shaping our sound, well that and Heather's aforementioned skillz and dexterity.

Lisa: Yeah I guess we are in that category but I don't think you can assess that much about a band's sound just based on the instrumentation, the Grateful Dead, had two drummers. Tortoise has two drummers. I do see that it's a more common thing these days

though. Probably because it's so fun to do. In PDX there are a bunch of bands with multiple drummers, but that might just be because this town is full of so many great drummers that want to play together. I have this daydream of composing a piece for all these drummers who blow my mind who live here.

MRR: I guess when I say "mainly drum band" I mean it as the main instrument, not necessarily just bands with multiply drummers (I mean, I would never plunk you down in the same category as The Grateful Dead). Also, with the effected vocals, it makes everything like rhythm and noise, which is what I was more referring to. I find drums to be way more cathartic, whether it's playing them, screaming along to them or dancing, to go back to the last thing again, it turns shows into a group thing more than simply watching a band, like people can dance or clap along easier or steal a cowbell and play along (maybe don't steal a cowbell.) Would you say one of your objectives is trying to fuck with that band/audience barrier?

Claudia: I don't think we purposefully orchestrated our sound to fuck with a band/audience barrier. Our main objective when coming up with songs is that we all like them and have a good time doing it. I think that comes across when we play live and that energy translates to whoever is watching; we are having a good time. Drums are also innately community building instruments. There's some prehistoric shit going on. We can't s'plain it. Also, if you are pissed it's easy to express that playing drums. That happens a lot when we are cooped up in a van for eight hours and then play a show. We play the fuck out of them drums. We kind of forget about the audience.

MRR: Portland seems to have a big queer community, what are your connections to that?

Heather: I don't believe the queer community is separate from the general community. Definitely there are tons of queer shindigs and lots of queer people here in Portland, but if straights hang out at those parties, they're allowed to have as much punch and onion dip as everyone else if you know what I mean. Everyone mingles and jingles. Portland and Olympia are so open and left that it's almost like the whole West Coast feels gay to me. So I guess no, I don't feel a connection to the queer community, as I believe we're all in one big one together.

Lisa: I see myself as part of a larger DIY or punk musical/artist community and the queer community as part of that. My connection to it is largely as a political person that identifies herself as feminist.

Claudia: Well all my friends are queer, even the straight ones so it's hard to gain perspective. I guess what I'm trying to say is Portland is so gay that I can't even see my "connection" to it because it just is. And as the resident homo, I don't really do much of anything that is politically active except be gay all day, so I don't know how to answer this question really. Should I be passing out leaflets?

MRR: But the personal is political Claudia, right?

Claudia: Oh totally, and I think that's why I find it redundant to state my political points of view. I'm like, "You seeing this in action right here." But I understand that's also a privilege I have from coming from such a young, more open minded community. And it isn't perfect by all means but at least I can hold my girlfriend's hand without getting beat up. I think if I grew up in a very small, oppressive town I would be wearing my gay badge and handing out leaflets.

MRR: Do you consider yourself a queer band?

Heather: Nah, it's not about that. If anything I'd like to be a spiritual band. I want to make people cry...in a good way!

Claudia: Dang, well Lisa considers herself 20% queer, so maybe depending on how drunk Lisa may be at any given moment. I just want to say that *of course* we strongly believe in gay rights but I'm nervous about our collective music being put into a political category. I find it limiting and another way people can brush certain perspectives aside or become alienated by them. We are all inclusive, dancing is for everybody.

Lisa: We tend to avoid these descriptions and focus more on our musical and creative backgrounds, and on descriptions of our sound. But I fully realize the significance of being in an all-woman/queer band, especially the importance of the positive impression I hope we would make on young women or queers, and am ever so stoked on it. I think we've tended, though, to want to be identified purely as a band that happens to be women, or queer, rather than label ourselves as that up front.

MRR: I can see that. As of late I've been really obsessed with the idea of taking on labels as a way to fuck with the stereotypes of said labels, and also as an attempt to build communities bigger and stronger. Like when I say I'm a feminist I say it with the thought of grouping myself with some awesome people who will stand up for me and I'll stand up for them, along with at the same time fucking with the stereotype ideas of what a feminist is, I feel the same way about calling myself a punk, but it definitely gets complex when it's a band sitch and you're dealing with multiple people/perspectives.

Claudia: Yes, totally. I feel owning up a stereotype of label is a sort of reaction and I don't have much to react to in these parts. The only thing I get reactive about is not being white or upper middle class.

MRR: I know that for the most part I intentionally try to be in bands with all girls, was there any thought towards that when you were becoming a band? Was it just like "We're buddies, lets start a band?" Does feminism play a role in your band?

Heather: I admire my radical feminist friends so much. I love them and their books and their lectures. I wish I had it in me to do all that studying and participate in all those actions!! I am a weak feminist in the sense that I don't do my research and I don't talk about it. I want to just be the kind of woman I'd like every woman to be brave enough to be. Do what you love, don't be afraid to try anything, don't be immobilized by failure, know that you can do the same stuff any boy can do etc. I'm living the dream and thankful to my fore-mothers for making that possible. I would have joined EIC if Lisa and Claudia were dude-friends of mine for sure.

Claudia: I think it was sheer luck that we all ended up in my basement at the same time with similar ideas. I feel blessed for this opportunity and I can't imagine feminism not playing a role in any of my activities. That shit is just ingrained!

Lisa: This has been really my only ever all-girl band. I have been in a ton of bands and never sought out a band with only women although now that I find myself in this situation I realize its uniqueness, and

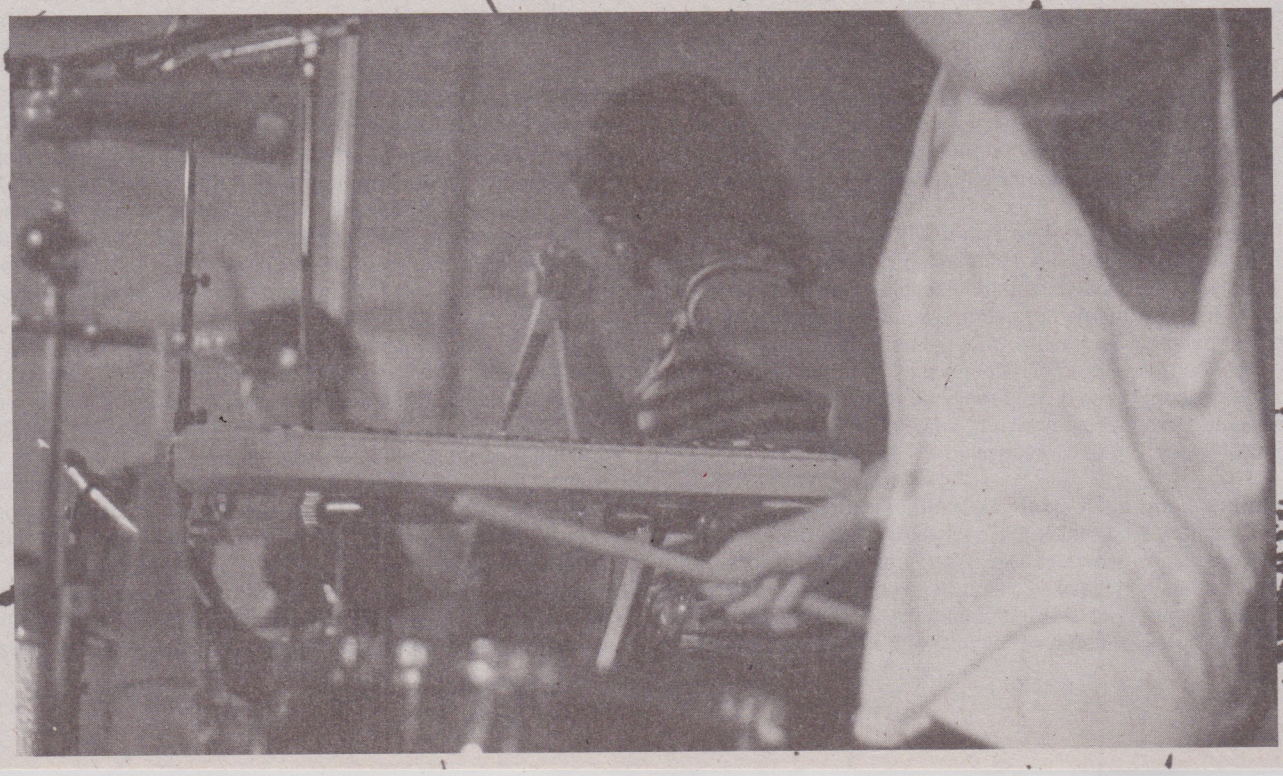
really appreciate it. We're totally BFFs and were drawn to have a band together because we were interested in each other creatively and as friends, not necessarily because we were all women.

MRR: This is a question more for Claudia, there's a pretty tight knit community of punks of color in Portland that seems to have been instigated by Osa and Adee from New Bloods (even though neither of them lives there anymore), and do you feel a part of that?
Heather: Long live the New Bloods!!
Claudia: The New Bloods gave me a home when I moved to Portland. Coming from LA, I grew up in a very diverse community and never had to think about brown punks or white punks. But once I moved to a mainly white Olympia, I did feel the difference. Osa and Adee were a huge influence on me, and I love them both very much. They would organize brown brunches where we could eat and start drinking mimosas at a much too early hour and just vent for being confused for each other at parties. Purple Rhinestone Eagle, Magic Johnson, Hornet Leg, Gloria Diaz, Sarah Sass are all bands and people I admire. And if it weren't for them I would not be as stoked for living in Portland as I am now, my ass would be back in LA for sure.

MRR: So as far as music biz vs. DIY, do you kids definitely see yourselves as like DIY or die, or do you have secret aspirations to make it big? What I've noticed over the years is it seems like mainstream and underground culture are slowly merging, like there's less "fuck the man" and more like, "Oh, I can make a living off of this?" or, "DJing Paris Hilton's birthday is totally cool! Not a joke! Not ironic!" Like the mainstream is appropriating underground culture (this is nothing new, I know) but now we're actually buying it back instead of trying to make something new, and more and more we're appropriating mainstream stuff and not fucking with it anymore. Just wear those Nikes with pride, right? Does that make sense?
Claudia: Well, I don't think I see myself as DIY or DIE or have secret aspirations to "make it big." I just want to have fun and live a great life. That is the ultimate fuck you to the man. Stop being miserable punks. Stop it. If that means having someone else book our shows because then I don't have to do that sort of thing when I'm already at work or during my time off, and I get to hang out with friends instead, fucking cool. But do I want to play a bunch of *lame* shows that I could care less about so we can make some paper or get our name out there? Fuck no. That's not my idea of fun. And Nikes are some comfortable shoes, get over it. Make me some Anarcho, vegan, sweat shop free sneakers that don't make my feet smell or hurt my heel and aren't fugly, and I'll buy them or barter for them or whatever.
Lisa: Every band I've ever been in has been DIY through and through; my band Kickball never had much of anyone working on our behalf, besides Yo Yo A Go Go Records, which put out one of our records. I'm used to handling everything from t-shirts to promotion to recording to booking shows all with my band mates and friends. EIC has done the same up until recently, but we're now working a lot with our label(s) and a booking agent. Even though we've got these larger "institutions" or whatever you want to call them, working on our behalf, we've really lucky to be able to work with labels and a booking agent that are so down-home and easy to relate with. We're still involved in all the processes of making this band happen, even though we're getting a bunch of help now. It feels like our band just has some additional members that don't happen to play the music. I'm super into supporting myself financially by making music, but that's not my main motivation for doing this, of course. I don't see the DIY-Mainstream duality as black and white, but rather a spectrum of lots of grey areas. What I forsee us doing is addressing every opportunity we're offered on its own. I'm not in this for the free sneakers.

MRR: You're doing a series of 7"s, how many are there, who is putting them out, when are they being released?
Heather: Oh man, don't ask me that. I don't even know what a 7" is.
Claudia: Kill Rock Stars, M'Lady's and Just For The Hell of It are releasing our 7"s. M'Lady's and we are putting out the EP, which will be the collected format of all the 7"s plus some remixes and KRS is putting out our full length. They are coming out late summer.

MRR: What's exciting these days?
Heather: Love, the possibility of going swimming, fireworks, OMG MJ RIP!!!
Claudia: Love for sure, bike rides, hanging with friends, Potato Champion till I bust open, planning on quitting the nine to five, unpacking.
Lisa: Swimming. New friends. Karaoke. Rivers. The Hollywood Farmers Market. Butterflies out. Rock and Roll Camp for Girls. Our friend's bands: Nurses, AS/SS, Panther, Purple Rhinestone Eagle, Gulls, Rob Walmart, Wampire, Potato Champion Belgian frite cart, Biking.



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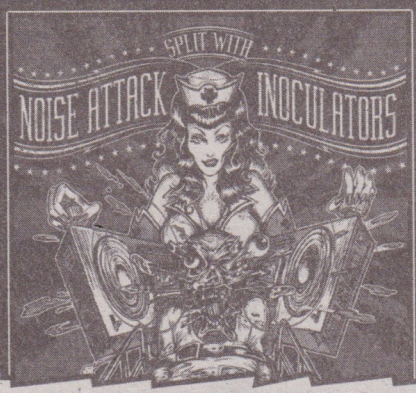

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FUERA DE LINEA

Fuera De Linea play classic straightedge hardcore and are based in Santiago, Chile. As soon as I heard thier demo, I was sure I wanted to talk to them—they know what to do and they do it very well, so please take your time and read this interview with a band I am sure will blow your ears.
Interview by Carlos Palacios

MRR: How was the band born?
Pablo Poblete (ex-guitar player of Fuerza De Voluntad) and me (Alonso Martinez, bass player), played together in a band called Stronger Than Before. We decided to do a new music project where a woman sings—such a revolutionary thing was never seen in the Santiago scene before. There weren't any old school hardcore bands where a woman sang, and we liked the idea very much. We knew that having a woman in the band could bring a whole new and different point of view in every aspect, from song lyrics to the way of audience/band interaction and as we thought, so it was.

MRR: Why did you choose Fuera De Linea (Out Of Line) as the band name?
Pablo was the one that came with the idea for the name, it is inspired by our disagreement with the way that so many people see reality, and what they think is normal in life, like for example drugs, alcohol or domestic violence

MRR: I know you were playing a lot of shows in the past few months, how was for example your Brazil tour?
Sure, since we came back from Brazil we are playing more shows. There is not an old school or youth crew scene here, and we are also a relatively new band, so we don't get invited to play that often. The shows that we had here in Santiago were a lot of fun, because the organization was good and the booking agency had a good vibe with us. Brazil was a blast, we didn't think the welcome would be as big as it was, also this tour gave us the opportunity to learn how to live as a band together, with the problems and the good things. We are very grateful we had the opportunity to have this experience, to see other places and meet amazing people

MRR: After the tour, you were in your hometown again, which were the things that made you say I want that this happen in my town too!
Two things we saw that were really cool out there in Brazil, one was that the women there have a very big role in the hardcore scene, and there are more women involved in bands. They have a lot of female hardcore bands there, like Justica, XodioX, Eumatei Pedro, Sangue Odio Hardcore, those are just few names. Also we played with our friends To Feel Alive at a show where only female fronted bands played; it was a nice feeling to see guys and girls taking part as equals. This you don' t see often in Santiago.

Other things include that a kid that likes metal can go to a punk show or a hardcore show without problem; in Chile it is a completely different story. The scenes have strong borders; if you don't like hardcore or youth crew, you don' t go to certain shows, which is really sad.

MRR: Some funny stories about the tour?
We were going to practice and as is well known, the weather is crazy there, but really crazy!!! We walked on the street and started to rain like the end of the world—we were completely wet, actually this happen a lot of time to us. Something that was also interesting is that some words that in Chile have a strong or dirty meaning; in Brazil they are completely normal.

MRR: Which band that you played with, has you impressed at most?
We were lucky to have played with Vieja Escuela of Argentina, at the reunion show here in Santiago. This was one of the most important shows we had, in Brazil we had the opportunity to play with Positive Youth, they are really big there and some of us were very impressed by Bandanos who played with us at the Animal Liberation Fest.

MRR: How is the zine and band scene in your town?
To be honest in Santiago, as is the case in many cities around the world, the success of the internet means that print zines are almost dead. Now it's normal to read info on a blogspot or webzine. one of the most well know here is *Germen Terror* (www.germenterror.info) another one that's very interesting, and that I always read is *Stagedive Comics* (stagedivecomics.com/es), which is like a webcomic zine that talks about hardcore around the globe. Bands in Santiago are not so much in the music style that we playing, they are more like Shaid Hulud or Snapcase style. We like Identidad from Talca, and Remission and En Mi Defensa from Santiago.

MRR: Your EP was out not so long ago, was was the whole recording process?
Well, we recorded the demo this year, and have some old songs with some changes in lyrics, and there are also new tracks that Paola (who sings), and Alejandro did. It was a lot of fun to do this demo, but now we are focused on creating new tunes and recording them as soon as possible.

MRR; What topics does the band talk about in their lyrics?
In general about things that we don't like in our society, like animal

FUERA DE LINEA
hardcore straight edge

rights, double standards, about how we need more union in the scene, and that we prefer a nice hardcore afternoon that give us more adrenaline that taking drugs.

MRR: Music influences?
Well we all listen to different kinds of music from crossover to indie but the Fuera De Linea influences are '90s bands like Ten Yard Fight and Reaching Forward, and bands from the '80s like Warzone and Youth Of Today, but also bands like True Colors, the First Step and our friend's band from Brazil, Positive Youth.

MRR: How do you feel that the band has changed from the very first moment you wanted to start playing?
We had a lot of changes in this time, we had another vocalist and another guitarist, so with the new people the sound changed also. We also practice a lot now, also after the tour we felt we grew as a band

MRR: What do you think about the use of blogspot pages to download music?
We think is a pretty good idea, we are not against it, in fact is a good way to discover new bands. At least here people buy our stuff anyway after they download the EP, also it's a good way to get exposure for bands in places where it is impossible to buy originals CDs.

MRR: What can I expect from a show of your band?
You will see a band with a lot of energy, joy and power give the best to do a fun show with positive message.

MRR: All of you are relatively young, is it true that a lot of new people are coming to your scene?
There are people on the scene that have been coming to shows like for ever, people that we knew when we started that came to shows, and we are anyway not so young (hehehe). But is true a lot of new faces are coming to every show, and this is a good sign for the hardcore scene in our town because there's almost no conflict here. You can enjoy the bands playing without a problem.

MRR: DIY is the most honest way to live for lot of us. How did you take this concept to work with your band?
Is a pretty good thing for bands to take the chance and do their own

merch, from stickers, buttons to t-shirt and records, and save the money to do more and more projects.

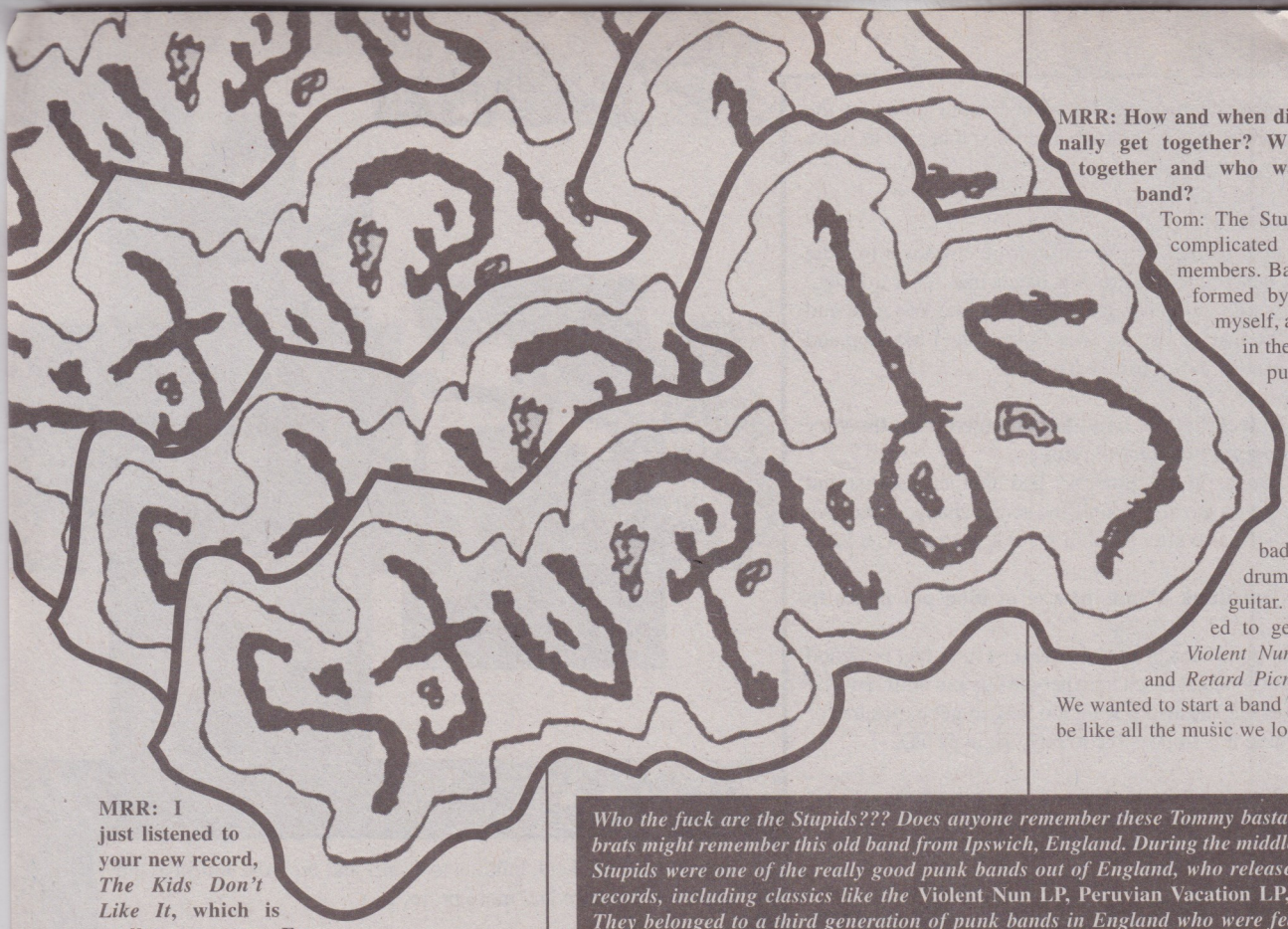
MRR: You are a band with SXE members, have you found some troubles having this lifestyle in a "normal world"?
At the beginning when someone chooses to be Edge the problems come if you wanna say so, there are people that don't wanna hang out with you anymore who don't invite you to be with them because you don't drink or smoke. It is worse when you're vegan, it is really difficult to find tolerance in a society that teaches you that drinking alcohol equals fun. The Edges in the band are used to being different in this society, and we try to show other people that we are normal people with the difference that we don't need do drugs, drink alcohol or smoke cigarettes to have fun.

MRR: How is the reaction to the people to your band that breaks the cliché that hardcore bands are only boys fun?
A lot of people like the idea that a girl sing in a hardcore band, but sure we always get machos that don't accept that a women can sing hardcore, and sometimes this is the only reason that they have found to say that the band is shit. In Santiago not so many girls like the band or want to talk to Paolå, in Brazil it was the opposite, there were a lot of girls that were singing the songs and chatting with us.

MRR: What about the new tunes of the band, do they follow the same line that your old work did?
I would say that the same line because of the sound we are influenced by, but now the songs are more fun and with direct lyrics with much more power, also our drummer is now playing double pedal on some songs, for this reason the sound is even more powerful.

Thanx a lot for the interview, any last message?
We want to invite people to see our MySpace page to listen our tunes and if you like it, download our demo, thanx a lot for reading the interview.
www.myspace.com/fueradelinea

FUERA DE LINEA
hardcore straight edge



Who the fuck are the Stupids??? Does anyone remember these Tommy bastards? Only old scene brats might remember this old band from Ipswich, England. During the middle/end of the '80s the Stupids were one of the really good punk bands out of England, who released a large variety of records, including classics like the **Violent Nun LP, Peruvian Vacation LP, Retard Picnic LP.** *They belonged to a third generation of punk bands in England who were fed-up with the UK82 sound. They were influenced by the mass of early '80s American hardcore bands and brought some fresh stinky air into the British scene. For over a year, their old records have been reissued by England's Boss Tuneage Records, coming with well done booklets. In June 2009, the first new record by the Stupids in twenty years was released, also on Boss Tuneage. As good a reason as any for getting in touch with Tom and asking some stupid questions.*

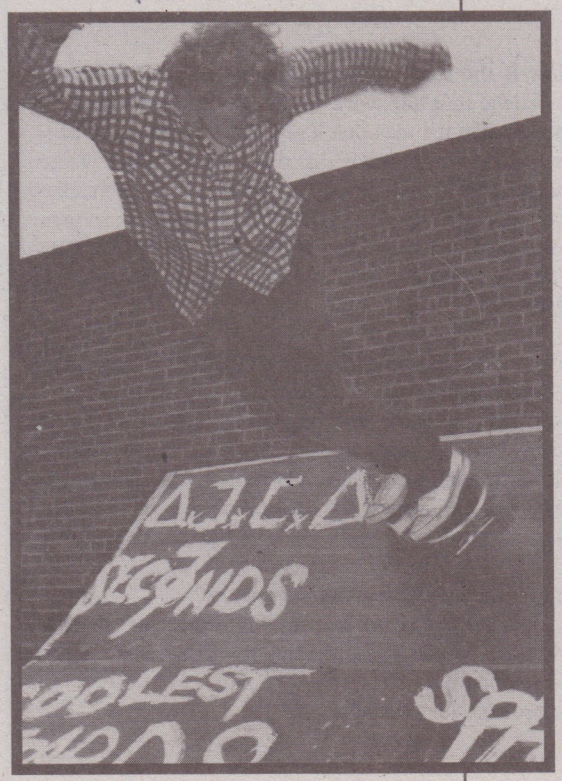
Interview by Helge Schreiber/Germany

MRR: How and when did the Stupids originally get together? What made you get together and who was playing for the band?

Tom: The Stupids' history is very complicated with so many past members. Basically, the band was formed by Wolfie Retard and myself, after he placed a letter in the famous '80s English punk magazine *Punk Lives*. At first I played guitar and sang with a guy called Moose on drums and Wolfie on bass. Moose was so bad that I switched to drums and Marty joined on guitar. This is when we started to get good, we released *Violent Nun, Peruvian Vacation* and *Retard Picnic* with this line up. We wanted to start a band because we wanted to be like all the music we loved so much.

MRR: I just listened to your new record, *The Kids Don't Like It*, which is really awesome. For me, it's already a punk rock classic. Not just a Stupids classic, but also a worldwide classic. How's the feedback for this new record?

Tom: Thank you very much! That is a real compliment. So far the reception has been really, really good and it is still early. We really put our heart and soul into it. We wanted to make sure it was good. It was recorded in two parts. After the first recording, we were happy, but we felt we had to try harder. I think with the second session, we ended up with a much better record.



MRR: On the Stupids' homepage it's been written that it's none of our fucking business what you've done during the past twenty years. So what made you guys get back together after twenty years?

Tom: It was mostly Marty, who wanted to play again, and we felt there was some unfinished business. The Stupids were pretty good in the early days but later on, I think we weren't so good. We decided to do it to make new music *not* to celebrate our past, we are happy to play a lot of older songs when we play live, but we are looking forward, not back.

MRR: Most of your records from the '80s have been re-released during the past two years. Is there still an interest in the old Stupids records? Like, did you get feedback from young kids or is it mostly old guys who are buying CD-version of the old vinyl which they still have filed-up?

Tom: The re-issues were the passion of our record label, Boss Tuneage. They wanted to see all the Stupids' records properly released with decent artwork etc. It's nice to see it happen.

MRR: The Stupids have been pushing the musical boundaries of skate punk and hardcore to a next level. What were your original influences in the beginning? What makes you play music at such neck-breaking velocity?

Tom: When we first started we loved the Ramones, DOA, Government Issue, etc. Then an old friend of mine from America sent me a cassette with lots of bands from Boston and from that point on there didn't seem to be any point in playing slow! From these records, I saw how many were interested in skating, which of course I was from 1977, so I decided I wanted a new skateboard too! From then on it became an obsession and, of course, we liked to sing about it.

MRR: What were your goals concerning the lyrical topics?

Tom: We wanted to be different to everything that was around in the UK at that time, which was very political and depressing. There was a lot of paranoia so we just wanted to have fun and sing about stuff that was relevant to us.

MRR: Ipswich, England...could you tell me more about what was going on there in the '80s? How was the hardcore scene there at that time?

Tom: Ipswich was always a bit of a strange place, but somehow in the '80s it had a very healthy music scene. There were a lot of punk

bands and a great record shop called Parrot Records. The biggest bands were of course the Adicts, Extreme Noise Terror and ourselves, but there were so many more.

MRR: Did you have any squats or autonomous centers for shows in your area? Where they important for you?
Tom: Quite a few people did indeed squat but there was no need for any squat venues because there were so many places in town for bands to play in those days. The community was quite supportive. There was one club called Nightmares, at Murrayside Youth Centre that even used to pay the bands £5 each for petrol money. Marty and I used to pretend to be from separate bands so we got more money…

MRR: How did you communicate back then in the scene? Did you read fanzines? Did you read *MRR*? What did *MRR* mean to you?
Tom: For a long time *MRR* was the absolute bible, and was where I got most of my information and contacts. Everyone used to write to each other and trade big packages of records with each other. There was nothing more exciting than going downstairs in the morning to see what great things had come in the mail. Of course, there was the whole thing of soaping the stamps—so you could wash off the ink mark and reuse the stamps. Great fun!

MRR: What made you break up at the end of the '80s? You said that the Stupids matured like a vintage Prosecco, into something highly toxic and somewhat volatile, and that you still have no fucking clue...
Tom: The Stupids fell apart naturally. I think it's a good thing because I still feel we were pretty awful in the last year or so, especially live. I'm glad we took the time away so we could come back and try it again properly.

MRR: How's it playing live nowadays? Do you notice any difference compared to the '80s?
Tom: Well, so far the crowds were bigger in the '80s and people had much more energy but these were the early days. We are much better now, we put on a great show we may be older but we're much angrier!

MRR: Did you play a lot live? Have you gotten any special memories playing live with the Stupids?
Tom: We didn't play a whole lot, no. Mostly around the UK but we went to Australia with the Hard Ons, toured the USA with Ludichrist, we did a couple of dates in Belgium and Holland and we went to Paris. For me the best gigs were in the early days. The best in my memory was our first show outside of Ipswich in Nottingham, with Chaos UK, Onslaught and Concrete Sox. The crowd were shocked by us. No one had heard of us and we completely blew them away.

MRR: How did you come up with doing that split 10" with the Hard-Ons?
Tom: It was an idea we had when we were on tour in Australia. We took a day off and went into the studio together, messed around and that's what we came up with. Dreadful!

MRR: What has happened to the other dudes who used to play for the Stupids?
Tom: Not too sure really, we see Steve Snax quite a bit. He's running a studio down in Brighton. Go and see him sometime.

MRR: What are your plans for the future? Touring? More records? More stupid stuff?
Tom: We plan to keep this band going so long as it is still fun. Obviously, we would like to achieve things but we'll take it as it comes and not get too disappointed if nothing much happens. We will tour as much as possible and really look forward to developing our sound with more records.

www.myspace.com/ukthestupids

Discography:
The Kids Don't Like It... LP/CD - 2009/Boss Tuneage
Feel The Suck 7" Limited Edition - 2008/Boss Tuneage
Violent Nun LP/CD - 2008/Boss Tuneage
Peruvian Vacation LP/CD - 2008/Boss Tuneage
Retard Picnic LP/CD - 2008/Boss Tuneage
Complete BBC Peel Sessions LP/CD - 2008/Boss Tuneage
Van Stupid LP/CD - 2008/Visible Noise
Jesus Meets The Stupids LP/CD- 2008/Visible Noise
Wipe Out 7" - 1989/PBJ Records
No Cheese - Stupids/Hard-Ons Split 10" LP - 1988/Vinyl Solution
Peel Sessions 12"/7" - 1987/Strange Fruit
Jesus Meets The Stupids LP - 1987/Vinyl Solution
Frankfurter - Eat 12" EP - 1987/Vinyl Solution
Leave Your Mark 7" - 1987/Vinyl Solution
Van Stupid LP - 1987/Vinyl Solution
Retard Picnic LP - 1986/C.O.R.
Peruvian Vacation LP - 1985/C.O.R.
Violent Nun EP - 1984/C.O.R. Records
Leave Your Ears Behind - 1984/demo
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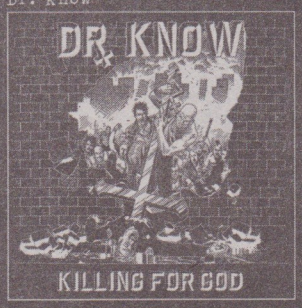

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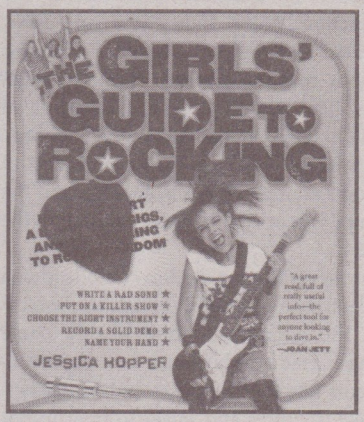

The Girls' Guide to Rocking
Jessica Hopper
288 pages • $13.95
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The Girls' Guide to Rocking is just that, and that's what makes it totally radical. The first time I saw Jessica Hopper speak she read an inspiring piece about being a grunge poser in her teens, and it was the greatest thing my ears had ever heard. She ended on the note that Bikini Kill taught her to be herself and that she could do whatever she wanted—incidentally, this meant playing music and touring and becoming one of the freshest music critics currently writing.

That being said, I could not be more psyched to hear that Hopper was writing the book that she wanted to read as her fifteen-year-old self, teaching the lesson that Bikini Kill taught her, that girls can, and do in fact, rock. I am twenty-four, so this book isn't tailored for me—it is tailored for me at fifteen, who would have benefitted greatly from the wise words of a grown-up punk girl, the notion that I could do all the things I dreamt of doing.

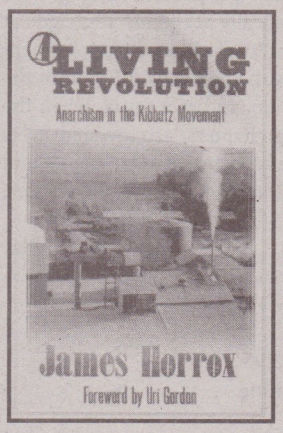
The Girls' Guide to Rocking is practical. Hopper covers everything from how to care for your instruments, how to *get* your instruments, how to form a band, how to record, how to make flyers, and how to book shows. It's like if the Willie Mae Rock Camp for Girls was consolidated into book form. Hopper writes with enthusiasm and most importantly *encouragement*, and you can tell she really means it. It was jolting for me to see a checklist regarding if your music teacher is right for you—"she" was the pronoun given to said music teacher. Little details like this change the language around music to be a more welcoming and empowering environment for young girls.

The fifteen-year-old in me is *eternally grateful* for "Appendix A, Essentials of Rock: For Your Listening Pleasure." This is the section where Hopper lists the essential, need-to-know bands in nearly every genre. There's also a *Girls' Guide to Rocking* timeline, marking important moments in rock history. I know the words "rock history" trigger gag reflexes in most of us, but Hopper touches on the good stuff. If you were like me and didn't have a cool older sister or even a cool neighbor to show you the way, here is your key!

As much as this book is meant for younger girls, it's also helpful for late-bloomer music-players like myself. I've been known to call flanger pedals "flangie" pedals and can't tune by ear. Hopper's section on pedals and other effects, as well as the section on recording, just to name a couple, were super helpful to me. In this way the book really is a guide, something I want to keep around just in case I forget any of that music jargon all of my buddies are familiar with, or if I decide I want to record on my own.

If you do anything for your little sister, or your cousin, or your niece, or your best friend's kid this year, buy her this book. It'll explain all the essentials of whatever music she's into, give her all the tools she needs to know, and lists a ton of cool music documentaries that could potentially show her what music is really all about. Most importantly it will teach her she can, and will, do it herself! As Hopper says, "This book is all the secrets, and also, your permission slip. Welcome to the gang."

—Kate Wadkins



A Living Revolution: Anarchism in the Kibbutz Movement
James Horrox (with an introduction by Uri Gordon)
172 pages • $17.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612

Whatever one thinks of the state of Israel, I'd venture that the word "anarchism" doesn't readily spring to mind. The cognitive dissonance that results from seeing the name of many punks' beloved brand of consensus-based politics associated with such an increasingly right-wing and militarized nation provides James Horrox's sharp little book, *A Living Revolution: Anarchism in the Kibbutz Movement*, with its hook. As hooks go, it's a good one, but Horrox's attempt to trace the influence of anarchist philosophy on the original communes in Palestine succeeds far beyond that initial gesture. Indeed, the kibbutz from its inception was an experiment in cooperative, communal living, and it makes sense that someone looking to excavate the anarchist tradition in Israel would start there.

At its core, this book attempts to combat three interpretive tendencies: 1.) by the right to appropriate the kibbutz experience for nationalist rhetoric, 2.) by the left to subsume kibbutz ideology to a Marxist rubric, and 3.) by certain scholars to chalk the kibbutzim's development up to mere pragmatism and adaptation. Horrox argues against the inclination to "de-ideologize" the political goals of the kibbutzim, and further that those goals were sometimes explicitly but more often implicitly anarchist. He shows, convincingly, the proliferation of different leftisms afloat in the cultural soup that gave rise to the successive waves of immigration to Palestine, and, through prodigious research into written accounts from participants, the anarchist origins of those ideals enacted by the early settlers. This is not to say that circumstance did not play a role, but, as Horrox argues, to "attribute the kvutzot's emergence purely to circumstantial necessity is to undermine the extent of the ideological factors involved in the movement's inception." However, Horrox is quick to qualify that the role of anarchism "in shaping these convictions may have been more of a 'subideational' or subconscious one, but that broad philosophical framework, woven from the values and theories that the communards had absorbed during their youth, laid out the ethical foundations of the kibbutz." What we see in the initial foundations and subsequent developments of the kibbutz movement is a kind of, to paraphrase Billy Bragg, "anarchism of the heart"—non-programmatic, influenced by 19th and 20th century utopian philosophy and put into practice in the hope of establishing a radically different kind of society.

Such radical visions had little to do with establishing anything like a permanent "state"; the overarching template looked more like a loosely affiliated federalism than what now stands as present-day Israel. It is, however, the run-up to Israeli statehood that finally reveals, on Horrox's reading, the internal shortcomings of the kibbutz project: "Thus, it was

Zionism's colonialist dimension that would ultimately be the final nail in the coffin of the early pioneers' original vision…Whatever ambitions the radicalised youngsters of the Second and Third Aliyot may have arrived with, the scope of the Zionist movement and the utopian projects it sheltered had always been restricted by the external influence of the Western states, and by their enmeshment in the multiple webs of power that the involvement of these foreign actors entailed."

Passages like this, illustrating the complex networks of imperial power in which the kibbutzim developed, come rather late in the text, and I was certain that this was a consequence of analytical overlook—something worth picking on in a pithy review-ending paragraph as a sort of "A for effort, next time do better." But it is at precisely this moment in the text that the force of this (ultimately temporary) exclusion *as a narrative and rhetorical device* reveals itself. It is in these brief pages that one's engagement turns from polite (one might say, "characteristically academic") intrigue at the thought of an anarchist kibbutz movement to crushing disappointment at the betrayal of a beautiful dream. Set up as the text is, you feel both the construction and downfall of the utopian vision, and as a result, when the focus shifts to the present day in the closing chapters, are invested in its renewal in new and unexpected contemporary forms. It is moments and touches like this in which academic study tips into art, and we, the readers, are the beneficiaries.

—Maxwell Tremblay

The Fart Party: Volume 2
Julia Wertz
192 pages • $13.95
Atomic Publishing
3620 Falls Rd.
Baltimore, MD 21211

All the characters in Julia Wertz's comics are arching their eyebrows at you. As philosophy made manifest in cartoons it's a pretty good device. Because most of the scenarios relayed in these autobiographical comics hinge on the premise that "this will be funny…someday."

I also love when our narrator explodes into cartoonish violence against annoying, wine-sodden customers and the squares that are sitting next to you on the bus. What use is art if not for revenge against those you trespass us? Comics especially.

The anthology here is a comics-rendered diary of Julia's daily experiences, volume two, evidently, of her webcomic presence. She Amtraks and Greyhounds around, meets with other cartoonists, goes to zine and comics gatherings, and struggles with family, friends, and romance. Whiskey makes many cameos. She makes the characters squint with evil intent as they hatch big plans—that's another nice trope.

Which is not to say that all 190-odd page of this comics anthology make for compelling reading. Or that trees needed to be felled for our heroine's travails. The extended break into stick-figure drawing is especially trying. As is not changing the titles when she's drawing the books in her room. Sure, they may well be the same books as in earlier strips, but she's blowing an opportunity to reference other books. These tiny details within the comics panels are devices unique to the medium, and make for a much finer reading experience. See Caroline Paquita's work for examples.

Still, many of you out there may relate to the crudely rendered struggle to survive your 20s. Or how enthusiasm can trump technique.

So is it like *Snakepit*, you might be asking? No, Ben is somehow both more methodical and wilder in his daily comics. The difference between Ben's taste in music and Julia going on tour with acoustic-band Andrew Jackson Jihad. But the work here is unpretentious, bordering on charming, so I'd say give it a go if you can stand the name.

—Travis Fristoe

Make Your Place: Affordable, Sustainable, Nesting Skills
Raleigh Briggs
124 pages • $7.00
Microcosm Publishing
222 S Rogers St.
Bloomington, IN 47404
www.microcosmpublishing.com

I don't like the word "nesting"—it makes me think of roaches. Contrary to my imagination, *Make Your Place: affordable, sustainable, nesting skills* is not a book for or about roaches. Instead, author Raleigh Briggs has created a DIY guide full of recipes and information on health and first aid, "non-toxic" body and house cleansers, and gardening. The guide is simple and easy-to-use, and most of the recommended ingredients and tools are readily available. It's like if the compilers of the folk knowledge compendium *Foxfire* did a volume on the ways of folk punk health and hygiene.

The guide fits together well in that the gardening section could lead to a nice supply of ingredients for your cleaning and health, though the book is organized in the opposite direction. The gardening section, like the name suggests, is a complete guide to getting started on a home garden. The health guide seems useful for minor problems like foot funguses and headaches. It includes directions on how to make tinctures and salves to treat minor burns, rashes, scrapes, and other bodily problems. Having lived with quite a few roommates "aux natural," I would happily gift this book to them for the non-toxic cleaning and body care alone.

The cleaning section is full of information I hadn't come across before, which says something about DIY subculture that is summed up by Briggs own sentiment on the first page: "Housekeeping seemed so petty compared to the kids who were making beer and building bikes." Call me a bore, but I would much rather live with a good house keeper than someone who makes beer and builds bikes, and frankly I don't know how people that want to spread DIY ethics expect to have their ideas taken seriously if this is the valuation of the majority. Unless the alcoholic bike kids can find a way to harvest and use shower mold, cleaning should be given a positive status in this part of the DIY movement. Brigg's work serves as a nice starting point for this, but at the same time a lot of the house cleaning recipes are vinegar based, which is not my favorite smell. With that said, I prefer vinegar to the urine buildup on the walls of lifestyle environmentalist's toilets. *Make Your Place* is a nice remedy for those of you who, like me, often find yourselves in houses suffering from such problems.

In general, I haven't spent much time making these kinds of things. Though I like the idea of taking care of one's health in the holistic way this book prescribes, I've only recently come to experiment with these types of skills. Through a series of chance encounters and misadventures, last summer I found myself in Providence at a broth-luck (a potluck that served only broth and tea) with a group of people that were on a cleansing fast. They had congregated at the house of a self-proclaimed witch to support each other in their fasts. The witch lived on Graveyard St. across from a cemetery and she was known to the neighborhood children as "Earth Lady." I had come along as a skeptic on a coffee binge, and perhaps fittingly had the least amount of energy in the room. I drank a lot of the detox tea being served, which was chock full of recently harvested nettles, red clover, and dandelion root. The next morning I felt so refreshed, I decided to back off my harsher disbelief in herbal remedies. I still support a healthy amount of skepticism, but am now more apt to give it equal application to "industrial" and "natural" remedies. From this revised skeptics point of view, I would recommend *Make Your Place* to anyone interested in changing up their cleaning style and body maintenance, as well as to anyone who is trying to introduce a dirty, DIY punk to cleaning.

—Zane Grant

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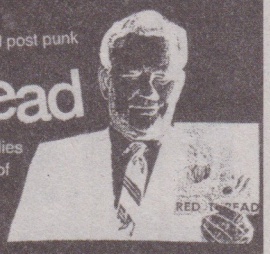

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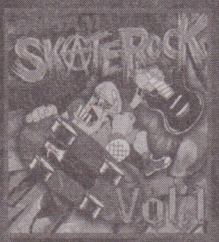

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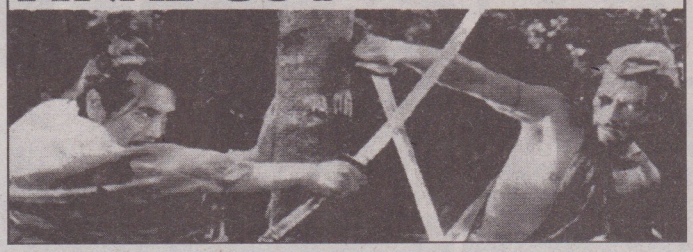


ACADEMY WINNERS AND LOSERS

The Baader-Meinhof Complex may at first sound like some psychiatric disease. Actually, it's the title for a long, fascinating film about a unique episode in West German history. For some reason, it's a period that seems to have been largely forgotten. For his work, writer/producer Bernd Eichinger earned critical praise and the film received an Academy Award nomination for best foreign film. At over two and a half hours, it often feels like an ultra-hip, video lesson in modern European history.

Based on the non-fiction book by Stefan Aust, the resulting drama is notable for its unwillingness to abbreviate the basic text for a more fluid plot line. Ulrike Meinhof (Martina Gedeck) is a well-known investigative reporter known for her hard-hitting articles on West German human rights abuses—but she's equally aware of the problems caused by US militarism. This was the era of Vietnam and its after-effects, when college students and activists frequently found themselves on the offensive against what was perceived as a system gone out of control.

The national head of security (Bruno Ganz) contemplates why so many people on the street are so receptive to radicalism. He's by no means a fan of extreme politics, but he's the only man in his circle that realizes that there may be legitimate reasons for public anger. Moreover, it would be too easy to suppress one problem, only to have it replaced by another, without end.

Ulrike Meinhof is most comfortable using her typewriter to vent her outrage, but she's shocked and even thrilled by the unrestrained actions of Andreas Baader (Moritz Bleibtreu) and Gudrun Ensslin (Johanna Wokalek), a couple interested in making bigger-than-life political statements. When Gudrun meets Ulrike for the first time (in jail), it's clear they have grudging respect for one another—within limits. Gudrun would always regard Ulrike as the staid journalist, preferring to hide behind her journalistic cover than to do the work of a true revolutionary.

Before long, Meinhof would surprise everyone. At first, she uses her apartment to shelter fellow radicals from police attention; eventually, she decides it might be even more useful to sharpen her shooting skills. Before long, the Baader/Meinhof group had staged a series of daring bank robberies, their bankroll to support further terrorism against state oppression. Their political philosophy was always high-minded, though terminally hindered by a sort of tunnel vision.

Director Uli Edel stages his epic to a soundtrack of historical events during which authorities gradually capture nearly all of the group's key members. However, when the big three are captured by West German police and dragged to justice, their legacy would soon give birth to a new group of political action—more cold-blooded and unreasoning than the original Baader/Meinhof group could have imagined.

The Baader Meinhof Complex might have profited from more disciplined editing, but the film conveys an honest feeling for the political upheaval of the time. The film doesn't take sides; Director Uli Edel steps aside and lets the events of the time speak for themselves. History warns us that the trio didn't survive past their trial, but thanks to this film, maybe their remarkable story will.

Departures (or **Okuributo**) is a more modestly budgeted feature, very much a "departure" for the Motion Picture Academy to choose as 2009's Best Foreign film. It's surprisingly low-key and unsentimental, despite its rather grave subject matter. Director Yojiro Takita's simple, humanistic story tells a story about the Japanese death ceremony; yet, there's no shortage of emotional intimacy, novelty, or even offbeat humor.

Daigo Kobayashi (Masahiro Motoki) has to address a most delicate problem as the film opens. As a death ceremony is taking place, the family watching, he quietly informs his senior Sasaki (Tsutomu Yamazaki) that the attractive young woman he's working on has "a thing." In fact, the person they're working to "encoffin", turns out to be not a woman at all, but rather, a transgender man. Sasaki offers the family the option of burying their adult child as either a man or woman, elegantly avoiding a potential disaster in the process.

The film travels back in time to the events that led to his unusual career choice. After landing his life's dream—to be a regular cellist for a good symphony orchestra—he discovers that his orchestra has been summarily dissolved. It's all been in vain. Kobayashi is further troubled by the costs for his instrument: a handy 18 million yen.

Kobayashi heads back home to Yamagata with his wife Mika (contagiously buoyant actress and singer Ryoko Hirosue) to find some kind of work. His first dip into the want ads yields the key to his fate—what appears to be a travel agent, something dealing with "departures." Short hours, good pay, no experience necessary. The "NK" agent quickly offers a handsome salary for this new job, which involves the delicate craft of "casketing." In the old days, a family would be responsible for taking care of the bodies of newly deceased family members, but with the advent of city life, funeral directors would job out the unpleasant duty. It's nearly impossible to find anyone who will do it anymore. Another NK worker (Kimiko Yo) is dubious, but is willing to give Daigo a chance.

His first job is a rough one: helping prepare the body of an old woman who's been dead for two weeks. Flies have taken over her house, and the stench is bad enough to make anyone retch (save perhaps the experienced Sasaki). The experience is a baptism in fire that will serve him well in the future

Daigo holds onto his own secrets. He lost his mother when he was living abroad—a fact he'd only reluctantly acknowledged. His father had skipped out on the family, and Daigo frankly can't even remember his face. Never exactly articulate about private things, the return to his hometown has stirred up all sorts of old memories. However, his new work has also given him an appreciation for the small things that make life in this mountain town special.

Much of the film's craft is in giving the story a light touch. Certainly, there's no avoiding the realities of the subject matter. But the life of a fledgling casketer turns out to be more novel than morose, and the chemistry between Motoki and the ever-likable Hirosue adds a palpable romantic flavor to the drama.

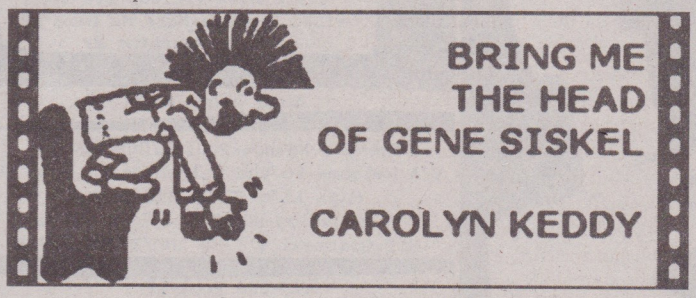
The acting, like the writing, is unusually subtle and unsentimental, and the various dramatic (and comic) moments are meticulously balanced. Certainly, Masahiro Motoki deserves considerable credit for being our entree into an unnerving craft his character hadn't even known existed before; familiar with salaryman roles like Takashi Miike's **Bird People in China**, his straight-laced image is a perfect fit. Co-star Ryoko Hirosue has enjoyed success in a variety of award-winning films and serials; she's a minor master of micro-expressions, always able to convey sequences in a way that's inherently cinematic. It's not coincidental that she also appeared in another film by director Takita, 1999's **Himitsu**, which also won considerable acclaim.

Departures won the 2009 Kinema Junpo award—the equivalent of Japan's best picture award, and of course, became a surprise winner at the Academy

Awards.

Our hero's moment of truth happens early one morning, when his boss's secretary gets an emergency call to handle a suicide victim—a duty Daigo must perform solo. Before long, family and friends are beginning to appear nervous around him, pointedly encouraging him to get a "proper" job. And he still hasn't quite plucked up the nerve to tell his wife what he does exactly—until it's too late. The formerly easy-going Mika demands that Daigo find some, any kind of new employment. Daigo is on course to being one of the more disdained men in town. Even schoolgirls on the bus catch the smell of death.

There's lots to like about **Departures**' unpretentious approach, as well as the paucity of sentimentality that that makes it seem more like an indie production. The film was nearly ten years in preparation, and all the work seems to have paid off.



I saw the Avengers last night. Even though they still sound good, look good, and the songs hold up, there is something weird about a 50-plus-year-old woman singing about being a teenage rebel. Or is there? I am still unsure. I have nothing against the whole nostalgia trip punk bands are on these days. Well, at least when they are getting back together and playing live. I go see them, but I still see five times as many new bands, so that balances it out. Right? I guess that's one way to justify it.

So where does the rock poster fall into all this nostalgia mania? Quite honestly I never even considered it. In fact when I received the **American Artifact: The Rise Of American Poster Art** DVD I groaned. A documentary about poster artists is not something I am really interested in watching. But watching films is what I do, so I did.

American Artifact: The Rise Of American Poster Art starts off poorly. Director Merle Becker is also the narrator. She begins with a seemingly ridiculous admission that when she came across the book *The Art Of Modern Rock* she was "totally blown away." Yet, just because the book doesn't cause the same reaction in me doesn't mean she isn't sincere. It is just hard to believe. As a result of this amazing experience, Becker quits her TV job and heads off to interview poster artists. This is followed by a very long credit sequence that introduces all the artists and their work.

Once **American Artifact: The Rise Of American Poster Art** gets going it is incredibly fascinating. The documentary starts with the beginning of posters in the late 1800s which were mostly used for wanted signs, then moves on to advertising boxing matches and other events including musical acts. Becker interviews two print houses in Nashville, TN that still use the letterpress style of printing. Although they don't get too much into the history or origins of letterpress, the method is explained and shown.

Then on to the '60s in San Francisco, where artists made psychedelic posters to advertise rock shows at the Fillmore and The Avalon Ballroom. The "Big Five" of Wes Wilson, Rick Griffin, Victor Moscoso, Stanley Mouse, and Alton Kelley are discussed in full detail even as acknowledgement goes out that they only earned the name due to a show of their art called "The Joint Show." There were other artists working on posters at the time as well. The two artists of the "Big Five" interviewed Moscoso and Mouse explains their processes as well as those of their contemporaries. There seems to be great admiration between the '60s artists and what each other did.

Posters for rock shows disappeared mostly in the '70s. Punk rock bands sort of revived the process by making fliers for their shows. Although this was more out of necessity to get the word out about the show than to create some art. They did make some very creative fliers. Later in the '80s rock posters started to resurface led most famously by Frank Kozik. Other artists were also doing them at the same time and the whole thing blew up into the current silk-screened, colorful posters you see today. The lesser-known modern poster makers don't seem as interesting as their predecessors, but maybe as time goes on their stories will develop more.

Every now and then Becker interrupts **American Artifact: The Rise Of American Poster Art** with her narration. It probably wouldn't be that disruptive if she didn't say things I know to be untrue. When switching from '60s San Francisco artists to those in Detroit, Becker comments, "Most people don't think of Detroit when they think of '60s rock." To which I immediately counter that pretty much every punk rocker would probably think of MC5 or the Stooges who are both '60s bands from Detroit before thinking of San Francisco's Jefferson Airplane. So maybe not your average person on the street, but I'd bet most people who are into music from any decade would.

Other little things detract from the effectiveness of **American Artifact: The Rise Of American Poster Art** as well. When discussing '80s punk rock flier art, the introduction to punk is explained as rebelling against the music of the '70s. But instead of showing prog bands like Yes, mostly commonly known for this reaction, late '80s hair metal bands such as Bon Jovi are shown. These are the bands that supposedly grunge upstaged, not punk. Also during a montage of punk fliers from the '80s the cover of the Makers' 1996 album is shown. Though that is not surprising from a person who claims punk started to be called grunge in the '90s. These trivialities annoy me because if I notice this many errors I can only wonder how many more there are that I don't. It makes it hard to accept Becker's opinion as a true authority on the subject of poster art.

If unlike me you can rise above these little mistakes, **American Artifact: The Rise Of American Poster Art** as a whole is immensely interesting. Overall it is a well done documentary, and shot and edited exceptionally well. It opened my eyes toward a whole that world that otherwise would never get any appreciation from me. (www.americanartifactmovie.com)

The premise of **Silence Ca Tue!** interested me right away. A frustrated Belgian filmmaker Christophe La Mont is fed up with his country's film industry. He gets together a few friends to be his crew and his actors then they are off to film on the streets. La Mont puts himself and the others in seemingly normal situations to let the action unfold, as it will. The film theoretically will form from these ordinary situations. They go to a party and get drunk. They stay up all night and then take a meeting with a film producer the next morning. Things go awry and then worse as the day progresses.

Silence Ca Tue! is a very realistic film. The title means "Silence, we are shooting." Although my personal day-to-day activities don't ever devolve into such seemingly unprovoked and unnecessary violence, the film is something to which anyone can relate. Who hasn't wanted to do something at one point that a person or people tell you that you can't because you don't have the money or the talent. It is the basis of punk rock. The film also seems flawlessly improvised. I wouldn't have even guessed there was a script if I hadn't watched the "making of" extra on the DVD. (www,brink.com)

I am not sure if it was the intention of **Shelter: A Squatumentary** to prove that squatting in the Bay Area is impossible, but it does. **Shelter: A Squatumentary** looks at three different squatting situations in Oakland, Berkeley, and Emeryville, California from 2004–2007. The tactics are different, but the end result is always the same: eviction.

The first squat is Hellarity House in Oakland. The house was started by a man that received an insurance settlement and decided to buy some properties. He envisioned it as a community of like-minded people. He didn't charge rent, but expected people to work in exchange for living in the house. It seemed to have worked for a while, but then somehow he got evicted from his own place. Eventually the house was up for sale. The tenants were outbid and the new landlord began the long process of eviction.

The next house is Banana House. After researching an abandoned house in Berkeley, Steve Dicaprio attempts to go the legal route to live there. Although he does everything seemingly by the books, he is routinely harassed by the police, locked out of the house, and arrested.

Finally is Power Machine a warehouse in Emeryville, CA. The owner agrees to look the other way as long as no one notices people living in the space. The building is eventually sold, but the tenants have more of a problem with each other than the new owners.

Each situation is frustrating. Why would someone not research a house and its tenants before buying it? You almost feel like the new landlord gets what he deserves: an endless court battle. Why shouldn't someone be able to claim a house that the owner abandoned long ago, particularly since she seems to have no interest in reclaiming it? Why can squatters get along? The questions may not have logical answers in **Shelter: A Squatumentary**, but it is interesting to think about them. (www.killnormal.com/shelter)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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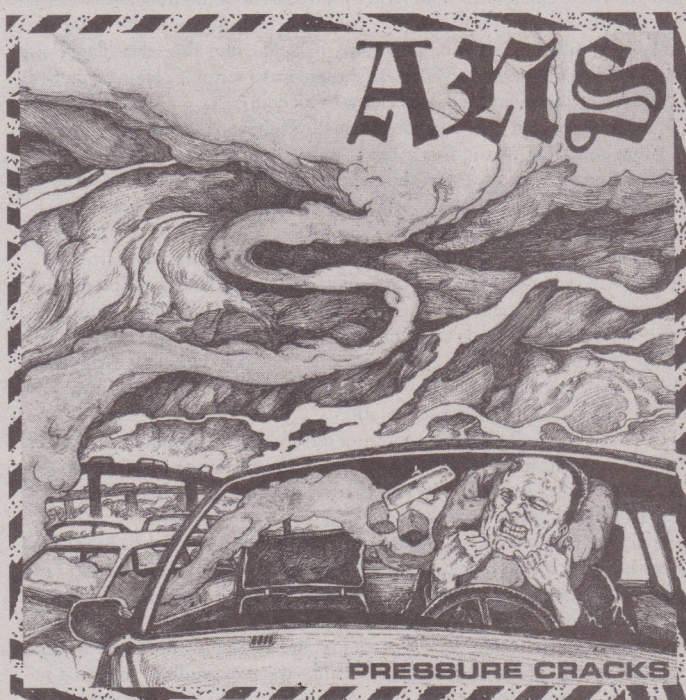

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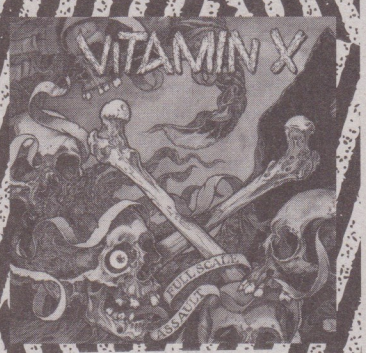

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RECORDS

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10LEK6 – "Cannibal to Be" LP

It's been a while since I checked out a band with just a singer, two drummers, and a bass player. As you can imagine, 10LEK6 has some intricate rhythms going on. Some of it would be great for dancing at a live show, while the double-time songs have an '80s anarcho sound. There is a keyboard on one song, which is damaged but still too dull for me. No, they don't remind me of CHICKITA, DOGFIGHT, or NOMEANSNO—well, maybe that last one a little. (JM)
(Maloka)

1994! / SPIRES – split LP

1994! found where the TINY HAWKS left off and rightly considered it manipulatable enough to toss in a tinge of something like ALGERNON CADWALLER. In other words, a relatively more accessible (for better or worse depending on where you sit) TINY HAWKS with characteristically triumphant and anthemic vocals. I really enjoyed 1994!'s last LP and these songs slide snugly into their body of work. They can play their instruments well and (more importantly) write really good songs. I'm all over it. The SPIRES side reminds me of something I may have been into when I listened to YAGE and ENVY more frequently than I now do. It's well done mid-to-slow-paced *HeartattaCk*/*Give Me Back* style (emotional) hardcore that doesn't totally grab me, but it's not bad if that's what you're in the market for. (P$)
(Ink Blot)

ABLACH – "Aon" CD

One of those bands I had heard of but hadn't yet heard. I had no idea they would sound like this—an awesome combination of ripping, noisy, chaotic grindcore, death metal, and crust. The band is from Scotland (some of the lyrics are in Gaelic) and contains former members of FILTHPACT and current members of BONESAW. This CD is relentless and grabbed my attention immediately. It has a lot in common with early NAPALM DEATH and includes a great cover of that band's song "Unchallenged Hate" along with a cover of TERRORIZER'S "Corporation Pull In." There is a bit of early NASUM and a bit more noise and chaos to go with the harsh political lyrics. Like INSECT WARFARE, ABLACH has created a sound steeped in the early days of grindcore. Give this one a listen. (MH)
(Blastwork)

ABSURD SYSTEM – "Christ War" EP

Five songs of fuzzed-out, crusty D-beat goodness from Brooklyn. This shit rules when done well, and sure, ABSURD SYSTEM sticks to the formula, but when you want tempura, you don't want "fusion." The bass is pretty high in the mix, which makes for a cool dynamic, and what the songs lack in speed is mostly made up for with heaviness. Play fucking *loud*. (DG)
(Vex / Mountains of Madness)

ADELITAS – "Un Solo Grito" EP

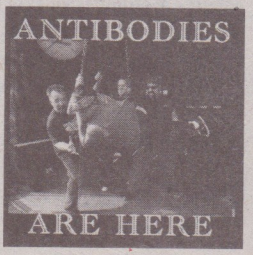
Female-fronted melodic crust/punk sung in Spanish. ADELITAS manages to sound unique, even though they are primarily playing down-tuned crust with relatively typical progressions. They incorporate rock elements with varying success, but the melodic vocals are the winner here. It certainly helps that I watched them a few weeks ago with a packed room full of punks singing along with smiles on their faces, but these songs are instantly catchy, and the urge to put a fist in the air is *almost* irresistible. (WN)
(self-released)

AGE OF COLLAPSE / WARSCROLL – split LP

Meh. AGE OF COLLAPSE does the epic, metallic hardcore thing. There are double kicks and sweet guitar licks and all, but they really don't do much for me. They're not bad (they're certainly good musicians), but there are not a lot of hooks here. My favorite part of their side was the black-metal-ish beginning part of "Ungrateful Sons," because it reminded me of MALEFACTION. Those guys were awesome, you should check out their records. WARSCROLL is all right. I like the early-GRIMPLE vocal trade-offs, and I appreciate any American band that has bi-lingual vocals, especially in a border town like San Diego. On the downside, there are way too many guitar harmonies and the songs are too long. When they start really raging, like in the last break on "Ethics of History," they're quite good. Unfortunately, for the most part the songs just kind of meander along without much impact. (AU)
(Handstand)

AGHAST – "Suffocating Authority" EP

There's something about this record that makes me feel tipsy. Maybe it's the way the beat seems so deliberate and just a fraction of a half-second behind where I think it should be. It's odd, and not at all a bad thing. Anyhow, this starts



out with a couple of slower tracks that show more of a direct UK82 influence than AGHAST's usual all-out crasher attack. The (relatively) plodding second track "Victimized" seems particularly out of character for them. Side two picks up the pace quite a bit, but never pushes the tempo too hard. I suppose I'm having a hard time adjusting to the new sound, as I saw AGHAST a lot when they were first starting out and this record sounds much cleaner and less out-of-control than the earlier stuff. I'm always stoked to see a new record from these guys, and I'm very interested to see where this new direction, guitar solos and all, ends up taking them. (AU)
(Desolate Legacy)

AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED / CROM – split EP

Leave it to RSR to pull together these two oddball but wonderful bands on one 7". One powerviolence/metal/hard rock band that is obsessed with Conan and includes a ton of samples, and on the flipside a drum-machine grindcore band. The first thing you hear on the CROM side is Schwarzenegger—"Two snakes coming together, facing each other, but they're one"—into an '80s metal riff that quickly switches to a sick combination of powerviolence and '80s thrash. I was somewhat let down by CROM's last release and like these tracks a lot more. Fuck yeah! AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED returns to pretty much straight-ahead drum-machine grind after a few releases of goofing around. The second track has a ripping fast beat, heavy chugging guitar, and lots of screaming. An excellent split from both bands. (MH)
(RSR)

AL-THAWRA – "Who Benefits from War?" CD

Since the press release that comes with the CD indicates that their work has been featured by "such international media outlets as *Rolling Stone, NBC Nightly News, BBC*"...and so on, I'll go ahead and assume that you've already heard about this band. As for the music? Pass. I'm sure their politics are cool, but they didn't deign to include lyrics, so I can't really tell. Fuck it. (AU)
(self-released)

ANOTHER SINKING SHIP – "Legacy" LP

Gruff and stomping punk rock from the land of bootleg vodka and Santa's reindeers (otherwise known as Finland). It's moshy without being hardcore, gruff without being Gainesville, and still maintains a punk rock sharpness comparable to COMPLETE CONTROL's more reflective moments. A slight boot-boy vibe manages to sneak in, adding to ANOTHER SINKING SHIP's anthemic punch-the-air choruses, with a nice bit of LEATHRFACE tenderness to round off a great record. Digging. (SD)
(Combat Rock)

A.N.S. – "Pressure Cracks" LP

I've been following A.N.S. for years, and though I've skipped a few of the split 7"s, I've liked just about everything that I've heard. I think they're one of the better bands that's been able to change their sound and still come up with something interesting each time. That said, I did not expect the crossover record that they've come up with here, but am in no way disappointed. It's complete with crunchy solos and double-tracked vocals in places, and definitely darker and heavier than anything A.N.S. has done before, but the crossover style is 100% genuine and raging to boot. The B-side gets a bit more somber and incorporates a later FLAG/BL'AST flavor that gets poetic at times, but as with everything else they've done, it's still undeniably A.N.S. Well done. (DG)
(Tankcrimes)

ANTIBODIES – "Antibodies Are Here" EP

If I were feeling more inspired, I might spend a solid paragraph writing about this record to shreds, and it would be very witty, and you would laugh at my literary brilliance and general wordsmithery. I, however, am not feeling inspired, so you lose. The ANTIBODIES play meathead bar punk. One song about getting wasted, one song about the singer's cock, one about digging graves, and then the title track, which is about the ANTIBODIES themselves. I'm still not feeling inspired, but I would like to add that this is pretty fucking terrible, and these dudes look like they could totally beat me up. (WN)
(Patac)

ARMAGEDDON CLOCK – "Past, Present, Future" LP

This is trash. It seems like these songs are like ten minuets long. I dunno where these people are from, but ARMAGEDDON CLOCK has really done their entire country a serious disservice by releasing this record. This is the type of crap that relies on the none-too-serious punks, the young, the feeble, the mall-going masses. This is safe—uniformed junk labels have dumped this on suburban high school kids to dupe them outta their lunch money. This is what HAWTHORN HEIGHTS thinks is punk. This is trash. (RM)
(Tuska & Ahdistus)

ATOM NOTES – "The Greatest Sound" EP

Hyper, kinetic power-pop from members of MANIFESTO JUKEBOX among others. I was a fan of that band, but ATOM NOTES trade in the HÜSKER/LEATHERFACE influences for a more late-'70s rock structure and songwriting, albeit with up-to-date, modern production. Think JOE JACKSON meets the BRIEFS, which I mean as a compliment, I swear. Good stuff, hopefully there's more to come. (AM)
(Combat Rock)

ATTACK OF THE MAD AXEMAN – "Scumdogs of the Forest" LP

First things first, I laughed out loud when I first saw this cover and the band name, which was a favorite '80s metal song of mine. Then I saw the band in what looks like cheap Halloween costumes, including one dude in a bumblebee costume, covered in blood, and each member has their weapon of choice (axe, chainsaw, etc). The title of the album is a take on a GWAR record. The music? Brutal, raw, ripping grindcore with touches of death metal. ATTACK OF THE MAD AXEMAN obviously has a sense of humor with tracks like "Squirrel vs. Glen Benton" and a song about fighting octopi, which includes the line "The fight octopus verses octopus / A mixture of American wrestling and Bavarian finger-crochet." But they also get semi-serious with tracks like "Nazi-Worms Fuck Off," which has a great line at the end "Love animals, hate fascism." The entire album has an animal theme. And who wouldn't like a grindcore/death metal song about a moshing eagle-owl? ATTACK OF THE MAD AXEMAN is from New Zealand, but has a slight Swedish grindcore sound mixed with some death metal. Best LP I've heard in a while. Animalgrind is future! (MH)
(RSR)

ATAKKE – "Avalanche" EP

This is the second EP from NYC crust-metal behemoth ATAKKE, and it definitely shows the band settling deeper into their beastly skin. Their style still retains a heavy thrash influence, but on this EP the songwriting seems even more streamlined. Transitions between parts are really well executed and the solos abound with character, adding to the overall effect. The powerful production captures warm but raw guitar tones and a clear, killer drum sound. "Betrayer" is a catchy, mid-paced MOTÖRHEAD-ish song that brings something from early METALLICA to mind. The title track and "Age of War" showcase brutal teutonic riffage (à la DESTRUCTION) that ATAKKE seems to write with ease. Chloe's vocals are as brutal as ever and much-appreciated musical nods to SACRILEGE are ever-present. Crushing record. (DB)
(Mountains of Madness)

AUTOMATIC PUSSYCAT – "Away (From the Eyes of Nancy)" EP

Sam of DIGGER AND THE PUSSYCATS joins forces with Jay a.k.a. KING AUTOMATIC. Of the three tracks, one is an original. "Away (From the Eyes of Nancy)" could easily be mistaken for an early OBLIVIANS song. It is fast and trashy with wildly cool guitar playing. Sam sounds very much like Eric Oblivian on it too. The B-side has two covers: the CRAMPS' "What's Inside a Girl" and the EASYBEATS' "Sorry." The former is pretty tame, opting for a bluesy, lo-fi version similar to the original; the latter picks up the pace again. Definitely worth picking up for the A-side alone. Cool stuff. (CK)
(Kizmiaz)

BAD BLOOD REVIVAL – "Tounge Twisting Tunes for Tiny Tots" LP

Bleach-era NIRVANA mixed with the eeriness and riffs of JESUS LIZARD and the general

heaviness of the MELVINS. BAD BLOOD REVIVAL has a screaming vocalist who sounds like the guys from MOHINDER or NATION OF ULYSSES. Works oddly well. I bet they would play a show with BATTLESHIP if that band were still around. I also bet this band smokes lots of weed since there are epic space-y breakdowns, the cover is painted green, and I got a contact high from the smoke emanating from the grooves. *Tiiiiigghht*. (VL)
(Dead Broke / Sweet Dreams)

BANNER PILOT – "Collapser" LP

Whoa, that was fucking quick! About six months ago, I heard that these guys were doing a record on Fat. Low and behold, here it is. This is a perfect follow-up to BANNER PILOT's debut, *Resignation Day*, and musically doesn't stray too far from that LP. Made up of guys from several defunct Minneapolis bands (including RIVETHEAD), BANNER PILOT has a similarly poppy sound to those who came before them. Lately it seems that most reviewers compare every Minneapolis pop punk band to DILLINGER FOUR. Hopefully after listening to this they will realize that is a weak comparison. If you like anything poppy that comes out of Minneapolis, you need to get *Collapser*. It's also easily the best record Fat has done in a while. (BD)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

BLAZE X – "Some Hope / Rippy"

The latest in Sing Sing's seemingly non-stop obscure power-pop and punk reissue production line. County Galway's BLAZE X existed from 1975-1980 and apparently supported U2 at one time. "Some Hope" is a cheerfully hopeful ditty about unrequited love, while the flipside is an ode to serial killer the Yorkshire Ripper that was apparently banned by Irish TV. If you've picked up any of the previous reissues on Sing Sing, you'll know that they unearth some sweet gems and do a nice job of it, and BLAZE X is no exception. (AM)
(Sing Sing)

BRILLIANT COLORS – "Should I Tell You" 12"

Rolling Stone says that BRILLIANT COLORS "captures the wiry spirit of '70s post-punk," but what the fuck do they know? Isn't there a new BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN album they should be covering? The group sounds more to me like they manage to beautifully filter the same '80s UK girl bands (SHOP ASSISTANTS, et al.) as early riot grrrl, but perhaps with less sporadic results? This seven-song 12" compiles the band's first two 7"s plus a bonus track. Time to get on the bus, unless the paragraph on the *Rolling Stone* website makes them too mainstream for your tastes. One thing I'm particularly glad about is that they didn't go the maximum twee route and spell "colors" the British way. (AM)
(Captured Tracks)

BROKEN WATER – "Boyfriend Hole / Mother"

So SISTERS kind of stopped (not fully but mostly) and Kanako and Jon moved on to this. They took all the SONIC YOUTH dissonance and doom with them and left behind the boywar for the most part. Kanako sings on both sides and her voice comes across as a spooky echo mumble and then into reckless caterwails. The bass and drums drag everything forward and the guitars shimmer along. It's desperate though not really chaotic, yet still kind of like everything is crumbling around you and all you can do is stare. There're lots of feminist themes to the lyrics, but it's not preachy; most of the time you can only make out a word or two. I could see BROKEN WATER being described as shoegaze, but it's not quite the wall-of-fuzz delay sound as that. It's definitely got tinges of the Northwest to it: fog and rain and freezing. I was in love with SISTERS, but BROKEN WATER is even more exciting to me. They put it out themselves, so I'm assuming it's kind of limited? Get it. Now. (MM)
(self-released)

THE BROTHERS GROSS – "Time to Go Now" CD

There is elasticity to the lyrics—they stretch from totally disengaging to mildly uninteresting, from one rock 'n' roll cliché to another. Well (enough) played, but not surprisingly unappealing garage rock. (P$)
(Bad Track)

THE BUGS – "Barbaric Mystical Bored" LP

This is some dorky stuff and that's not a bad thing. The BUGS are like a lo-fi DEAD MILKMEN for the next generation. Lyrics are pretty silly with lots of science fiction themes and songs about being a fuck-up. It's only guitars and drums, so the sound is really slimmed down and raw. Kind of garage-y at times, but it's just totally goofy from beginning to end. If you can deal with that, there are some jams hiding in this record. (FS)
(Hovercraft)

BURIAL – "Speed at Night" 12"

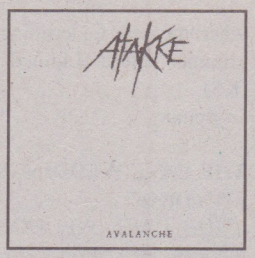
Six songs on a 12" is the ideal format for (almost) blown-out, savage, driving hardcore punk. BURIAL absolutely rips ass on this release. If you wanna hear heavy, fast hardcore with some tight riffing and catchy songs, get *Speed At Night*. The songs aren't all good enough for me to give it 10 out of 10, but I am a picky guy. I'll just play the best three songs over and over and get my thrash on. A fucking crucial release. (JM)
(Deranged)

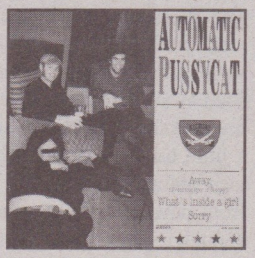
CAFETERIA DANCE FEVER – "Man the Lifeboats!" EP

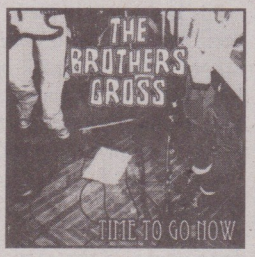
Personally, I appreciate a label that includes a 45 adaptor with a 7" record. Not that there is any shortage of the things around here or even at my house, but it is just a nice gesture. Ya never know. I also appreciate six songs on a 7". Give the people their money's worth. So CAFETERIA DANCE FEVER has a lot going for them before I even drop the needle. Fortunately, it doesn't end there. This is some really fun, poppy punk garage rock. The music is simplistic, perky, and trashy. The vocals are sort of bratty, but manage to still sound sweet. Mostly a male singer, but when the female voice comes in for some harmonies I like it even more. Reminds me a lot of one of my favorite '90s bands TEEN TITANS. Recorded by Justin Higgins, the man responsible for the HUNCHES' swan-song *Exit Dreams,* so you know this thing is loud and noisy, but in a good way. (CK)
(Hovercraft)

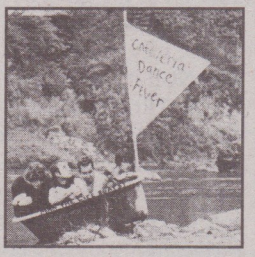
CAMPUS STERMINI – "Life Is a Nightmarish Reality" LP

Twelve tracks of gloom-ridden, bleak crust punk from Italy. There are tinges of metallic progressive elements in the guitars, but it's largely a thundering mass of dual-vocaled hardcore mired in thick distortion. One voice shouts and the other bellows DOOM-style vocals stretched to a deep howl that blankets the speeding chaos. Fueled by quick stop 'n' start drumming, the high energy works in tandem with the grimy distortion to compliment the dark, yet well thought-through and intense lyrics and sound-bites from sci-fi and









other movies, underlining the grim reality and grimmer future. Limited to 500 copies. Cool! (KS)
(Agipunk)

THE CAVE WEDDINGS – "Bring Your Love/ Let's Drive"

The CAVE WEDDINGS' jangle-pop sound is a product of Eric LaGrange from ERIC AND HIS HAPPY THOUGHTS and ROMANCE NOVELS along with a new line-up of friends. The three come together from New York State to make a really nice record. Yes, nice. Two quickie songs are on this 7", which is basically over as soon as you put the needle down. Updated slurping milkshakes with two straws bop crossed with a little bad-boy beach twist rumble sound. Easy teen anthems that pull from influences ranging from power-pop to a twinge of twee. There are enough raucous guitar parts to keep it from being overly sentimental, but both songs, "Bring Your Love" and "Let's Drive," are definitely for those with a sweet tooth. (AL)
(Hozac)

CHAINSAW EATERS / MELTING WALKMEN – split LP

Something is rotten with the state of Denmark's music scene. It's actually not rotten, but it's certainly not fresh and I couldn't help but play with some words from my favorite Shakespeare tragedy going through my head. CHAINSAW EATERS are a synth and drum duo, and although it's not terrible, it is quite bland. Thousands of bands have already made these sounds and have been doing so for decades. MELTING WALKMEN is more of a rock band. Like the CHAINSAW EATERS, the music itself isn't terrible but it lacks the substance that makes it stand out as being good, or even wanting to give it a second listen. (MU)
(Mastermind)

CHRISTMAS ISLAND – "Blackout Summer"

This is the sound of clean-cut youth living dirty lives. It's got a beach punk feel, which is not surprising considering this duo hails from San Diego; they're more TY SEGAL than AGENT ORANGE if you want specifics. They claim URINALS, TRONICS and TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, but I would class 'em as a post-"Part Time Punks" group—meaning the LA cash-from-post-punk-chaos club promoters rather than the song… This is a two-piece band, a couple making shambolic, darkly cute post-punk jams that call to mind something that could have been on K Records or Postcard. This is the sound of the new youth movement, and these part-time punks have a 7" coming out on Captured Tracks soon, which is not surprising. Beach punk TYVEK fans, here's your new jam… (LG)
(In The Red)

CITIZENS ARREST – "Colossus" 2xLP

How do you even begin describing music that's been a part of your fiber for the last fifteen-or-so years? Seriously. CXA's *Light in the Darkness* 7" and *Colussus* LP are two of the most important and mind-blowing hardcore records of all time. The first time I heard CITIZENS ARREST I was left breathless by the pure-driven mix of energy, power, and anger. So, what does the music sound like? I imagine that CITIZENS ARREST was inspired by buildings collapsing, trains colliding, civilizations ending…early Boston hardcore, NYHC, SEPTIC DEATH, VOID, RIPCORD, and on *Colossus* the SABBATH influence becomes more pronounced. CITIZENS ARREST perfected the art of pacing, seamlessly switching tempos within songs and playing several scathing slow-to-mid-paced tracks. This double-LP collects almost everything that the band knowingly recorded (it's missing the live 8", which isn't very good anyway). It's got the demo, 7", full-length, compilation tracks, live on WNYU material, and an unreleased RED C cover. To this day I find the demo unlistenable. Ted Leo's passive vocals don't live up to the insane lung- and throat-defying theatrics of Daryl Kahan's growls, shouts, and screams. During the '90s every other hardcore vocalist attempted to mimic Daryl's varying low-to-high-pitched growling vocal style, only to end up sounding like a throat-strained Cookie Monster. *A Light in the Darkness* is a fully realized hardcore punk record and will eternally induce couchdives. Ten minutes of some of the most fucking frantic and volatile music ever put to tape. The vicious guitar tone matches the intensity of the maniacal vocals, and the songs are punctuated by the drumming of an absolute madman. The *Colossus* LP is a bit more contained and (as the liner notes attest) polished, but it still crushes. Tracks like "Through the Mist" and "Utopia" show the band's songwriting maturing in the best way possible. A long time ago I heard an unfounded but believable rumor that HIS HERO IS GONE based their sound off the LP's slowburning metallic closer "Burst of Silence." The packaging on this reissue includes a gatefold cover, a poster, and a nice sixteen-page booklet with photos, artwork, and liner notes. I always enjoy looking at live pictures of CITIZENS ARREST—lots of mutated faces and airborne action shots to match the intense music. Only a fool would snub a solid reissue like this. (CI)
(Nuclear War Now)

COACCION – "Revolver" EP

This Tijuana band's second EP dives deeper into low-end bashing than their first. There's a heavier lean on metallic crunchiness, but COACCION still relies on quick, throttling drumming and burly RATOS DE PORÃO-styled gruff, throaty vocals for maximum impact. Six tracks here that rapidly speed by, but similar to San Diego/Tijuana's BUMBKLAATT, COACCION has a quirky, creative flair and musicianship that allows for a willingness to throw unexpected twists into straightforward, metallic hardcore bashing and then quickly back again. Lyrics are entirely in Spanish, and the artwork is deconstructed firearms, snakes, and bullets. Burly! (KS)
(Vex)

COLD ONES – "Stay Thirsty!" EP

OK, so I'm hanging out alone and drinking while listening to this EP that I picked up for review and the first song I come across is called "Badmixer," which is about a drunken idiot with no social skills. Shit. I don't think this is straight edge or anything, since the name of the band is the COLD ONES, and they had a tune called "Hangovers and Halfcabs" on their self-titled EP. Anyway, if you couldn't guess by that song title, the music is straight-up, fast, and chaotic hardcore skate thrash. Well-written lyrics reflecting frustration with society makes this stand out from many of the generic bands that play this style. Good stuff! (BG)
(Zandor)

CONDENADA – "Mother Tongue" EP

I picked up a guitar for the first time ever after watching this band of all women shred through song after song of political and empowering hardcore, and this record is just as inspiring as their live presence. With vocals similar to SPITBOY, lyrics in English and Spanish about political issues, deep and distorted guitar, catchy bass lines and drum beats that become glued to your brain, CONDENADA has got to be one of the most important bands in existence right now. This release is similarly melodic and pissed-off in attitude to their first record on Lengua Armada and has songs with interesting and unconventional parts that keep you on your toes. It begins with two slower and more epic songs, deviating a bit from the relentless hardcore of their earlier release, but it also has faster parts that pound awesome punk into your skull. Basically, this record showcases everything I want from band, so I suggest you find it immediately. (DA)
(Thought Crime)

CONDOMINIUM – "Barricade / Big Plans"

This 7" abandons the "meat and potatoes" hardcore of CONDOMINIUM's earlier EPs, instead offering two masterfully written slower songs. "Barricade" is a sadistic noise-rock-influenced number that paints an esoteric picture of an inept dweeb making the transition into tactful psychopath—perhaps the protagonist of PISSED JEANS songs building bombs in his basement as it pours rain outside, but with no indication of what happens afterwards. "Big Plans" might be the day after. It's a subdued, indifferent instrumental lurcher that strays and comes back over the course of four and a half minutes, giving me a similar feeling as BLACK FLAG's "Rat's Eyes" or "Obliteration," which ultimately feels more like the line between big plans and no plans. (DG)
(Fashionable Idiots)

CONTRAST ATTITUDE – "Apocalyptic Raw Assault" LP

This gatefold LP carries on in the same style heard on the ACROSTIX split: heavy, ripping, metallic crasher crust. Even more developed than their previous output, these songs are just punishing. One thing I love about CONTRAST AT-

TITUDE is that through all the noise—which is definitely less than many bands of the same ilk—they retain a wild heaviness others don't manage to capture. And, the vocals are epically raw and brutal. This sonic recipe sounds like a cross between the riffs of LIFE or FINAL BLOODBATH and the noisy power of greats like GLOOM and FRAMTID. The song "R.I.P." is for Kawakami, whose influence on this record is very audible. Definitely one of the best records I've heard this year. (DB)
(Agipunk)

CONTROL – "Hooligan Rock 'n' Roll" CD

Fuck yes! This is the new sound of Oi! music at its best! Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, CONTROL is the latest band fronted by Iain of BEERZONE (and prior to that, INTENSIVE CARE), so you know that this group has honed its skills over many years and is steeped in UK punk and Oi! music. On this debut full-length from CONTROL, you get fifteen potentially classic tracks of tough and aggressive punk rock with a distinctive, no-nonsense style. Solid rhythms with catchy and melodic leads and raging vocals accompanied by gang-chorus back-ups make for a modern day Oi! masterpiece. In addition to the brilliant musicianship, *Hooligan Rock 'n' Roll* is also lyrically interesting and challenging. Full of scathing social commentary, CONTROL asks a lot of tough questions that have no easy answers, but demands that the listener gives plenty of thought. With a theme of self-empowerment and an "us v. them" mentality, this album is all thriller and no filler! I would say that had *Hooligan Rock 'n' Roll* come out in the '80s, CONTROL would easily be considered on par with the likes of the LAST RESORT, 4-SKINS, or the OPPRESSED. (ML)
(Step-1)

CRYPTICS / USA WASTE – split EP

Both of these bands have great names and lots of heart, but this record just isn't moving me like I want it to. Maine's USA WASTE, while having good lyrics and playing quite well, reminds me of all those sloppy punk bands that jam in their basements and drink lots of cheap beer while their friends yell out "yeah!" between songs and belches. They're fun to watch and listen to but you wouldn't exactly collect all their records, know what I mean? The CRYPTICS from New Hampshire, on the other hand, sound a little better musically, but the lyrics are pretty terrible (in a good way?). Both of these bands would be the perfect line-up for an inebriated punk rock beer bash and barbeque, or maybe you can just listen to this record on a cheap plastic portable and huff glue. Either way, you're having a good time. (BG)
(Subterranean)

DE CYLINDERS – "We Must Pay/Chart Buster"

Another fine reissue job from the increasingly dependable Sing Sing Records—this is the sophomore single from Holland's DE CYLINDERS, originally released in 1980. Though recorded at the same session as their first (which was reissued earlier this year and reviewed in #315), it's not quite as good. The A-side opens tantalizingly with a distorted, down-stroked guitar line, but things take a turn for the new wave when the keyboard kicks in. It's a decent slice of rock-inflected power-pop, though doesn't have the requisite momentum to break the pull of gravity and reach the stratosphere. The flip is more of a ballad with a slight '60s girl-group feel that somewhat charmingly compares a lost love to a failed music career: "You used to be my chart buster / You'll never ever reach number one." While I thought this track was more compelling, again it was just a bit too slick and didn't have strong enough hooks to linger in my head after I took the needle off. Overall: pretty good, but not essential. (CS)
(Sing Sing)

THE CYSTS – "Public Release" EP

Eolian Records has yet to let me down. I've been into every release I've picked up, and the CYSTS are definitely no exception. I got the band's demo tape a few months back and loved it—disjointed hardcore played by some dudes who usually make noise. This EP follows in the footsteps of the demo, and improves on the sound with better production and tighter playing. Side A features four faster tracks of claustrophobic intensity, while the flipside has one slower track that still clocks in at a couple of minutes in length. This is my third time listening to this record and it gets better with each listen. Absolutely worth your money. (XV)
(Eolian)

DAMAGE PANTS – LP

Two-person band with drums and vocals and more bass than guitar. DAMAGE PANTS is bass-heavy yet minimal in a JESUS LIZARD sort of way, but with sung, understandable, non-aggressive vocals. The bass sound coming off this vinyl rocks! This might seem strange, but it does remind me of what you'd get if a two-person emo hardcore band played SHELLAC songs. Not too mathy, but a little whiney. For example, a song about not being able to dance? And one about ATM machines? From Austin, TX, DAMAGE PANTS sounds a little like BIG BUSINESS crossed with SHELLAC, all with a touch of emo hardcore. (MH)
(Bombay Cove)

DEAD UNCLES – "Cut Down to Sighs" EP

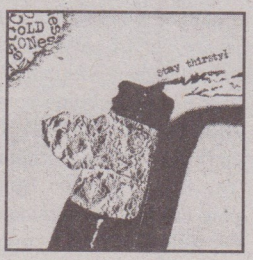
Rough-around-the-edges DIY punk from Connecticut. It's loud and loose and fun and fast and sounds quite good in a Recess Records or maybe early Lookout! kinda way. (AD)
(self-released)

DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR – "Slay Your Masters or Slave in Chains" EP

More tortured and crazy noisecore from Crust War, this time from Kobe, Japan's DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR. Pretty fucking nuts. This band is more in line with the SORE THROAT (*Never Mind the Napalm*-era) brand of noisecore than the usual GAI/CONFUSE/DISORDER style that is en vogue and causes mass flipping of wigs these days. This record is fast, nasty, scalding, uncontrolled crust madness, with vocals from the DOOM school. Totally over-the-top rawness and pushed to the limit of what most would classify as "music." Bliss. (JU)
(Crust War)

DEATH FROM ABOVE / GIVE UP ALL HOPE – split EP

Two tracks each of mid-tempo charge 'n' plod metallic crust. GIVE UP ALL HOPE churns an overall heavy dose of UK-inspired stenchcore with repetitive riffing and canned vocals spewing lyrics blasting consumerism and chosen life paths. Solid, but it stagnates in the constant static pace, careful delivery, and smooth edges of the recording itself. The similar yet considerably rawer side by DEATH FROM ABOVE is a little more successful—with a way noisier recording with upfront drums, throatier howled vocals, and odd, curt guitar wails that sound lifted off of some Japanese



record in the dim recess of memory (THE CLAY? EXECUTE? MERRY GO ROUND? G-ZET?). Lyrics blast the easy but fun targets of the UK royal family and corporations. A fun souvenir from what would probably be a fun tour to see. Limited to 300! (KS)
(no address)

DIRTY FILTHY MUGS – "Another Round" CD

Well…What can I say about this? Another group of working-class hooligan-types playing jaunty jigs of paddy-punk. Unfortunately I feel that this genre is kind of played out, partly due to the overwhelming commercial success of the DROPKICK MURPHYS, to the point that you can't turn around without hearing that song... You know, the one from the movie that they play at every professional sporting event now!! Oh well, good for Ken, Matt, Al, and co.—they totally deserve to be successful for all their hard work! And regardless of that, at least the DIRTY FILTHY MUGS are really fuckin' good! I'd definitely check them out and throw back a couple of pints if I had a chance. I just hope that the frat-boy FLOGGING MOLLY-loving crowd doesn't find out about these guys before I get that chance! (ML)
(Brrapp)

DISHONARABLE DISCHARGE – "Uskyldige Mennesker Sulter Og Lider" EP

Great fucking record. Quick and heavy, crusty Norwegian HC reminding me at times of HIATUS and FRAMTID. Drumming is pounding and relentless; the riffs are strong. Lyrics cover the usual topics regarding war and destruction. (VL)
(Vex)

DISKOIRÄÄ – "Play & Record" EP

This would've fit in fine in 1984. These Basque country delinquents play fast, simple hardcore punk, with lyrics in Spanish (English explanations are included). I know barely enough Spanish to love these lyrics—"Corta y pega es la filosophia / Enemigo vivo de la monotonia." Another song complains they have to travel too far to steal blank tapes. This is an above-average EP. (JM)
(Humilidad y Honestidad)

DRUNKDRIVER – "Fire Sale / It Never Happened"

The DRUNKDRIVER trio from Brooklyn releases yet another tightly wound piece of noise mess—yet the A-side, "Fire Sale," isn't really a mess at all, but so pounding, repetitive, and relentless it induces stress. Sweating, high-strung, pummeling guitar and drums action from Kristy Greene and Jeremy Villalobos, while Michael Berdan's painful, frustrated screams punctuate the repetition. "It Never Happened," the B-side, is more of comforting disaster. Like "Fire Sale," the self-assured drumming leads in, but unlike the previous song, its followed by feedback and spitting hatred vocals ending in a wall of noise. This pair of songs gives a solid feel for the high-strung, chaotic DRUNKDRIVER mindset. (AL)
(Fashionable Idiots)

THE DWYERS – "Gas Station Masturbation" CD

Punk rock from Finland that sounds like early BAD RELIGION with Blake from JAWBREAKER singing. Pretty raw and buzzsaw; powerful-sounding. This will probably get lumped in with TURBONEGRO, although the feel is definitely more punk than rock. A bit monotone at times, this is decent. (RL)
(Psychedelia)

ELLOS AUN VIVEN – "Aunque Seamos Nadie, Senores, Esta Es la Justicia Que le Pedimos" EP

Smokin' hardcore punk from Peru that's driving in an AUTOPSIA, ATAQUE FRONTAL way. You get a sense of some serious frustration and anger on this disc. Rough and aggressive vocals and playing make this worth searching out. Recorded in 1990 and never released on vinyl until now. I am hoping more obscure '90s world punk stuff sees the light of day, especially if it sounds as awesome as this. (MS)
(Sintemores / Discos Huayno Amargo)

ERANTZUN – "Hazia Ernaltzen Duen Tanta" LP

Most notable, this is fucking *fast*! Spanish crusty hardcore that might fall into the trappings of Eurocrust if not for the unrelenting pace these folks manage to keep up. There are melodies from time to time, but I can't really make them out until the tail-end of the second song finally slows down enough for me to catch my breath. This is not fastcore or anything like that, it's burly and heavy with thundering drums and riffs that would not be out of place on an EKKAIA record, but ERANTZUN is just way faster than any other bands of this ilk that I've come across. Unusual enough to hold my (almost) undivided attention throughout, they've made a record that fits a certain genre mold, but still stands as unique. Killer shits. (WN)
(Muerte Al Silencio / Carnus / Human Liberation Front)

ETERNA INOCENCIA – CD

I cannot read a word on the packaging on this. Not so much that this is in a foreign language, but the print is so small and it blends into the photos too. No luck on MySpace either. Anyways, not bad musically, with a melodic hardcore thing going on *and* some metal overtones. METALLICA, PROPAGHANDI, and TURBONEGRO come to mind. (RL)
(self-released)

EXPLODE INTO COLORS – "Coffins / Sharpen the Knife"

OK, the short review is EXPLODE INTO COLORS is like ESG if they were steeped in dub instead of funk, but whatever. It's three girls making super reverb- and delay-drenched weirdo art with a shit-ton of percussion and a bass (actually a baritone guitar, but you catch my drift). It's terrifying and dark but fully refreshing and exciting too. Melodies spiral out from bassy drones, constant multi-rhythmic drums click and rumble through, and voices echo in and out through the haze. It's like standing in a desert at twilight and maybe there's something in the distance? This is the first of a series of three seven inches—it's worth the time. (MM)
(M'Lady's)

EXTORTION / SEPTIC SURGE – split EP

First time hearing EXTORTION and I'm pleased. It's like an updated version of INFEST. SEPTIC SURGE thanks Eric Wood and BASTARD NOISE, so you know what they're going to sound like and they don't disappoint. They play a mash of HC with equal parts MAN IS THE BASTARD and CROSSED OUT. Full-color cover and my copy came on blue vinyl. Great record! (VL)
(RSR)

FACEHUGGER / PLEASURE CRUISE – split EP

Sounds like a bad art school party. Drum machines are raging on this inauspicious outing. FACEHUGGER is like a more indie-rock SPITS at times and really aren't too bad. PLEASURE CRISIS sounds like shit-fertilization for fecund facial fields of soon-to-be blossoming ironic mustaches. I'm reaching; this side is particularly horrible. (P$)
(Army of Bad Luck)

FACTORYMEN – "Shitman" LP

This is a great debut album following FACTORYMEN's recent EP release. Fourteen songs that sound nothing alike, *Shitman* is all over the place in sound, but it all blends together into a cohesive album. Elements of noise, audio collage, rock songs, and pop all under a wave of reverb make me happy. Every song is a keeper and each could have made a great single had they been released that way. (MU)
(Richie)

FIRST TIME RIOT – "Shooting the Fallen" CD

What a pleasant surprise! The artsy/collage-laden CD packaging on this one had zero band pictures or anything that would have led me to guess that FIRST TIME RIOT is one helluva a kickass '80s-style UK punk band! FIRST TIME RIOT is from the Midlands of England, formed in 2007, and has previously released a four-song EP… So *Shooting the Fallen* is their debut full-length and it is chock full of fast, chaotic punk rock with sneering vocals and sounds heavily influenced by bands like the SUBHUMANS (UK) and CRASS. Had these guys been around in the '80s, I would imagine that they would have fit in quite well on a label like Riot City, which is one of my favorite labels from that era! (ML)
(Deadlamb)

FRANCE HAS THE BOMB / TIGER BONES – split EP

This is a pretty decent split, but neither song is so amazing that I would want to remove the single from the sleeve and set the needle on the wax again. TIGER BONES is a rockin' pop band. I do dig the song by FRANCE HAS THE BOMB. It kicks in halfway through the grooves on the B-side, and then it gets a little groovy. (MU)
(Shit Sandwich)

FRUIT PUNCH / YOUTH OF TOGAY– split EP

If you haven't heard of YOUTH OF TOGAY then you probably aren't part of the modern hardcore scene, in which case: good for you. The poor man's LIMPWRIST, they recently generated apparent threats of legal action over an album cover that parodied HAVE HEART's latest. Unfortunately, they don't live up to any of the Bridge Nine board controversy. Musically they're pretty by-the-book with some bizarre bits tossed in, and their lyrics are juvenile at best. They ain't got nothing on Martin and company. I hadn't heard FRUIT PUNCH before, but they're a lot like YOUTH OF TOGAY. They mostly play fast, straightforward hardcore with some melody à la CHAMPION. I wish I could talk about their lyrics, but their side of the insert just features the song titles and an illustration of two cocks holding hands and spurting cum all over the place. From what I can make out, they sing about gay sex a bit, not too surprising. This is basically a novelty record—you'll listen to it once and then file it away. (XV)
(FNS)

GAS – "Compressed Gas" EP

A collection of six songs recorded between 1996 and 1998 from this New Zealand band. Lo-fi punk blending a '60s garage style with post-punk minimalism. Electronic keyboard sounds combined with strumming guitar riffs. Rollicking, wild rhythms with standoff-ish vocals. No drums, just percussion. This is the type of music I prefer to remember when I think of the '90s. GAS would fit nicely next to MONOSHOCK. Great songwriting that is simple, but interesting. Kind of weird, but kind of straightforward, too. Amazing. (CK)
(Siltbreeze)

GAS ATTACK – "No Bullet to Bite" CD

This sounds like one of those records that some classic band recorded 20 years after their inception, like if the DEAD KENNEDYS settled their differences with Jello and recorded a new record. The singer is undeniably doing his best Jello impression while the rest of the band plays polished yet aggressive hardcore with eccentric moments that draw from the DKs. The lyrics take on personal and political frustrations and are translated into Spanish, German, and Italian! (DG)
(Crime for Revenge)

GAS CHAMBER MELODIES – LP

It's always a bummer discovering a great band only to find that they're already gone. Such is the case here. This LP represents the complete works of this Polish band—a previously released CDR plus two unreleased songs from the same session. GAS CHAMBER MELODIES played a near-perfect mix of '90s style screamo mixed with a healthy dose of crusty hardcore, like ZANN and BURIAL YEAR or maybe IN/HUMANITY. Really good shit here. The LP comes with a 28-page booklet featuring lyrics and explanations in both Polish and English. Lyrically GAS CHAMBER MELODIES deals with a lot of the same topics as other "radical" or anarcho-leaning bands (mass media, body image, the madness of world leaders, etc.) from a very depressive personal perspective. Their words don't come across as contrived or artificial, and that alone is enough to set them apart from the pack of their contemporaries. All in all an excellent release—seek it out. (XV)
(Yama Dori / Teeth to Concrete Oi)

GERM ATTAK – "Molokai" EP

Fuck yes! GERM ATTAK from Ottawa, Ontario, Canada has an excellent new EP out! The new EP by GERM ATTAK is called *Molokai* and it is released by Desolate Legacy Records from Richmond, Virginia. This fucker comes out of the chute like a crazed bull! On side one, GERM ATTAK rolls through North Korea on the songs "Only Way to Survive" and "You Don't Care" with blistering speed. GERM ATTAK shows their wide variety of influences from MG-15, UBR, CHRON GEN, INFA-RIOT, SKEPTIX, and KOHU 63. Side two offers "Situationist," "Riot 2010," and the slower title song "Molokai 73." This is a good record! (BR)
(Desolate Legacy)

GG KING – "Drug Zoo" EP

Greg (singer) from the CARBONAS starts a new band and takes a turn for the poppier. On the scale of poppiness, Mr. KING hasn't taken things as far as GENTLEMAN JESSE, but instead keeps punkin' out with two other CARBONAS (Clay, guitar; Chris, bass), hitting their stride more along the lines of a sped-up FEVERS. "Drug Zoo" is the clear standout (it's been stuck in my head all night), but their cover of the BOX TOPS' "The Letter" pretty much kills, too. (IS)
(Rob's House)

GIFTGAS ATTACK – "Producing Shit and Masspollution" EP

Aaarrrggghhh! GIFTGAS ATTACK picked up the DISCLOSE baton and started fucking sprinting. Two 7"s and a split LP later and the finish line is still nowhere in sight. You (should) know the drill: distortion-drenched guitars and razor-sharp D-beats, all spiced up by dual, raw-throated vocalists, and some much improved soloing (and a sick wah-pedal intro on "Javal Skit"!). When you think about it, it's almost post-modern—DISCHARGE influences SKITLICKERS/ANTI-CIMEX, who influenced DISCLOSE who influenced GIFTGAS ATTACK. It's like the fucking circle of life or the swine flu. Point being, this record is awesome and you should own it. (AU)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

GISM – "Detestation" LP

Bootleg treatment, again, for this classic Japanese HC record. Many imitators, but none have ever reached the brilliance of *Detestation*. All should know it, but for those who don't, GISM was an early HC band of the Tokyo, Japan scene, seamlessly blending punk and metal, but adding an odd, almost psychedelic element to the music. The band was led by a ripping guitarist (R.I.P., Randy Uchida-san) and a singer notorious for violence who was instrumental in some of the great compilations of the first wave of Japanese HC (e.g., *Outsider*, *Great Punk Hits*, and *Hardcore Unlawful Assembly*). Overall, the quality isn't *too* bad. It sounds like it was sourced from an original copy, not poorly encoded mp3s, and the cover is only sort-of pixilated. "Bunch of fucked up people maaaan…Napalm sticks to kids…Oh yeah? Yeah!" (VL)
(bootleg)

GIUDA – "Per Sempre Il Nulla/Tramonto Della Vita"

It's a good thing that this is a limited EP because it's really not good. The alternate version of "Per Sempre Il Nulla" has an intro that goes on *way too long*. It takes up more than half the running time of the song and it's really not all that compelling. The rest of the song is OK, but the riff and vocal line are close enough to DOOM's "Lifelock" to sound sort of fishy. The B-side isn't any better. They're going for some kind of atmosphere like GODFLESH or something, but it ain't working. I know these guys are better than this. Pick up the first LP and give this one a wide berth. (AU)
(self-released)

GLEN IRIS – "Horseless / Big Hatchet"

Atlanta three-piece playing music more befitting a band from a small Midwestern/Southern college town. Something you'd expect to hear coming from a garage or out of a basement on a warm summer night. The thin production fits these simple, catchy songs perfectly. "Horseless" comes off as the punkier (or just more bitter) of the two songs, while "Big Hatchet" shows more indie rock leanings. To give a little perspective of what this sounds like…it's 100% opposite of what Bruce Roehrs is moshing to in the other room. Limited to 300; members of the ROCK*A*TEENS. (IS)
(Dirty Slacks)

GLUE – "Still Here" EP

Fuck, this is a good EP. Real dark music created in the Northwest, land of perpetual rainfall and epic depression. Living in a place like Olympia, it's easy to see how you'd be prone to writing songs of social alienation, loneliness, and substance abuse. And that's a big part of this record, for sure, although it's communicated in a real honest and human way. Like, there's that point in your self-awareness where "punk" stops being new and fascinating, and you realize you're doing the same exact things others were doing five, ten, even thirty years ago. The only difference is the songs you're writing have different chord progressions. And sometimes they don't. It's where a lot of people drop out of the scene, or stick around to become bitter and depressed, but *you* stick around 'cause it's important. Because it is! It really is. Anyway, this record is punk with all the glitch and glamour washed away, and it's fucking good and it's important. It's good in the same way the OBSERVERS are good. And the lady singing is pretty remarkable—a lot of the lyrics are screamed, but the kind of vocal control she has over words is crazy. Fucking great delivery. One of the best records of the month. (FS)
(Rumbletowne)

GRASS WIDOW – "Tattoo" 12"

I have such mixed feelings about GRASS WIDOW each time they release something! I don't know what it is—sometimes the music just makes me think of milk-eyed wimmin rock, like dreary folk singers mixed up with some '80s 4AD—dull, dull, dull! Then sometimes they have this rad nervous energy, like URINALS or Palmolive-era RAINCOATS that makes them so epic. I don't know if it's the fact that GRASS WIDOW got hyped so much to me before I heard 'em that there was no way they could possibly compete with my idea of what they shoulda been. Their first 12" was half-great and half-dreary, which unfortunately made me write them off, even though the A-side was legitimately awesome. This record starts out so compelling and dreamy—they have the focused, intense, seductive manner of YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS, but then the music has this total basement RAINCOATS sprawl to it, too… "Tattoo" and "Thirsty Again" are so great, with this cool subterranean guitar sound, somehow like a *Nuggets* version of the TOM VERLAINE guitar sound. There's a sense of dread and wonder inherent in the sound, with the female vocals and the way they collide with each other and that guitar sound. Side B, as is the case with the Make a Mess Records 12", is considerably less interesting. "Lulu's Lips" sounds like a BELLY song, and the URINALS cover was somehow radder when it was murkier sounding on their split tape with RANK XEROX. At any rate, if you have any kind of interest in punk Rough Trade-era girl sounds, you should definitely check this record out… (LG)
(Captured Tracks)

GUERILLA – "Chapter IV. Emancipation" CD

According to the promo sheet these guys have been around for six years and are now breaking up, with this final release containing six new tracks and twelve live ones. This is the first time I've heard of GUERILLA, and listening to this I can see why they've stayed off my radar. This is mediocre "hardcore" mixing melodic youth crew with the "mature" pop stylings of BAD RELIGION and bands of that ilk. They probably think of themselves as being akin to PROPAGANDHI, but GUERILLA has neither the songwriting skill nor the musical chops to be given a positive mention in the same breath as everyone's favorite anarcho-Canucks. Lyrically they focus on antifa, anti-racism, anti-anti-Semitism, and antifa. Those wacky, guilt-ridden Germans. This Jew will take some apolitical music with backbone over this weak shit any day. Next. (XV)
(Concrete Jungle)

GUITAR MAGAZINE / LEADERS – split EP

Lots of ex-members of note here: GUITAR MAGAZINE boasts members of DEADLY SNAKES, TOP TEN, and KNIGHTS OF NEW CRUSADE; LEADERS claims ex-FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM. GUITAR MAGAZINE comes off sounding like they're trying to cram too much into one song. Heavy riffing from the bass, far too much guitar wankery, and uninspired, blown-out vocals, all working against each other. The result is actually really two-dimensional, not unlike your standard punky bar band. The LEADERS steal the show on this split with two pretty simple, catchy, and suitably lo-fi songs, carrying in the tradition more of JETPACK, the MINDS or the FLIPTOPS. (IS)
(Classic Bar Music)

GUN OUTFIT – "Dim Light" 12"

GUN OUTFIT can be counted among the loosely affiliated group of Olympia-based bands that also includes SEX VID, WHITE BOSS, SISTERS, MILK MUSIC, etc. They've previously released a demo cassette and a decent 7" EP, but *Dim Light* is the best thing they've done by far. The eight diverse yet cohesive tracks here employ loose guitar work over tight and propulsive drumming, and the instruments and vocals (male and female, the former with a distinctive monotone, almost spoken delivery) play off one another in a lazy, seemingly jumbled way that is organic and beautiful. I hear traces of early Portland punk rock like the WIPERS, NEO-BOYS, and the RATS; mid-'80s SST groups like the MEAT PUPPETS or DINOSAUR JR; even '80s and '90s indie bands like the PIXIES—but to what degree GUN OUTFIT is actually influenced by any of the aforementioned is unclear, as they do not appear to be attempting to mimic a particular band or style. Good lyrics and artwork, plus the inclusion of two bona-fide classic tunes ("Troubles Like Mine" and "Control"), make this one of the best releases of the year. (CS)
(PPM)

HAMMERS – "Mass Producing Death" EP

HAMMERS had my eyes pop not ten seconds into the first furious song. The wall of sound was pounding out a crushing rhythmic hook, which had me turning the volume knob way up! A fucking solid overall sound, with guitar tones calling my mind to BURIAL YEAR and FROM ASHES RISE, while capturing the overall intensity that helped make those bands great. The record has a totally interesting and heavy-as-all-hell feel demanding intent listening for each riff and scream. Their website said "Too metal to be punk, too punk to be metal." I dunno if that's the case, but it gives you an idea that these dudes are aiming to *crush*. The fury is done well, with superb hooks that are layered in the songs and make them stand out as keepers, not just pummeling aggro punk. The vocals are screamed and get switched up a little with another band member at a few points, adding to the dynamic sound. The sleeve is neat too, adding a nice touch. All songs here appear on the *Year One* tape from Hit Time Records that I will be picking up soon, too. I suggest you find this. (RM)
(self-released)

HERDS – LP

After two awesome 7"s HERDS enters the sometimes dicey terrain of placing their hardcore punk onto an LP, and the band has thankfully presented us with a well-written and nicely sequenced full-length. On this record HERDS plays fourteen fast hardcore songs that are on the cusp of heavy and often stray into mid-tempo and slow pacing. The riffs are burly, the breaks and choruses tend to crush in a non-traditional way,

and there's a solid layer of low-end that coats the songs without suffocating them. HERDS adds a bit of primitive, slow pounding to a couple tracks and these parts work to create an isolated, bleak atmosphere, which begins to permeate the LP upon further listens (in a good way). The LP offers a lot of variety and the slower/heavier songs are generally followed by a fast bashing, which is always nice. After a couple listens, I'm ready for another. (CI)
(Fashionable Idiots)

HIGHSCHOOL NIGHTMARE – "Nightmare High" LP

From the get-go, I didn't have high hopes for this record, mainly because it's on Longshot, a label whose records never really appealed to me. Maybe the assigners meant to give this to Bruce to review? Anyway, this is some pretty boring shit from Germany with a street punk vibe. I was hoping it would be like OXYMORON; alas it is nowhere near as good. Also, there's a line in one of the songs that reads "… but you're even more gay than the faggots that you hate". What the fuck? Don't you realize the inherent homophobia displayed in that line? And what's with referring to a girl as "bitch"? What is wrong with these guys? (BD)
(Longshot Music)

HLM GANG – "Local Sessions 1981-1982" LP

Some raw, super stripped-down yet melodic Swiss punk that was recorded at the height of this band's powers, but not released until now. HLM GANG was obviously inspired by '77 UK punk, as well as the energy and action of their contemporaries in the Swiss punk scene of the time, and the rawness of their sound in combination with the catchiness of the songs makes this an undeniable document of an exciting time in punk. Apparently the band was involved in setting up autonomous spaces for the punks in various towns in Switzerland… Check out the book *Hot Love* for more information about the fertile and creative Swiss punk scene. *Local Sessions* has a rad, fucked-up xerox aesthetic, and the liner notes and insert poster make this a must if you have any interest in early Swiss punk. (LG)
(Swiss Punk)

I HATE THIS – "Shapeshifter" EP

I liked I HATE THIS before, and now after ripping this ten-song slab a few times, I think I fucking love them. Female-snarled vocals that leap out of a wall of heavy, blistering hardcore. When they go fast, I HATE THIS almost gets lost in the blur, but when things slow down to a dull mosh, it's just fucking crushing. Top-notch songwriting, and the lyrics are deep and personal, though never trite, and are all accompanied with explanations and/or contexts for the lyrics. Totally bad-ass record. (WN)
(American Waste)

IMPERIAL LEATHER – "Unconditional Conditions" CD

Sweden's soap-dodging spiky-tops return with a new album of upbeat, catchy punk rock. The songs drive along nicely, powered by crunchy guitar riffs that are tuneful without being too melodic, serving as a great vehicle for vocalist Amyl Nitrate's angry wailings. My favorite song is the one against smoking bans, seemingly because all the smoke at gigs was covering up a lot of other unpleasant smells, which are now more prominent. If you haven't heard IMPERIAL LEATHER, think SIGNAL LOST on a diet of street punk instead of peace punk, and you're getting close. This album brightened up my morning commute to my corporate job; maybe it can do the same for you? (AM)
(MCR Company)

TH' INBRED – "Legacy of Fertility" CD

Alternative Tentacles comes through once again in their effort to unearth rare gems from the glorious decade of the '80s, and this time they mine West Virginia's TH' INBRED. I have to say that I never really heard of these guys before, but this collection sure shows that I've been missing out on some really good music. In some early tracks the band finds influence in the DEAD KENNEDYS and the CRUCIFUCKS with nasally, sarcastic diatribes about the scene (though never quite reaching the same cerebral heights as those two groups). But when they hit their stride in later tracks, they nailed the aggressive discordance of ARTICLES OF FAITH or REALLY RED, as well as the musical variations found in other Texas punk bands of the era. These cats might not have been quite as good as those others just mentioned, but they were in the same league at least. Why weren't these guys bigger? Definitely worth checking out if you dig good US Reagan-era punk. (BG)
(Alternative Tentacles)

LOS INGOBERNABLES – "Cuando el Hardcore Llama" CD

Politically charged melodic HC from Argentina. The music is played very well and lyrics are sung in Spanish. Huge booklet/fold-out poster with lyrics and explanations, unfortunately, all written in Spanish. (Unfortunate in that I have no idea what these songs are about.) Pretty cool stuff. (VL)
(El Cambio)

THE INTELLECTUALS – "Triple" LP

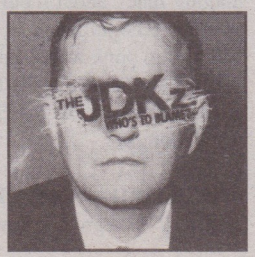
I have to admit that I was pleasantly surprised by this one. The cover had me a little nervous. This Italian group features two chicks and one dude and they work it well. It's very punk rock, in a melodic sort of way. It's also got a real garage sound to it, both in terms of the sound quality and also in the style of the music, which has enough keyboard to take you back to the old *Pebbles* and *Back from the Grave* compilations. The bass pounds and gives it a sort of dark side, but ultimately it's the catchiness that takes over. Good shit. It's on white vinyl and comes with a CD of the music. (KK)
(Jeet Kune)

INTRO5PECT – "Record Profits" CD

Wow! Very cool stuff going on here. Imagine if you took the political punk of ANTI-FLAG and the CLASS WAR KIDS and mixed it with the synth-driven pop of the EPOXIES and ATTENTION DEFICIT. Angry, catchy choruses surrounded by electronic drum and bass beats and memorable punk riffs. The winner of the month for me. Seven strong tunes (six originals and a cover of NAKED AGGRESSION's "Plastic World"). Their third full-length, I believe. Top notch. (RK)
(A-F)

THE JDKZ– "Who's to Blame?" CD

Let me find a good way to describe this quirky quartet. Hmmm... If the BIG BOYS, U.S. BOMBS, and the CIRCLE JERKS got together and actually had a circle jerk, the musical equivalent of the resulting glob of DNA left on the floor would be the JDKZ. Good aggressive punk with an unorthodox edge. Check out the title track and "Not for Me." Pretty cool stuff. (RK)
(OTF)



JOHNNY ILL BAND – "The Doctor" EP

Slow-paced poppy garage rock. Somewhat similar to the slower TYVEK songs, but more pedestrian. The music hugs the middle of the road. It's not bad or good. The lyrics are stupid, for better or worse. Apparently one or more of these dudes are also in the TERRIBLE TWOS. Some of the guitar work between the two bands sounds similar, albeit slower-paced on this 7". If you're into the TERRIBLE TWOS you may want to check this out. (P$)
(Kaboodie)

JUNGLE JUICE – "Jungle Jamz" CD

One-dimensional, slick, goofy, moshy hardcore, with vocals that affect a gritty NYHC-style bark. Nothing else to say, really. (DG)
(self-released)

KEITZER / DAS KRILL – split EP

KEITZER's full-length from last year was a favorite of mine so I was really looking forward to hearing some new songs. These tracks continue KEITZER's mix of metalcore and Swedish grindcore. One problem I have with this is the drum sound; drum triggers can be annoying. DAS KRILL have a strange and unique sound—heavy on the keyboards and electronics but with lots of screaming and heavy bass. Behind the screaming is another guy growling, all done chaotic with lots of changes. One song reminded me of LE SCRAWL while the next like some crazy hardcore band and then the next like some mid-'90s industrial metal band. (MH)
(7 Degrees)

KRIG I HUDIK – "Krig I Hudik" EP

So this guy Rolf Revalt has an amazing penchant for writing killer punk songs. He was in MISSBRUKARNA and a slew of other bands; he also ghost-wrote a bunch of TOTALITÄR songs, really great tunes. So this is him and three members of TOTALITÄR, and I believe the drummer of BRAINBOMBS doing versions of old Swedish punk bands most (or all) of which Rolf was in, and two new origanals. This is great. How could it be bad? Either you're with us or you're a terrorist if this doesn't appeal to you. Swedish punk that can do no wrong. (RR)
(Feral Ward)

THE LADIES – "Trashed" EP

These guys (no, contrary to the band name—these are no ladies!) ain't messing around on this EP. It is a lightning fast 1-2-3 punch of trashy rock 'n' roll with no frills… I'm pretty sure that each of these songs clock in under two minutes and there's nothing fancy about them at all—and that is just as much a compliment as a criticism! If you like straight-up punk with a tinge of garage rock, then you'll like the LADIES. To me, this sounds like a well-produced PAGANS or something… (ML)
(Cowabunga)

LANDLORD – "Can o' Beans" EP

This 7" is a great follow-up to their full-length album that came out earlier this year on Houseplant Records. The songs are just as good as the LP, but the recording quality is missing a bit. It sounds like the band is kind of far away from you. The first song on Side A is total DINOSAUR JR worship. But pretty much everything these guys do has a DINOSAUR JR quality to it. Except maybe the third song on the record, "Insomnia 2," which has a heavy CARRIE NATIONS influence. But yeah, all around a solid garage EP right here. (FS)
(Dead Broke)

LAST RESISTANCE – "Protect Our System" CD

Brit-influenced punk with a mohawk. Early ANTI-FLAG and EXPLOITED type sloganeering can be heard here. A five-songer that isn't bad, just a bit too copycat to get too excited about. (RL)
(self-released)

LESSON LESSON LESSEN RELEARN / RUSSIAN TSARLAG – split EP

LESSON LESSON LESSEN RELEARN provides a track made mostly from tape sounds and synthesizer. It's pleasantly mellow for experimental sounds and is especially nice in my half-sleep state. RUSSIAN TSARLAG is a one-man band from Providence, RI. It's got a nice sound to it. The guitar reminds me of Y PANTS even though the songs nothing at all like Y PANTS. I dig split records by two bands that don't sound anything alike. (MU)
(West Palm Beotch)

THE LOBLAWS / THE SCI-FI NIGHTMARES – split EP

I don't even know what to write about this that won't sound like I'm shitting all over it. From the unoriginal cover art to the boring, tired old lyrics 'bout girls and such (actually, I think all four songs here about ex-girlfriends), everything here is lackluster at best. Both bands seem like the kind that only play bars or somewhere equally as crappy to see a punk show. I don't even think I could come up with a "fans of ____ would love this!" reference. (BD)
(Killer)

MANTENTE LIBRE Y CONCIENTE – "Sangre Y Fuego" CD

This is some pretty good political pop-punk from Argentina. Well, at least all the imagery is political; the lyrics and insert are all in Spanish so I can't say with absolute certainty that they are a political band. But they sure look like one. This is a four-song CD that is pretty cool in an early PROPAGANDHI kind of way. Like the kind of songs from the first two LPs, before they started getting into all that IRON MAIDEN worship. Well, come to think of it, there are some pretty kickin' guitar solos on this CD. There is also a hint of NOFX in some of the guitar leads, but not really in any thing else. This is pretty cool; wish I knew what they were singing about, I bet it's pretty cool. (FS)
(Discos Del Sembrador)

THE MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE – "Ben Weasel" EP

Unfortunately for the MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE, they got me reviewing their record that slags off Ben Weasel—not on my watch, kids. I guess he put them down on his radio show and they took it personal. They sound kind of like if RUSH were twelve and couldn't play their instruments and did a demo tape for Plan-It-X Records. It's not that horrible, as it has a kind of early-'90s DIY charm. But, like Ben Weasel's radio show, I wouldn't advise listening to it. (AD)
(self-released)

MEAH! / PHANTOM FAMILY HALO – split EP

Two songs from Chicago trio MEAH! are on the first side of this split; the first, "Kids/Summer" is a spastic art rocker that's a lost ramble. In line with the fire hydrant and ice cream evoking title, fun chaotic shambles ensue. The other offering from MEAH!, "Mystics," is slowed-down, drawn-out, and gives you a minute to breath. The B-side is PHANTOM FAMILY HALO out of Louisville, KY doing a successfully understated yet noisily punctuated RED KRAYOLA cover "Hurricane Fighter Plane." The band history includes THE FOR CARNATION, SAPAT, and HOOKERS among others, and for how different all those bands sound, the members definitely come together and create a nice package. (AL)
(Sophomore Lounge)

MEINHOF – "Under the Burning Sky of Future Events" CD

I like this CD and wasn't expecting to. Aesthetically I'm just not super into it, mostly because of the digital graphics, but I like the vibe of the music. It maintains a bleakness, with pretty simplistic riffs and female vocals shouted with a sharp delivery, not unlike bands such as RED THREAD (vocally, that is…). The music is modern anarcho-hardcore punk and it's well done for the genre. There's not a whole lot of variety to the songs, but their execution of this musical style is effective. I get the impression these people are activists—walking the walk, so to speak. They make space in the insert for the statement of their beliefs in regard to a variety of social issues and they keep it simple, focused, no frills. This album seems really sincere and the music is pretty heavy and cold to boot. The production, seemingly digital, might have something to do with the cold feel of the sound. Whatever it is, I think it's working. (DB)
(MCR Company)

THE MENZINGERS – "Hold on Dodge" EP

Aww *fuuuuuuuck*. I like to think I have discriminating taste because I'm the pickiest person on earth and hate everything, especially most music. Now, along comes the MENZINGERS, another shit band, and for some stupid reason my mis-wired half-brain digs it. What the fuck is wrong with me? The tunes here are total HOT WATER MUSIC worship that could fool most

folks into believing it's actually HWM or a side project of said Gainsvillians. (JU)
(Red Scare)

MORNE – "Twilight Burns / Seams"

I fucking *love* this band, but this record is really hard to review. I'm having great trouble finding the words. Their riffs are so monstrous, crushing, cold, and oppressive/depressive without ever feeling forced or contrived, which is also something most record *reviews* seem to struggle with. How can you gather a pile of hyper-exaggerated adjectives together to wax on something that in itself is a perfect example of avoiding the use of exaggeration and flamboyance, yet makes such a gnarly impact? You can't. It's a cosmic improbability. The minimal-ness here is what most needs to be applauded, in its very soothing, comfort-in-doom kind of way—it just envelops you. Perhaps it's the effect of the subtle keyboards. The bottom line is that MORNE pulls off the metallic crust thing without even a trace of wanky acrobatic trickery. Instead, their ability to simply write a good, heavy riff and perfect it makes for one of the best doom-y crust bands in the world that can hold your attention through a six-plus-minute punk song. Period. Try listening to this shit on headphones and then tell me you don't agree. MORNE is made up of members from GREIF and FILTH OF MANKIND, so the sound produced makes perfect sense. (JU)
(Feral Ward)

MR CALIFORNIA AND THE STATE POLICE – "Shrimp & Chocolate" LP

E-fucking-nough with drum machines. I've dug some of MR CALIFORNIA's releases in the past, especially the early ones, but this LP—27 songs—is just too much. There are lots of instrumental or noisy/arty interludes between the more flushed-out songs, all tinged with the tinny, electronic din of a drum machine, and maybe a guitar run through a computer. This just sounds like a 14-year-old in his bedroom dicking around with Garageband. No thanks. (IS)
(self-released)

MURDER BY GUITAR – "MBG" LP

WARSAW, WIRE, and MISSION OF BURMA-influenced post-punk run through a categorically KBD (e.g. MASSHYSTHERI) filter. This also briefly evoked memories of that DANSETTEN LP. When it's punk, it's great. When there is an indie rock/disco-style drumbeat, it's bad. Unfortunately, indie/disco drums reign for most of the record, which is frustrating because the songs are enjoyable, well structured, and generally well written. Out of the nine or ten songs on the record, only two were good, and those two were extraordinarily great songs. "Artificial Eyes" is the best song I've heard all month. Angular guitar parts somewhere between MISSION OF BURMA and WIRE with some of the VICIOUS' snotty affectations, and pacing accompanied by BOYS-style hooks. "Dinosaur" wasn't bad either. Check out "Artificial Eyes" on the labels' MySpace and see if it's worth buying the record for that song alone. (P$)
(Jeetkune)

MURDERESS – "Cover the Earth in Graveyards" CD

This Portland quintet has graced us with a four song, eleven-minute release. Their sound is like BREAD AND WATER with fewer guitar harmonics, or SCHIFOSI without the extra-heavy low-end. I hope this is the band's first release, as these songs don't match the better material of the above bands, and the production doesn't accentuate their sound or power. The cover couldn't be more generic. The lyrics are pretty good, covering standard topics but with a lot to say. I'll keep an eye out for their next recording, but this one can be safely missed. (JM)
(Tomorrow Belongs To Us)

NERVESKADE – "Acid Attack" EP

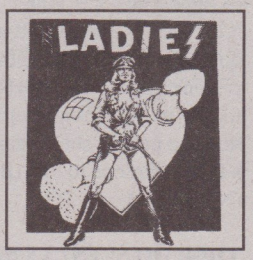
For the longest time, I kept getting word of this amazing new band in Portland I needed to check out called NERVESKADE. Friends assured me I would love it and that I needed to go see them play at all costs. I missed them the first time around, so come this past spring on a hot and sultry day after work, I grabbed a case of beer and hopped into a car with three smelly ogres and headed over to Oakland for an afternoon show, only to get stuck in traffic. Thoroughly bummed and convinced I'd missed NERVESKADE again, I drank almost all the beer; two hours later and needing to piss, we arrived just in the nick of time and delightfully buzzed. They were amazing—a delicate blend of RIPCORD and, say, GAI, CONFUSE, and DISORDER. But man, does the drummer ever rule. They had it all—bounce, bop, swagger, hooks, high fuckin' energy, power, infectious grooves and extreme noise, and those goddamn amazing drum rolls (so tight). Holy fuck, imagine that Fischer Price toy that had those colored balls in a plastic bubble that was on wheels that had a stick, and when you pushed it the balls popped and made a crazy noise. Well, the faster you pushed the more noise and more pop and fun one would have. NERVESKADE are this toy being pushed by a retarded jaguar. They finished and I pissed, then like a foaming-mouth fanboy I drunkenly gushed over them being great, and had to get their tour 7" they were out (T-Y-P-I-C-A-L) but was given some buttons. So when I got this record in the mail I was stoked, and fuck if this ain't catchy as hell. Leaving the house just now to come review this, I started getting really excited and had the song "Sick in the Head" in my mind's walkman, which set me off like a crazed lawnmower, bouncing down the sidewalk all herky-jerky, banging my head to the left singing "sick in the head!" bumping into people. I got some odd looks to say the least. So nasty, yet so bouncy and catchy, this is a perfect hardcore punk record that demands maximum volume and repeated listens. Cheers. (RR)
(Whisper in Darkness)

NOISE BY NUMBERS – "So Quickly/Under the Milky Way"

NOISE BY NUMBERS has a very full—I guess you would call "mature"—sound that reminds me of NOTHINGTON, and that wall-of-noise, slight country tinge. It's well-produced and well-played and rolls along nicely. This stuff has to be well-written or it sounds like a load of cheesy shit; these guys pull it off, I like this… The flip has an almost SISTERS OF MERCY feel. They're still very punk at their roots, but I get the feeling they could have crossover appeal and "hit it big." Art of the Underground Singles Series #43, for those keeping count. (AD)
(Art of the Underground)

NOMOS – "The Most Dangerous Game" EP

NOMOS plays what is becoming pretty standard fare for fast hardcore in 2009 and beyond; an air of mystery in the artwork, a sense of artiness to the tunes, repetitive mid-paced single-noted parts to open hardcore rippers, etc. In all, this is a pretty solid artistic HC record and would most certainly appeal to the veritable frenzy of the one to two hundred kids freakin' out over limited CULT RITUAL records. Ex-DUST-



HEADS, for those keeping score. (JU)
(Deranged)

NORTH TROLLS / WRISTER– Split EP

These two bands from Atlanta give us five songs of A-OK lo-fi poppy punk. The NORTH TROLLS have a jangly guitar sound that works well for what they're doing. I can hear some early MARKED MEN influences here—that's a good thing, as you probably know. I like WRISTER's sound and their lyrics. I've had to review plenty of bands that use guitar riffing in a way that I think sounds cheesy and unnecessary; these guys do it in an effective way that totally works. Here's my one gripe—the vocals are bit over emotional for my liking. Thumbs up to singing with conviction and putting some heart behind it, but it seems a little overdone to me. (BD)
(No Breaks)

THEE OH SEES / TY SEGALL – split EP

Just what you'd expect: noisy prim-o-tive stomping from somewhere beyond. Of course, I suppose if one's not familiar with either THEE OH SEES or TY SEAGALL, one wouldn't know what to expect, but then one would probably be unlikely to seek out this limited-run looking biscuit before the more readily available releases, would one? For the record, OH SEES do "The Drag" and TY does "Maria Stacks," and it's real good, *ja*, sure, you betcha! (DD)
(Castle Face)

PAINT IT BLACK – "Surrender" EP

"Worms" is killer! The second song on the A-side jumps out with a very different kind of song-structure/time-signature and I *love* the blown-out vocals. Keep hearing "we will be the fat scene" instead of "we will be the vaccine"; wishful thinking, I guess. I was arrogantly expecting to hear a just another "Fat band" on this record, considering the label that put this out and the fact that the band has really wide popular appeal. The label undoubtedly carries a stigma, or baggage at least. That said, I was totally wrong with my assumptions and I'm stuck with an awesome record and feeling a bit foolish. I couldn't have been more off-base and it serves me right that this records just fucking rips. It isn't what I'd call hardcore, personally, but more of a modern punk sound. Whatever—it's got great songs written well with a gallop in the drums, speed and aggression throughout. and some melody to boot. Production table manned here by the infamous Kurt Ballou. Prior to this EP I was unfamiliar with the band, but cannot claim ignorance to the LIFETIME, KID DYNOMITE connection. Having those credentials and Fat Wreck Chords behind them scared me away a long time ago and that has been my loss. I am really impressed with the overall quality of these four songs and am curious about the rest of their material. Not a religious experience, but a helpful one. This EP kicks ass. (RM)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

PEDRO DE LA HOYA – "Me Llama" EP

SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS-sounding band backing a Frenchmen pretending to be a Spanish (and English) singing boxer turned rock vocalist? OK, I'm in. Worth it for the shots of him hanging around the house in ring gear, especially the one of him managing his coffee mug with boxing gloves on. (DD)
(Rock 'n' Roll Masturbation)

PELIGRO SOCIAL / TV EVANGELISTS – split EP

The final bow for PELIGRO SOCIAL and much applause is deserved for this excellent release. These two tracks, one an original and the other a cover of LA UVI, add even more power and volume to an already great repertoire of punk rock nastiness that the band has left behind. Great! TV EVANGELISTS bring us two quick punk numbers that have elements of the ADOLESCENTS seeping through, especially on "Gen RX." This band is still going, the other is not—overall a great split, now let's hear more from TVE. (MS)
(Tankcrimes)

THE PHOENIX FOUNDATION – LP

Mid-tempo melodic punk/hardcore from Finland that sounds a little like a mix of LEATHERFACE, *White Light*-era SOCIAL DISTORTION, and a slew of mid '80s American bands like HÜSKER DÜ, SQUIRRELBAIT, etc; even a slight DINOSAUR JR hint. They've been at it a while now—I know this is at least their third full-length. They sound less harsh than their fellow countrymen MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, more accessible, and this record is softer-core than anything they've done as yet. I guess they're evolving or something—it sounds good, though. There are female backing vocals here and there, and a couple of songs that are downright ballads…these Finns almost sound emotional. (AD)
(Combat Rock Industry)

PLAY TO DESTROY – "Past, Present, Future" EP

PLAY TO DESTROY is a hard-hitting, full-force fucking hardcore punk outfit from Lucerne, Switzerland. This awe-inspiring music gets the complete treatment of gang vocals with scorching guitars. PLAY TO DESTROY sings about hardcore as more than music: hardcore is "a way to be." PLAY TO DESTROY still champions the straight edge stance they took in 1993! The lyrics in the songs cover subjects such as violence, cops, jocks, the cosmetic industry, the pharmaceutical industry, and more. The strong music can be favorably compared to MINOR THREAT, NEGATIVE APPROACH, or TEAR IT UP. This is a very good record! (BR)
(self-released)

PRIMATES – "Control Salvaje" EP

This record races through nine super fast hardcore songs with abrupt stops and starts and totally frantic parts in between. These Barcelona dudes create an amalgamation of the music of earlier Barcelona hardcore bands and a faster '80s Boston-style hardcore. It's snotty and catchy, and although both sides conclude with somewhat cheesy rock 'n' roll interludes, I definitely dig what these dudes are doing. (DA)
(Thought Crime)

PUTAS MIERDAS – "El Punk No Quiere Paz Diversion" EP

Raw as shit, catchy yet dark punk from Guadalajara, Mexico. PUTAS MIERDAS (translates to "Shit Bitches") is the younger brother (figuratively, and literally with the vocalist) band to LOS MONJO, and they play spiteful, gruff punk in a similar vein. The songs are punctuated by pounding mid-tempo drums, shouted hoarse vocals, and lots of guitar solos. *El Punk No Quiere Paz Diversion* contains four songs that will instantly be stuck in your head, with the B-side's "Gusanos En Mis Dedos" being the obvious anthem. It's such a perfectly constructed song, with cool guitar/bass interplay, a clever chorus shift, and a catchy bridge. Another modern punk classic from Mexico; seek it out. (CI)
(Todo Destruido)

RAKKAUS – "Jokainen Paiva On Taistelua" LP

I was a little worried by the melodic intro, but RAKKAUS have lost none of their harshness on their first full-length. They have ventured into slightly more expansive songwriting compared to their earlier EPs, but the new songs are really successful. In fact, "Syvää Unta" may be my favorite RAKKAUS song to date. The close to blasting drums and the sick syncopation on the vocal line are fucking *killer*. Unlike a lot of Finnish bands, they don't really fit in the mold of traditional Finnish hardcore. I would say they have more in common with US bands. DETESTATION with fastcore parts? Whatever the mix of influences, they fucking rip this LP. Well done. (AU)
(Tuska & Ahdistus)

RAWMANIA – "The Noble Art of Self Destruction" EP

Straight-up high adrenaline rock 'n' roll from Sweden. LAZY GIRLS meets ROSE TATTOO with a hint of DANZIG. Making no attempts to be anything more than primitive fun-time head-bobbing riffage, it rocks to the max. Man-music for the man who likes motorcross, engine grease, and extreme use of the bro noun. (SD)
(Killed By Rock)

REJECTS – "Falar Versus Ouvrir" CD

I thought it may have been First-World ignorance that had me immediately and apologetically jumping to VOODOO GLOW SKULLS (sans horns) references for this Brazilian melodic street-punk band. Then a few ska parts kicked in. Think the VOODOO GLOW SKULLS and the BUSINESS. (P$)
(No address)

REQUIN / SAME SEX DICTATOR – EP

SAME SEX DICTATOR is a warped two-piece (?) that crawls around the same transient space one would find MAN IS THE BASTARD or a super pissed NINJA ACADEMY. Weird, I know. But the rad bass jamz, snotty/evil vocals, and mind-fuck song places these guys in a strange and lonely place. Technically superb though not treading novelty act waters, SAME SEX DICTATOR nails the dark and disturbed feel on their only track. Adhering to a minimal sound, the skill level of the musicians totally overshadows the fact that there is only a bass guitar and drum kit at work here. I can't say I'm 100% in love with this tortured sound, but I can certainly enjoy this single slice of low-end proggy mischief. REQUIN, on the flipside, are pretty sweet and give us two tough ones to chew on. They blow outta the gate with a real wild tune, chunky and aggressive with some guitar noodling that almost wanders away. You get numerous riffs to choose from, all smashed so closely together that the song nearly becomes a construct of random found material. It's not really abstract or difficult; the song flows quite well, actually. It seems that one of the objectives here is to make it work—push the song through the competing pieces, then tie it all together in the end. Somehow it all works. Think heavy, think chaos, then think of graph paper and equations. These dudes have it all figured out. The second track is a much more of a linear approach. Love the bass and screams intro. There is a COALESCE comparison that just has to be made; sometimes the similarities are uncanny. Not that that reference explains REQUIN, it just puts them in a context. The crazy riffing and busy drums are what really identify the two with each other. REQUIN is not quite as heavy as the other, but approaching back pain and certainly has a "must lift with legs" requirement. Sleeve art is fantastic and the record is only pressed to 300, so grab one if you can. (RM)
(Artificial Limb Co.)

REVILERS – "Stand or Fall" EP

Somehow Boston just seems to be a hotbed of relatively good street-punk/Oi! music, albeit with a bit of a hardcore influence which comes as no surprise considering the plethora of killer Boston HC bands. REVILERS are yet another band who are admirably cranking out solid, macho rock 'n' roll of the hardcore/Oi! variety that contains glimmering moments of catchy and melodic bits. At times they pick up some steam and blow you away with a rumbling sound that would make Lemmy from MOTÖRHEAD proud! (ML)
(Patac)

RVIVR – "Derailer/Real Mean"

Well-done East Bay-style melodic pop punk. It's similar to the SHOREBIRDS in terms of member and music composition. If you're into bands like LATTERMAN, THE INSURGENT, ORGANIC, or any of Aaron Cometbus' pop-punk outings, then check this out. The lyrics are of the "I am everypunk" variety and are easily relatable. Their observations on gentrification do seem a bit elementary and don't do much more than state what has gone on (i.e. gentrification sucks, punks are in part responsible, it's a bummer), but the record is a benefit record so they are doing more than paltry observation. The acoustic B-side falls a little flat. Ultimately, despite my relatively minor grievances (and they are minor), the A-side is pretty hot stuff; not quite as galvanizing as their *Life Moves* 7", but it's still catchy and really well done. Anyone who dug their last record or the SHOREBIRDS LP shouldn't be let down. (P$)
(Rumbletowne)

SACK-O-WOES – "The Paranoid Are Coming" LP

The SACK-O-WOES have been going at it since about 2001, so to call their sound a throwback to the late-'90s/early-'00s isn't really fair. They *still* have the tough garage punk sound with that certain European finesse (they are Dutch after all), often championed by labels like Savage and Ken Rock. Comparing this LP to their first 7", they've slowed down a bit, trading the blistering, pissed vocals for a more standard sneering, snotty style. If pressed to make a comparison, I might reach for the CARBONAS or maybe the FEELERS. Comes on cool transparent vinyl, silk-screened in two colors. (IS)
(Looprekords)

THE SEDATIVES – "Guilty" LP

It seems that dark-and-heavy is the order of the day. I don't usually fall for that stuff, but somehow this month is different. This one doesn't really sound much like the WIPERS, but with the organ and the underlying darkness, it's got that feel. It's faster-paced and it's melodic, which almost always equates to catchy. This is no exception to that rule. This also has the benefit of being well recorded and well mixed without sounding over-produced. Great bass-lines. Highly recommended. (KK)
(Deranged)

SEKSIHULLUT / VALIUM KIHARAT – split EP

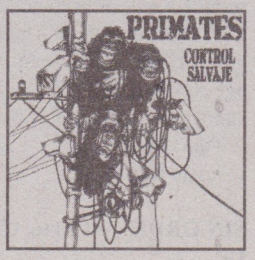
SEKSIHULLUT's half of this split is a complete surprise: straight-ahead two- and three-chord punk, each song no more than maybe a minute or so each, with grating male and female screamed vocals and a garagey sound—a bracing set of basic, fun punk. The flipside, with VALIUM KIHARAT, has production that's almost as simple, but in a more HC vein—not quite as tight and intense as SOTATILA, but with the same emotional flavor. A strong release. (SS)
(Roku)

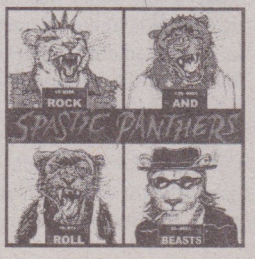
SHANG-A-LANG – Sad Magic LP

It's about time these jerks did a full-length. After several years of releasing nothing but singles and split 7"s, SHANG-A-LANG has finally put down a full album of new material, and it was totally worth the wait. These guys are like a mix of HICKEY, BANANAS, and MARKED MEN, with a hint of THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB. It's just a hint, 'cause they don't rock the folky jangly guitars too much aside from a song or two, but the influence is subtly there throughout the album. They are probably among the top ten pop-punk bands playing right now. Seriously. And of all their records, this is the one I would recommend to someone who's never heard them before. It's fast and upbeat, the kind of music that will always put you in a good mood while listening to it, even though the lyrics are generally dark and self-deprecating. This is fucking great! (FS)
(Fast Crowd)

SHORT FUSE – "Burnout" LP

Man, they might call this *Burnout*, but the album fucking rules all over the place and reveals these German hardcore vets to be on top of their game, quite far from being burnt out. SHORT FUSE is the epitome of pure, relentless hardcore in the vein of OUT COLD and 86 MENTALITY. It's tough and angry, but authentic and smart at the same time. If you at all know what I'm talking about you need to check this out. And if what I'm saying isn't jelling with your indie hipster vibes then go fuck yourself. Er…sorry, I was in a good mood before I put this on and now I'm all riled up





and feeling belligerent! All twelve tracks on this scorcher are killers, each dripping with angst and aggravation and worth your time. Awesome. (BG)
(Hardware)

SILVER LION'S 20/20 / HANS CONDOR – split LP

Two seemingly disparate bands that manage to sound good back to back. SILVER LION'S 20/20 are a bluesy garage rock band with stomping rhythms and slide guitars. Catchy tunes that require a cold beer to go along with them. HANS CONDOR is more of a hard rock band with heavy guitar riffs and powerful vocals. Not your average classic rock stuff, but definitely in that vein. A strange combination of bands for a split 12", but it works. (CK)
(Classic Bar Music)

SIN ORDEN – "Arte, Cultura Y Resistencia" LP

Raging against capitalists, cops, and anti-immigration Minutemen, Chicago's self-described "Razacore" act SIN ORDEN turns up the blazing, technical hardcore we've come to expect. Fast thrash gives way to rhythmic, stop-start passages, all topped off with throaty vocals in Spanish. The guitars are brash and screaming, but there's something about the way the drums are recorded that sounds a bit odd—the snare has a weird sound that rides on top of everything else, especially in drum rolls. It shouldn't spoil your enjoyment of the record, it's just something that stood out to me, especially listening on headphones… (AM)
(Emma Navajas)

SIOSI – "Combidisco 2000" CD

Holy crap, this CD is awesome! Totally out-of-control teenage pop-punk mixed with thrash from Peru. It's like combining TEAR IT UP with RIVETHEAD and really old NOFX. Some songs are pure thrash while others are kind of poppy but played super fucking fast. They just burn through every song. This album is a total mess and I love it. (FS)
(AFE6)

SKULLS 158 – "Psycho Beach Party" CD

Considering the title of this EP, the fact that there's a stand-up bass, and that the guitarist wears a Mexican wrestling mask, I had a good idea of what I was getting into here before popping this in my CD player. Surprisingly though, this is much better than I presumed by simply making judgments based on the cover. Lesson learned once again. Yes, it is psychobilly, if it needs to be labeled, but honestly this English band is way better than most of typical crap that usually falls under this category. Imagine mixing in some elements of Dick Dale and even a bit of R.E.M. to the rockabilly and punk cocktail and you'll get a better idea of what this is like. Similar to TIGER ARMY, the variation of approaches to the psychobilly format makes this much more listenable for those who aren't diehard fans of the genre. Purists might disagree, but fuck 'em. This is some fine music and is definitely worth checking out. (BG)
(self-released)

SLICK 46 – "Young Love" 10"

Seems like any good Oi! band worth its weight in glue comes from The Land Down Under, this 10" proving no exception. Ballsy and direct, with those massive football-terrace chanted choruses backed by a no-frills, no-spills rock 'n' roll drive. Like a less wimpy ANTI-HEROS mixed with a more direct DEADLINE. (SD)
(Longshot)

SLOANE PETERSON – "Art of the Underground Series" EP

Most people know about the Art of the Underground singles series by now, so no need to go and explain how the thing works. Here's my opinion—some of the 7"s are totally awesome and make me want to bang my head against the wall for not jumping the bandwagon. Others seem to be either throwaway songs that the bands have recorded and need to use, or are covers. I hope this one is of the latter variety for this band. This isn't bad by any means, but neither of the songs stands out as being great. Musically, it's your standard fast pop punk. (BD)
(Art of the Underground)

SPASTIC PANTHERS – "Rock and Roll Beasts" EP

What exactly, you may ask, is a SPASTIC PANTHER? Well, apparently they are "Rock And Roll Beasts" according to the title of their new EP—and I ain't gonna disagree with that statement! Somehow they've managed to pack eight songs into a rockin' 45 rpm 7", and not a dud among them! Although as much as I'm all about more bang for your buck and getting your money's worth, this could have topped out at six songs and still been a killer EP in my opinion. But I digress… the music is fast, ferocious hardcore punk rock à la the CIRCLE JERKS, BLACK FLAG, SNFU, and plenty of other iconic '80s bands. If this had come out twenty or so years ago, I'm sure that you would have seen SPASTIC PANTHERS songs in plenty of skateboard videos, etc. as they've nailed this genre of hardcore punk with perfection! (ML)
(Handsome Dan)

THE SPEARS – "Shove" CD

This Florida outfit features the singer from PINK LINCOLNS. It reminds me of when old hardcore bands did a reunion record. It's very well played, the production's excellent, and the songs are well written enough, it just kind of has that session-musicians-in-the-studio feel to it. Still, after a couple of listens it proves to be a grower. Chris Barrows has a distinctive voice—not quite Joey Vindictive or Doc Dart on the whiney scale, but very snotty. There's heaps of energy and attitude and I bet they're great live. Good stuff. (AD)
(Jailhouse)

THE SPITTIN' COBRAS – "Year of the Cobra" CD

This band is more rock than punk. They know it, too—based out of Seattle, city of grunge. I'm hearing MOTÖRHEAD, SABBATH (the Dio years, of course), JUDAS, and ZEKE. Lots of guitar lines and leads in the mix, the SPITTIN' COBRAS know their up-tempo metal. Certainly a band that parties too hard for my ass; I did get a kick out of this. (RL)
(One Eyed)

STATE – "Wüste Dtld (Dregs o' Detroit)" EP

STATE's *No Illusions* EP rates as an all-time top pick in Michigan hardcore, but this four-song EP captures a slower, less intense sound. Flailing head breaks à la BLACK FLAG, with fairly standard guitar riffs and a "looser" sound than you might expect from this band. The lyrics, presented in English (with German translations), cut closest to the bone with "Wasteland Germany"—an uncompromising vision of a country—and a scene—feeding on itself. All in all, a little disappointing. (SS)
(Statement)

STRONGBOW – "Corner Bar Poetry" LP

Yeah, from the names above, you can tell what you're in for—sing-along bar punk. On the downside, these English-singin' German dudes cross the line into "too polished." I like my sing-along drunk punk to sound like all their friends are singin' along in somebody's house or barn, not up on stage at some giant club. Too many of the mid-tempo songs lose me and my minute-length attention span. On the plus, since these guys been around a while, they've learned how to write a decent song. The better songs (the faster ones) have a rough-edged melodic hardcore sound, and when they're not singing about topics typical to the genre, they sing about hatin' society, so props for that. This record is recommended to those comfortable with pro-sounding melodic street punk. The LP comes with a CD of the album. (JM)
(Longshot/Contra)

STYMIE – "11,11/Little"

RIVETHEAD or POTBOILER-esque melodic punk done well. The drum style is somewhat similar to that of the RAMONES or the MARKED MEN and a welcome departure from comparable bands. If you were into the POTBOILER single on this label, really into CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE or any of the current RIVETHEAD projects (DEAR LANDLORD, BANNER PILOT), then you might want to give this a listen. (P$)
(Art of the Underground)

SUBCITY– "Where's the Noise?" CD

The opening track of this disc was pretty good, with a COMMON RIDER, SUBLIME, and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS (when they were covering reggae tunes) sound—with TOM WAITS on vocals. However, after the opener it was all downhill. Pretty much straight-ahead reggae played by a

rock band. The horrible funk of track eight was the low-point of the disc. It is the kind of song where I can't find even one thing in it that I like. Seriously, it kinda gave me a stomachache. I'm sure this band has legions of fans that will disagree with me, but all I can say is that I have absolutely no idea where they are coming from. And they're welcome to it! (RK)
(Transistor 66)

THE SUGAR STEMS – "Beat, Beat, Beat/Crybaby"

Nicely done. This is excellent for so many reasons. It's excellent because the band name fits perfectly with the bubblegum sound. (Don't get me wrong, there's just enough punk in here that it's OK to like this.) It's also excellent because the song names are just perfect song names for a girl-fronted bubblegum band. Finally, it's excellent because if you are a fan of girl-fronted bubblegum punk, this record was meant for you. It's faster-paced, it's catchy, it's well conceived, and they pull it off extremely well. (KK)
(Bachelor)

SUSPECT PARTS – "Man Eater/She Cracked"

Wow. Every once in a while we get delivered a power-pop beauty. This has everything going for it. The two cuts are classic power-pop songs. They're not necessarily the two best you've ever heard, but they certainly make an impression. The 7" format, one song on each side, is also classic power-pop, as is the pic-sleeve. I wish I could tell you a little more about the band. The PDX in the label website tells me the label is from Portland. However, the songs were recorded in Spain. And the band's website says they're from London, Berlin, and Portland. Never mind all of that, just go out and find the disc, dumbass. (KK)
(Hovercraft)

TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET – "They Came from the Shadows" CD

A top-notch full-length from these pop-punkers. Right out of the RAMONES influenced school of QUEERS and SCREECHING WEASEL, these now-quasi-vets don't change a thing, hammering out the ditties in infectious fashion with humor and harmonies. Right on. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

TENEMENT – "Ice Pick/Summer Street"

Man, side A on this record is really good. It's fast, has killer melodies, and is just a good all-around pop-punk song. Although the guitarist does get a little carried away on the soloing, it still works well in the song. It's very much in line with bands like TULSA, CHINESE TELEPHONES, and SHANG-A-LANG. But I do have to say the vocals sound just like the singer for the OFFSRING, it's uncanny. Side B is cool, but goes on for far too long. Really, this single is all about the A-side, an undeniable jam. (FS)
(608 Kisses)

TENEMENT/ USED KIDS – split EP

TENEMENT sounds good—big and full and harmonious and *very* good—a great blend of punk rock and indie pop. I'm talking about a rough punk SUPERCHUNK here. It's that good…song one anyway. Song two? Yeah these guys are officially this month's "shit." This is awesome. Way to hit a sound right on the head! USED KIDS have a pretty fuckin' hard act to follow so I'll do my best to remain objective… They seem to be going for a kind of street-tough '70s sound, like SKYNYRD meets DICTATORS, on the first track anyway. Track two is a BILLY JOEL cover with girl vocals—it's good but not TENEMENT, who I apparently missed play in town this week. Fuck! (AD)
(608 Kisses)

THIS RUNS ON BLOOD / TRANSIENT – split EP

This whole package seems a little dated to me. At first, before I listened to the record, I was thinking maybe this would be some skate-thrash rehash or something, but now that I've heard it, it all makes total sense to me. The color scheme, imagery, and lettering all hearken back to the early aughts (as I like to call them). Think COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN (imagery), Youth Attack (packaging), and CONVERGE vs. BLOOD BROTHERS (sound). All awesome fucking things, especially all together! Right!? Well…right. This thing is pretty fuckin' good, but it is all those things mentioned above, and nothing more. I happen to really like the record and will prolly be listening to it a lot. Sweet electric-blue vinyl, art-house sewing-machine sleeve with cool WRANGLER BRUTES/ COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN /REVERSAL OF MAN art on it. THIS RUNS ON BLOOD really leans on the BLOOD BROTHERS approach, being all crazy and sassy and shit. They bring the pain too, but not like BLUD BROS did, hence the CONVERGE reference. That side is totally worth listening to multiple times. TRANSIENT are *brue*-tal and seriously sound like Florida grind-violence. They do their thing really well and I was happy to revisit 2001 art-spaz-mayhem. I will be watching to see what comes next from both bands; maybe a little growth and a dash of originality will provide enough for them to each create memorable and elite records. Can't wait, until then I'm seriously getting out my *Duck Down for the Torso* 10". (RM)
(End Theory)

TWO BEATS OFF – "Kevaasta" EP

Definitely not what I was expecting—when I see a band from Finland with lyrics and song titles in Finnish, I tend to make some assumptions. This sounds like it should have been on Gravity Records fifteen years ago, like a slightly crusty version of HEROIN or CLIKITAT IKATOWI. Not my usual thing, but this is definitely pretty good for what it is. If what I said kept your interest thus far, you should probably check them out. (XV)
(Kissankusi)

THE ULTRA TWIST – "Because Lurch Loves to Shimmy" EP

Hold the phone, we've got a hit! Bubblegum novelty monster dance number from Italy with Theremin and even some decent harmonies—nuff said! B-side has a couple of (bass-heavy) quick and dirty surf-ish instros with more Theremin. (DD)
(Bubca)

VAMPIRE LEZBOS – "2012" CD

Cool hooky punk rock from this band out of Portland, Oregon. Think some DICKIES, some LILLINGTONS, some CRUMBS. Good stuff with interesting subject matter lyrically covering suppressed knowledge, conspiracy theories, anti-government rants, and more! They even do a solid cover of the fantastic post-PISTOLS Steve Jones and Paul Cook band the PROFESSIONALS. Check out "Hollow Earth" and "Eraser" which were two of the strongest tracks on this cool album dedicated to "truth seekers and freedom fighters past, present, and future." Open your ears and your mind. Recommended. (RK)
(Hollow Earth)

VAN DANIKENS – "12 Hot Shots" CD

Catchy and super melodic street rock 'n' roll by these five dudes out of Catalonia. You can hear elements of BALZAC, BLACK HALOS, and the PARASITES in this album. Yeah, I know, none of those bands I just listed really fall into the "street rock 'n' roll" category but you can hear 'em in there. This disc has lots of weird parts throughout (acoustic, surf, harmony intros, etc.) plus some totally rockin' guitar leads that make for interesting listening. The tracks alternate between English and Spanish every other track. Highlights for me were "Cross-Eyed Rebel" and "Encadenado." Good stuff. (RK)
(United Kids Records)

VICIOUS CYCLE – "Pale Blue Dot" LP

FUCKED UP meets QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE on Douchebag Island. I'm trying not to be hateful (seriously), but there's not much to like about *Pale Blue Dot*. The vocals are croony, angry guy style and the songs are a bland balancing act of rock, emo, and mid-tempo hardcore. On top of that, the pale blue dot concept is cheesy, the band name is genericrapola, the GERMS rip-off artwork is infuriating, and there's a song called "Black Dot"… If you like the first two bands I mentioned then you might enjoy this. There, I was nice, sorta. (CI)
(Deranged)

VIVIAN GIRLS – "Everything Goes Wrong" LP

It seems safe to assume that most *MRR* readers already know the deal with the VIVIAN GIRLS and have made up their minds (or made them and changed them when more people discovered the band, you fickle kids!). Just in case, though, the two typical reference points touched upon by rock scribes are SHANGRI-LA-esque harmonies and sassiness (with a certain ethereal disengagement to some of the vocals), JESUS AND MARY CHAIN guitar noise (but less processed). There are some signs of development on this platter, but it still sounds like the VIVIAN GIRLS and fans will not be disappointed (case in point: I'm a fan and I'm not disappointed). (DD)
(In the Red)

WARCRY – "10 Tracks Noise EP" 12"

I'm gonna have to eat my words here as far as last month's column is concerned 'cause this shit is *siiiick*. The *10 Tracks Noise EP* is the WARCRY demo from '03 on vinyl. This shit is great. Absolute, 100%, DISCHARGE worship but it has the chops, the anger, and the ferocity. As I've previously stated, I'm always blown away by WARCRY live, and again, I'm stymied by their recorded output. This is fucking great. (JU)
(Black Water)

WARCRY – "Keep Drinking Attitude" LP

Demo recording from early-'90s Osaka, Japan crust band. Fast, very noisy and chaotic, and has two singers who trade off their duties. Pretty cool documentation of relatively unknown band. Sound quality is decent. Not an overwhelming release, but pretty good. 24 tracks. (VL)
(Crust War)

DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDERS – "The Fall of '08" CD

If you regularly read my reviews, you probably know that I'm predisposed to not liking many of the CDs I get. Well, you know what? This one ain't too shabby. I can't really think of what it is about it that makes me like it, but it's mid-tempo rock that satisfies my need for music that isn't entirely punk. The vocals sort of remind me of the guy from the STROKES, but the music isn't really similar at all. I think this is a one-man band with some other guys picking up the slack at live shows. (BD)
(self-released)

WHITE SHIT – "Sculpted Beef" LP

WHITE SHIT features Andy Coronado from SKULL KONTROL, MONORCHID, and WRANGLER BRUTES on guitar, Jared of KARP, BIG BUSINESS, and TIGHT BROS on vocals, someone called Tits plays bass, and Coady of BIG BUSINESS plays drums. It sounds exactly as you would think if the aforementioned ex-members of got together and formed a band. The WRANGLER BRUTES guitar sound with some of the heaviness and Northwest-sludge style of KARP, and Jared's distinctive vocals yowling over it all… The lyrics are pretty cool—I feel like if I detail them it'll make WHITE SHIT sound like outraged fourteen-year-olds, but they cover subjects including social climbers, the deadbeat lifestyle, and boring humans in a typical-for-these-dudes humorous, irreverent, sarcastic, and biting manner. The last song reminds me of some of the heavier BORN AGAINST shit, and is about an old veteran neighbor, shirtless, drink in hand at 10:00 A.M. The cover features a charcoal drawing of some Tom of Finland guys relaxing under a Christmas tree, there's a sequined Jheri-curled ice skater on back cover. The insert is like a mall-art sunset painting, with Obama as a border patrol guard, flying pigs, and 1950s artiste renderings of what I suppose are immigrants wading through a river. Really? All that post-*Vice Magazine* "ironic" imagery seems kind of trite and pointless, and I know I am rising to some tired-ass bait by even responding to it… (LG)
(PPM)

WHY AM I – " Stone Face/Samsara"

Never released before, and in my humble opinion should have stayed in the box under the bed. Late-'80s straight edge gone alternative rock bad emo. Awful. (SD)
(Sutra U)

WOUNDED LION – "Friendly" EP

Three tracks of grooved-out, distorted garage punk. The music is not a million miles from the HUNCHES with a touch of the A-FRAMES but the clean, new wave female vocals give this an extra dimension and steer it away from the eerie darkness of the aforementioned bands. The B-side steps it up with a male taking the mic, turning this flip into the SPITS meets HAWKWIND, A tale of two halves both being awarded a well-earned A+. (SD)
(In the Red)

WRETCHED ONES – "Make It Happen" LP

Talk about a one-trick pony! The WRETCHED ONES basically do only one thing, but they do it bloody well—as good if not better than any other band past, present, or future! For as long as I can remember listening to them, they've consistently delivered simple and fun blue-collar punk rock 'n' roll! They may not have the most cerebral lyrics or be exactly PC, but ya know what? That's what makes them awesome! They're just four dudes playing rock 'n' roll and singing about everyday shit that we can *all* relate to on some level, and besides, sometimes that über-complicated shit is over-rated. Sometimes you just want to crack a beer and crank the stereo up as loud as it will go! (ML)
(Randale)

THE YOLKS – LP

Debut LP from this Chicago trio. Poppy, peppy, jangly rock 'n' roll. The tunes are simple and catchy. Toe-tapping music. (CK)
(Randy)

ZODIAC – "Raisertter Affe" 10"

The RORSCHACH influence on ZODIAC's style of song composition is really noticeable, although the sort of moshy parts seem a little more metalcore these days than they did back then. This is probably in part due to records suffering/benefitting (according to your taste…) from increased compression and more digital production. Hailing from Bremen, Germany, ZODIAC references the sound of their city, bringing bands like SYSTRAL and ACME to mind. I like the music, but the insert and the artwork aren't all that inspiring. Overall, this is a pretty solid release. (DB)
(7 Degrees)

V/A – "The South Will Rise Again" EP

Cowabunga's second regional comp, this time covering the Southern US with tracks from BOMBER, HRT, REASON OF INSANITY, the PMRC, CULT RITUAL, HIGH LIFE, UGLY LAW, SOCIALCIDE, ARCHAIC, and LOGIC PROBLEM. I like that this comp balances a few different styles of fast hardcore and includes more popular bands alongside lesser known ones. With the exception of the UGLY LAW song, which goes on for a bit too long, all the bands contribute songs that are at least consistent if not superior to the rest of their output, with the BOMBER one being my favorite and from a band I hadn't heard before. This probably won't get the same attention as, say, the *No Bullshit* comps, but I think it's just as good if not better than any of those. (DG)
(Cowabunga)

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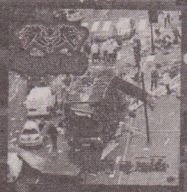

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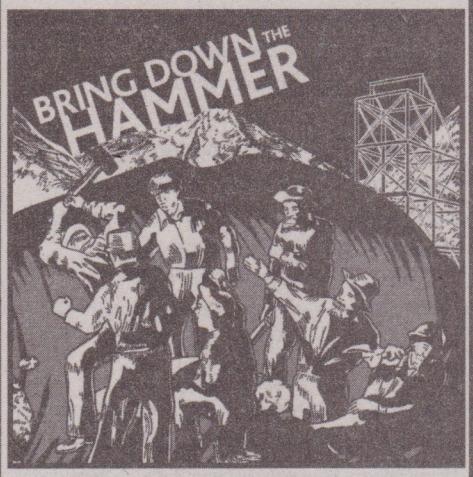

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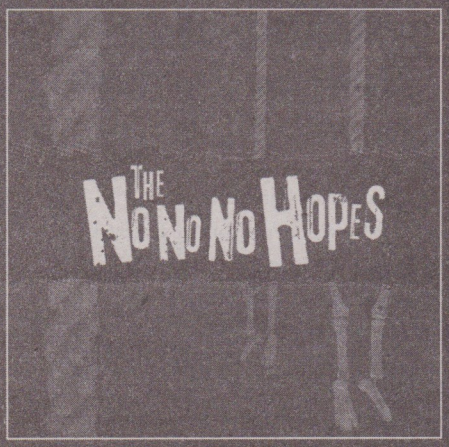

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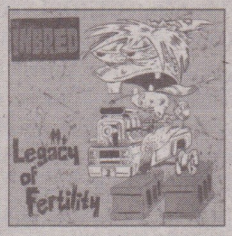

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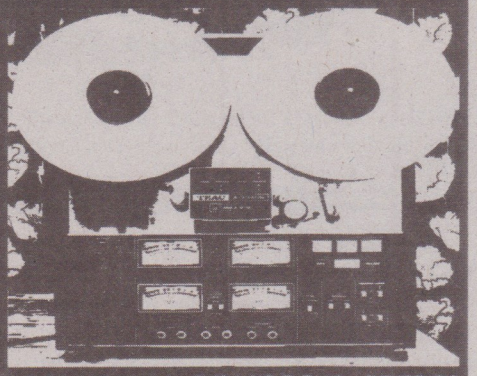

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Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Helen Degenerate, Dan Goetz, Paul Lucich, and xYosefx

COPFACE – Some killer powerviolence here with a strong INFEST meets LACK OF INTEREST vibe. Three songs in barely over two minutes. I wish this was a tape, and it really should come with lyrics, but I'll let it pass because this shit is great. More, please. (xYosefx) (3-song CDR, no lyrics included, $2ppd from Never Give Up!, PO Box 436 Waldo, FL 32694)

DARK LINGO – I'll let them self-describe because they've stumbled upon a better way to exemplify and even expound upon the inestimable lameness of pretension than I might ever be able to. "We pulled the frets off the bass guitar, the patterns became even less familiar, more freed and vibrating. There were steel mills burning down the street, and sometimes the flames would dance high above the stacks, unconnected. We got married on a boat in a cave…Dark Lingo is releasing two more cassettes…to explore the scope of our sound." If you're impressed by this sort of pretentious horsepower and want to listen to a band that might sound like an XYX record that's supposed to be played at 45, played at 33, then get all over this. The slow-ish pacing brings out the sludginess in the sound and gives it a grunge feel. When the tape experience is couched in that laughable explanation the whole thing reeks of some disingenuous faux arty punk affectation. The tape and the art look really nice. (Paul) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, darklingomusic@gmail.com, www.myspace.com/darklingo)

DARK LINGO – Weird shit from this Pittsburgh, PA two-piece. Utilizing bass, drums, and heavily-distorted vocals, DARK LINGO moves from atmospheric industrial noise into sludge territory, funky garage shit, and minimalist drone without quite stopping anywhere long enough to check out the scenery. Interesting for sure, but it doesn't hold my attention. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, FACSS, 4523 Liberty Ave. #3, Pittsburgh, PA 15224, darklingomusic@gmail.com)

DESERTER – This features four tracks of heavy-as-fuck political hardcore, and I like it a lot. So, so heavy. Heavy like CATHARSIS was heavy, but mixing a more straightforward modern hardcore sound into the mix a la DIE YOUNG, and then throwing in a melodic guitar lead just to see if you're paying attention. The lyrics are great too, especially the first song: "All cops are bastards / No longer one of us / Barely a human / Working to defend capital." Well said. (xYosefx) (4-song CDR, lyrics included, $2ppd from Never Give Up!, PO Box 436 Waldo, FL 32694)

DIVISIONS – Why do all the best bands have to break up before their time? I know that's not entirely true—after all, GEHENNA is still keeping it real fifteen years on—but DIVISIONS is just proving my point. A few demos and a 7", and now one of the best bands in the US is calling it a day. Appropriately entitled *Fin*, this is their swan song. Four originals of brutal black metal infused punk, plus a fucking BATHORY cover. Noisy, heavy, nihilistic, and fucked up—this is how I wish more bands sounded today. If you don't like DIVISIONS, then I don't want to know you. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, lyrics included but indecipherable, $5ppd to John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Dr., Apt. 2402, Fort Myers, FL 33919, fahy_john@hotmail.com)

DURESS – This demo starts off with a pretty generic dissonant HC thing, but after the first 15-30 seconds, it becomes much more unique from the massive amounts of unoriginal HC shit that gets sent in. DURESS is way heavy and scary and has elements of metal that are not typical to HC. The songs are arranged with a short chorus, followed by a longer and way more depressed melodic part that helps you remember things, like how fucked up it is that the Trail of Tears happened. The tape is incredibly short, but in such a small amount of time, DURESS has exhibited some deep Indiana punk realness. (Helen) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Matt Rolland, 3108 98th, Highland, IN 46322)

FLAT DENIAL – Raw black metal with a drum machine and a solid state amp. The recording has a cold, mechanical feel, which sums up the nature of the music. FLAT DENIAL would serve as a convincing soundtrack to being lost in an icy forest when all you're wearing is a T-shirt, and you know that you'd better find your way to warmth or the hypothermia will get you. (Dan) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.divorcerecords.ca)

INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL – A collection of material from the well-known stenchcore horde, featuring two tracks from their split 7" with GUIDED CRADLE, four from their *Winter in My Mind* 7", and thirteen previously unreleased live tracks recorded in Innsbruck at a show with SANCTUM. The live tracks sound excellent, by the way; this tape is worth it for those alone. Musically INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL toes the stenchcore party line, mixing equal parts AMEBIX and AXEGRINDER to create riff-heavy, down-tuned, apocalyptic crust. These Germans might be the best band playing this sound today, next to Oakland's almighty STORMCROW, of course. Definitely recommended. (xYosefx) (19-song cassette, some lyrics included, Doomed to Extinction c/o CAPS, PO Box 22449, Oakland, CA 94609)

THE LIGHT RAYS – The LIGHT RAYS play some cool synthy garage stuff that's on the mellower side. All of the songs are different from each other. Some have a classic vibe featuring a tambourine and a synth that sounds a bit like a straight up organ, and others have a drugged-out, futuristic thing on. I wouldn't think this would be my thing, but I really like it. (Dan) (6-song CD/cassette, no lyrics included, c/o Sun Fight, 309 Bowling Green Dr., Costa Mesa, CA 92626)

MENTAL RESCUE – This recording is not very good. It's muffled and tinny and basically sounds like shit, which doesn't help the oafish/borderline fascist lyrics about food and the promotion of amoral, the punk standard of behavior (which, by the way, stopped being interesting possibly as early as '81, but definitely lost all it's glory by '90). This is boring generic HC with boring lyrics and it's recorded badly. Whoops. (Helen) (16-song cassette, lyrics included, Capitalicide, 86 Saint-Hyacinthe, Gatineau, Quebec, J8X 2V2, Canada)

NAKOT – These Serbian crusties label their style as "Balkan Krut Punk," which I guess is intended to show that they don't fall neatly into any one of crust's many sub-divisions but would rather take their influences from where they see fit. These influences range from '80s hardcore of both the UK and US variety to anarchopunk and old Scandicrust. Keeping it fast, furious,

pissed-off, and politically-minded, this tape collects all of the band's recording up until now, including three split EPs and I believe some demo tracks. Good shit. (xYosefx) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, Doomed to Extinction c/o CAPS, PO Box 22449, Oakland, CA 94609)

NECRO HIPPIES – The cover of this demo features a crude drawing of a hovering gun shooting a bleeding flower, which I'd say is a decent litmus test of whether you'll like the NECRO HIPPIES. It's raw and as snotty and pissed as it is catchy and hooky. At times the music is speedy hardcore and at others it's a garage swagger. The music only comes out of the right side of my headphones (except for the xylophone shit or whatever they taped over on the second side), which only lessens its listenability in the best way possible. (Dan) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, 223 Jane Place, New Orleans, LA 70119)

NO SOLUTION – A bunch of punk covers. I can barely tell if NO SOLUTION is good. I bet if you already like them, then you'd be amped that they covered all your favorite punk anthems. Kudos at least to them for covering a RUDIMENTARY PENI song that's not from *Cacophany*. (Helen) (10-song cassette, no lyrics included, Capitalicide, 86 Saint-Hyacinthe, Gatineau, Quebec, J8X 2V2, Canada)

PANZRAM – Given that PANZRAM takes their name from a notoriously misanthropic mass-murderer and rapist, I'd expect something pretty brutal. Specifically, I was expecting LEFT FOR DEAD worship... Well, this isn't a LEFT FOR DEAD clone, this is mid-paced crusty hardcore with a pleasingly bass-heavy mix. CURSED and SCROTUM GRINDER would be good reference points... Basically, I'm trying in my limited way to recommend that you check these guys out. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd to John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Dr., Apt. 2402, Fort Myers, FL 33919, fahy_john@hotmail.com)

PIGEON RELIGION – My introduction to reviewing demo's wafted in perilously and pungently outta whack. The insert reeked of blood. It reeked of menstrual fluid. I hope I'm wrong. I hope it's just paint that smelled bad. A survey yielded inconclusive results. After putting on latex gloves and disinfecting the cassette I began my first foray into demo reviewing by pouring over this questionably perfumed cassingle. It's two songs of Am Rep, STICKMEN WITH RAYGUNS, and SCRATCH ACID punk done well. I hear the drummer plays standing up. The cassette/insert/art all look nice. (Paul) (2-song cassette, www.myspace.com/pigrelig)

REVERSE MOUNT RUSHMORE – Sometimes this sounds like a cross between TURBONEGRO and something Hydra Head would put out, and other times it sounds like some post-grunge thing you would've heard on a movie soundtrack from 1995 or 1996. According to their promo blurb, they've "been a mainstay on Toronto's independent rock stations since their inception." (Dan) (5-song CD, lyrics not included, 233 Hallmark Ave, Toronto, ON M8W 4L3)

SCHIZOPHASIA – I wish there were no vocals. The instrumentation is unbelievable, way dizzying and driving, dissonant, noisy. Apparently SCHIZOPHASIA has "...million (sic) of guitar tracks." Sweet. I can get down with millions of guitar tracks! Obviously they care about how it sounds. I know nothing I say will make them lose the vocals, and I guess that's what qualifies them as a punk band and not some experimental punk duo or something. Anyhow, this band rules. Side two of this tape includes a different demo. Excellent idea for merch, but a little confusing for a lowly reviewer such as I. Fortunately, SCHIZOPHASIA's *noisenjamars* are just as good, maybe even better, than their more straightforward stuff. Way slow moving and psychedelic, *not* harsh noise, but hollow soundscapes that make me feel less alienated than almost any male-powered noise situation. (Helen) (9-song cassette & 10-song cassette, some lyrics included, Capitalicide, 86 Saint-Hyacinthe, Gatineau, Quebec, J8X 2V2, Canada)

SLOBS – Yes!! This band serves up some sick hardcore in the JERRY'S KIDS/GANG GREEN/FU'S circa *My America* vein. The snotty vocals and trebly-yet-burly guitar tone are absolutely perfect for this style, and the wall-of-sound production hammers things home even more and serves as an additional nod to the aforementioned classics. Most of the actual songwriting is pretty straightforward, not that it hugely matters when the songs rage as they do here, but the last song does feature a cool buildup and solo. Get this right away. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, snobsmtl@gmail.com)

SLUMP – The Germans are right up my alley, playing a great mix of grindcore and sludge, like DROPDEAD crossed with EYEHATEGOD. Fucking brutal, I'll definitely keep my eyes on these guys. Buy or die motherfuckers. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $8ppd US, www.myspace.com/kinkrecords, ralf@kind-records.de)

ST. DAD – Named after BLACK FLAG? Yup. Sounds like their aping (or trying to ape) THE MANIAX and SEX VID at the same time (I guess that's not too far off from aping BLACK FLAG)? Sure. SF's WASP WOMEN cover? Check. This is pretty fucking rad. You'll have to bear with this description... While it doesn't sound a thing like LEBENDEN TOTEN the recording style is similar in nature. The drums are audible, but the riffage is barely discernable. But this shit still seems catchy and is enjoyable as fuck to listen to. It even came with a nice note. A potential BLACK FLAG red flag did arise. ST. DAD sings about people who are lame because they allow themselves to be victimized and then proceed to sing about how these people wronged/victimized them. It's ironic and self-critical and kind of reeks of the lame sexist moments heroically championed by the DESCENDENTS and BLACK FLAG. But, I'm willing to indulge the notion that the lyrics may be satirical and because the pronouns are gender neutral (ergo it's not sexist), I'm cool with it. While they have given me reason to be suspicious, they haven't given me reason to be a hater, so for now I'm all over this, and from where I sit it's immensely enjoyable. It's my fasvorite thing I've reviewed this month. And I guess if you send the Matty something in exchange (postage/a letter/ a cassette perhaps) the tapes are otherwise free. I'd recommend checking this potentially crucial tape out. (Paul) (Matty D, PO Box 15013, Gainseville, FL 32604)

THE ULTRA TWIST – Decent fuzzed-out bar/garage rock. However I can't focus on the good stuff because of the gratuitous laser sounds that fly around this recording like a goddamn aural Tinker Bell, adding absolutely nothing and getting in the way of everything. The vocals sound like Pee Wee Herman doing black metal, which doesn't help either. (Dan) (12-song CD, no lyrics included, www.theultratwist.it)

VILENTLY ILL – VILENTLY ILL is a one-man band that has been playing fast and stupid '80s hardcore since at least 1994. At this point you either know him or you don't, and if you know him you either love him or hate him. I fall pretty solidly in the "love" camp, so I'm definitely stoked. *The Basement Tapes: 1995-2009* collects 80 (yes, *eighty*) songs recorded over the last decade and a half. With songs like "Marijuana Decal on the Back of Your Car," "Tear Off Their Scabs," "Hair Metal Christian," and "Drug Free Asshole" you know this has to be great. (xYosefx) (80-song cassette, no lyrics included, $4ppd US to Knot Music, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090-0501)

WHITE WHALE – Bar-rock influenced, mean snobby pop punk. I like it. It's sassy. It's like you're in the '90s, and your car broke down in the desert, and you have to walk a long way down the road to try to get someone to pick you up from the side of the road. Maybe you'll tell them you need to get some gas, but then steal all their money instead. Maybe you'll kill them too. Accidentally. And you're wearing oxblood Doc Martens with a velvet mini skirt. Yeah, you looked pretty sexy in the '90s... SHIT! I'm sorry! What I meant to say is that WHITE WHALE fucking rules. (Helen, 4-song cassette, no lyrics included, 23 Manchester Pl, Buffalo, NY 14213)

SIX TWO FIVE

OUT AUTUMN/WINTER '09:

PARLIAMENTARISK SODOMI - EP
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3rd CD comp of NorCal fastcore

YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

FLAT OUT - Debut EP
Debut-650/Bay Area Blasting Fastcore

INSECT WARFARE - 1-Sided 12"LP
Crazed-noise-blast.The last recording

PUNCH - Debut 12"LP
Insane no-holds fastcore from Norcal

SFN - New EP
Midwest powerviolence-the new generation

GET DESTROYED! - Last EP
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RUNNING FOR COVER - LP
All hail 1000mph powerviolence

THE PROCESS - Debut CD
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INFECT - Discography CD
Cult,all female thrash from Brazil

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore

THREATENER - Discography CD
Coll.CD of 1000mph blasting fastcore

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BANDANOS/DESTRUCT.END-CD:Crossover-Thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
APARTMENT 213-CD:Clevo power violence
HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
SCHOLASTIC DETH-Coll. CD: READ DAMN IT!
LORDS OF LIGHT-EP Original 3-man grind
THEY LIVE-LP: Cult-classic NY fastcore

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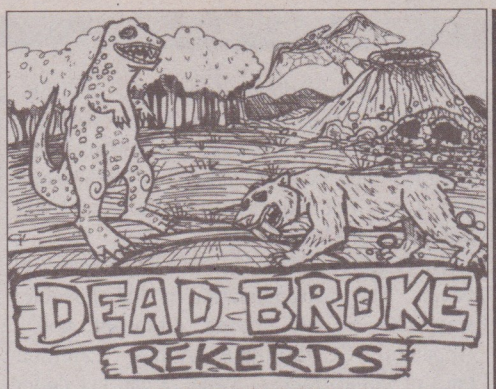

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DEAD BROKE TAPE COMP VOL.4

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio
(JD) Judy Balmin
(JB) Julia Booze
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens
(VX) XYosefX

THE ABC'S OF FUCK MYSPACE/ $?
2 x 5.5 – copied – 1 pg
The ABC's of Fuck MySpace is a pamphlet dedicated to persuading punks to get the fuck off of MySpace. It's a demand for all punks to stop using the most popular website on the planet, which happens to be an organ of the right wing media übermensch Rupert Murdoch, as a communication device. To recognize that by using MySpace you are giving money to organizations that you are probably opposed to, and helping to uphold the Murdoch media conglomerate and thus inadvertently supporting the extreme right wing and the Republican Party. I think most punks are pretty aware, at this point in time, of the evil empire that MySpace represents, and the fact that is has become such a large part of the international punk community, and such an important and useful communication and organizational tool is indicative perhaps of the lackadaisical laissez faire attitudes punks have towards the incursion of big business into our culture. *MRR* does not have a MySpace. The one on there is a bootleg... (LG)
Thom / 1909 Douglas St. / Rockford, IL 61103

ABORT #21 **/** $2 PPD, free for prisoners
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
This is issue is called "Bedtime Stories." It's all horror fiction short stories by one author, Jonathan Spies. The cover is blood red with a drawing of a naked lady playfully putting her foot in a skeleton's eye socket. Gets you in the mood for what's coming. Spies certainly sent this collection in for the review to the right magazine. His ghost stories have scattered talk of dumpstered food, anarchists, '40s, ska bands and other detritus of the punk life. He's got some sketchy drawings interspersed throughout the pgs to break up all them big blocks of text too. Not bad! (JD)
Jonathan Spies / 45 East 7th St. #106 / New York, New York 10003

COUGH #6 / 3$ US 4$ world
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16pgs
"The ultimate DIY guide" offers up some excellent health and beauty tips, which I am fond of, hardcore dance step-by-steps, recipes to jazz up your 40-ounce, instructions for how to do and make a variety of useful things, and so much more. *Cough* would make the perfect primer for an upstart sibling or little cousin (whatever) getting into punk along with a carefully-crafted mixtape of course, but chances are the young'n doesn't have a tape player so I suppose that too would be a lovely gift for your little buddy. Anyway, the material in this zine is well thought out, cleverly compiled and full of sweet detail; although some of the lessons offered are skills the seasoned do-it-yourselfer probably honed long ago. This is both pretty and purposeful, regardless. (DS)
Tina Beast / PO Box 604 / Moss Beach, CA 94038
coughzine@yahoo.com

DIY OR DON'T WE? A ZINE ABOUT COMMUNITY /$?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 42 pgs
I really wish this zine's title were more indicative of its content. The concept of community is an important focus for a contribution-based zine that floats within DIY scenes, but for one reason or another, a lot of the pieces in this collaborative Olympia zine fall short. They're either painfully boring, have little correlation to the concept of community, or are quite short-sighted in terms of analysis. Admittedly, the zine gets off to a rocky start, but towards the end, it offers some useful insight into bridging gaps and supporting people. The writings cover a wide range of experience; from a *Razorcake* columnist's typical musings about basement shows to functioning community gardens to a Cambodian's aim to carve out her own scene as she studies abroad. A second issue with a more focused theme is in the works, so if you got something to say, make it happen by contributing. (DA)
Nicki / PO Box 743 / Olympia, WA 98507
diy.or.dont.we@gmail.com

DÖMD #5 / $2.50 or 2 Euros, plus postage
5.25 x 8.25? – printed – 44 pgs
This is subtitled "D-beat hardcore punk," and that's exactly what you get. *Dömd* features a much more modern layout than I'm used to from dis-oriented zines, obviously produced on a computer without trying to fake the old school look. A lot less stark black-and-white, lots of shades of grey. I must admit that I'm partial to the starker look, but I can't deny that *Dömd* is designed and laid out quite well, and it's definitely easy on the eyes. As to content, there are some really good band interviews with Amebix, 3-Way Cum, Agrimonia, Skitliv!, Warvictims, and Pioggia Nera, as well as one with Janick (singer of After the Bombs) about Montreal's Katacombes venue. If you're a dis-core fanatic then this will provide some worthwhile reading material. (XV)
Mathias Krogh / Edgrensgatan 27 / 671 50 Arvika / Sweden
www.domdfanzine.net

DONALD SUTHERLAND'S BUTT / trade
4.5 X 5.5 – copied – 12 pgs
I totally fell in love with this zine. The majority of it talks about living alone, being a hairdresser, and movie reviews that revolve around what all the characters hair looks like. It was brief, the structure was kind of absurd,

the illustrations are amazing (Jane Fonda fisting, anyone?) and it was all hilarious. I cannot recommend this enough. (MM)
Dionne / 3272 Harrison / San Francisco, CA 94110

EARTH FIRST! September October 2009 / $4.50 US & Canada
11" x 17" – printed – 32 pgs
Newest installment of these green warriors' newsletter. This round includes the usual tales of protecting forests and wildlife, at all costs. In addition to the forest updates there's an article on the effect of military pollution and some other stuff focusing on coal mining. A couple pages talk about the folks that were arrested at the RNC in Minneapolis, and then there's round ups from various environmentalist meetings and lotsa little news clippings that touch on a variety of issues related to the earth's resources, and some obituaries close things out. I usually don't get very far with newspapers like *Earth First!* because the writing is either too dry or overblown and I have a short attention span. I'm sure there's some useful rhetoric and news in here, but I'd read it with a grain of salt like any other newspaper. And I'm rooting for the earth, even though I don't care for a lot of the people that inhabit it. (CI)
Daily Planet Publishing – *Earth First!* / PO Box 3023 / Tucson, AZ 85702

GREENWOMAN #3 & 4 / $5 US, $6 Canada, $2 (stamps ok) for women prisoners
5.5 x 8 – copied – 54 pgs each
These zines aren't "punk" in most senses of the term, but you kids into sustainability, gardening, etc. will be stoked. Issue #3 mostly deals with beekeeping, which the author has just started to explore. I learned a lot, like honey being an antibiotic and how the California almond crop is entirely dependent on honeybees. Number four talks about raising chickens and how to utilize rainwater effectively. Water use here in the American West is one of the biggest environmental issues, and you can fix up your garden or yard for free with a shovel and some labor. I don't know if the price listed would get you one or both issues, but if this is your scene you oughta check these out. (JM)
Sandra Knauf / PO Box 6587 / Colorado Springs, CO 80934-6587
Sandra@sandraknauf.com

HEY RONNIE #5 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Hardcore zine filled with self deprecation, misanthropies, I'm-punk-yr-not, and lots of this-is-the-greatest-band-of-all-time-and-if-you-d o n ' t - l i k e - i t - y r - a - diiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiickkkkkkkkkkkkk/idiot. This kind of thing works if the writer is witty and clever, however this kid is not. At times it read like a sneaky ad for his band. It was entertaining enough, I read the whole thing. I enjoyed the aesthetic, but content, eh. (MM)
1142 Illini Dr. / O Fallon, IL 62269 / martinpoop@msn.com

THE INNER SWINE Volume 15, Issue 2 / $2
5 x 8.5 – copied – 64 pgs
Man, I really just don't know shit about perzines. It seems like *The Inner Swine* has been around forever, but I've never once seen an issue, so ya get my unqualified ass to tell you if it's good or not. And, yeah, the writing is good; it's got personality and it's generally funny. I didn't exactly sit in rapt through all the stories and opinions, but I appreciate that this dude is a good writer. This issue has a loose theme of movies, but also includes stories of being an awkward nerd, some adventures at Comic Con, and travel tales from Italy. A short, to-be-continued fiction piece rounds things out. A lot of per-zines have this ultra self-absorbed pity (or wistful) thing going on that I cannot stomach, and while there is a bit of self-obsession in *The Inner Swine*, it's of the droll, self-deprecating kind, which can sometimes be amusing. The continuous referral to being a writer was sort of annoying, but as a whole I'd say *The Inner Swine* is all right. (CI)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.innerswine.com

LATER DAZE #3 / $0.50
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 17 pgs
I was stoked to get this, as I enjoyed the other issue of *Later Daze* that Keith gave me, and this one is even better. In this issue, he writes about the resurgence of generator shows in the Bay Area (one of the better things about living here) and theorizes that this is because of the economic downturn, meaning that they're presently not a threat to gentrification, and with budget cuts the police forces are spread more thin. On the contrary, he writes about a swimming hole in the East Bay suburb of Orinda that has been getting busted, and offers some advice to potential swimmers on how to reduce their chances of attracting the cops. Other than that, there's a interview with Grass Widow, a recap of a protest against Chevron in San Ramon, and a rant entitled "Hopeless Suburban Realizations" that I emphasize with, but will that it only gets worse. *Later Daze* has a cool cut and paste layout in the spirit of any number of East Bay zines, while still having its own character. I like the mix of music, personal, political, and practical content. Recommended, especially if you live in the Bay Area. (DG)
1608 Prince St. / Berkeley, CA 94703
theheist@rock.com

MIERDA #1 & 2 /$?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 10 and 20 pgs – Spanish
Here we have two unnumbered issues of the Spanish zine *Mierda*, which looks like a rad cut and paste endeavor, and I really wish I spoke Spanish so I could read it. The layout is awesome, and from what I can gather, the content appears to be mixed between music and anarchist politics, with interviews of Firmeza 10 and Crosta, respectively in each issue. Copiar y destruir. (DG)
Remitente / Apdo. 34003 / 08080. Bcn / Spain

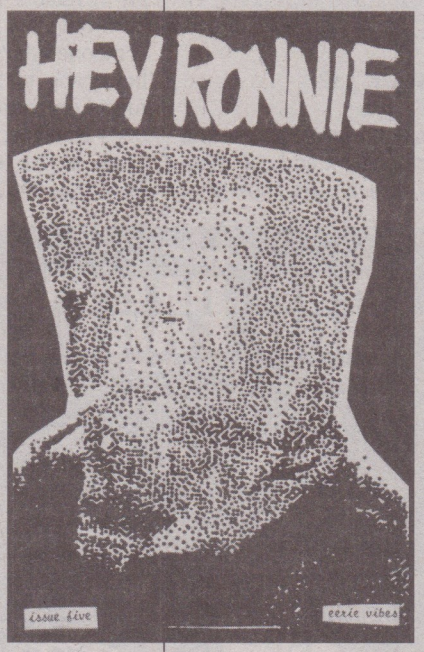
MY RIOT INWARD #1 / $?
8.25 x 5.75 – copied – 36 pgs – Russian
Holy freakin' Russian! I have absolutely no idea how to review this. It took me a half an hour just to try to figure out the address translation. Not gonna happen. Anyway, from what I can tell this is a cool DIY punk/grindcore zine that features a few interviews (Nuclear Death Terror from Denmark, Russian grindcore band Zorka, and a Russian anarcho band called Vo Ves Golos), a couple of articles, and some zine and record reviews. What makes this stand out (at least from judging it visually), is that there is some interesting cut and paste artwork accompanying the pgs reminiscent of Winston Smith or John Yates. I'm sorry that I can't really say much more about the content, but judging by the aesthetic, I'm sorry that I can't read it because it seems like it's a good one. Speak Russian? Might wanna check this out then. (BG)
www.myspace.com/myriotinward

NEVER KNEEL / $3 or $4 international
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 34 pgs
This zine is subtitled "A Testimony of Personal Enlightenment Through Rejection of Faith," and it details a man's journey from Christianity to Atheism. It was an interesting read, but for some reason I found it unappealing in a peculiar way. I have never felt passionate in regards to faith; I have never felt or understood its pull. Since this is someone's passage away from their core belief system, a rejection of how their ideals and self

were formed by faith, it's indignant and rage fueled; the language is stripped down and reads like a political pamphlet a Maoist would shove at you at a demonstration. That seems like a strange comparison perhaps, but there was something about the writer's tone placed this somewhere between testifying against his indoctrination, and the language of propaganda. Religion is a corruptive, devastating force, and I don't doubt the words contained within this document, I think this would appeal to those who are similarly trying to find a way out of the constraints and weight of religious upbringings. (LG)
lengthsofwire@aim.com
www.myspace.com/deathcultdoodles

NO THANKS FUCK EVERYTHING #3 / $2 US, $3 world, trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pgs
When I first pulled this out of the envelope, for a second I thought I was holding the new issue of *Distort*, but quickly realized it's just a zine with a very similar aesthetic. Then I scanned the cover and saw that the editor interviews Daniel, editor of said fanzine, within. Looks like I wasn't too far off the mark. Reading through this issue (I haven't seen the first two, but now I'd like to) the similarities between the two zines struck me again and again. The scrappy cut-and-paste layout, the snarky little comments, the intellectualism (when did that become a cuss word, anyway? It's not a bad thing by any means), even the choice of bands interviewed and featured within, all seemed to share a certain set of values with *Distort*. I'm not saying that this is a copycat zine, by any meanswww—Mike has his own authorial and editorial voice, and no punk can lay claim to the collectively-owned and imagined cut-and-paste style. Rather, it seems to me that both zines are expressing the same relationship to hardcore/punk in the present day, a relationship based on ambivalence and a jaded rejection of the ideals of youth culture couple with an unbreakable attachment to this little fishbowl world we've all chosen to inhabit. I like both zines quite a bit, and for the same reasons, even though I see very little of myself in either. Recommended reading for sure. Oh, contents-wise there are interviews with the Brat, Sacred Shock and Deskonocidos, a long and well-written intro, and articles on hip-hop and Russian proto-surrealist author Nikolai Gogol. (XV)
Mike Friedberg / 3415 W. Foster #109 / Chicago, IL 60625
twomonstrousnuclearsteinbecks@gmail.com

PSYCHOMANIA #6 / 6.66 Euros
5.5 x 8.5 – printed -80 pgs
There are a ton of interviews in this rockabilly/psychobilly zine and it comes with two promo CDs with a lot of the bands that are interviewed...I just now realized that the zine is part of a record label called Halb 7 Records. It is a German publication that is just now printing an English version that makes for slightly "off" reading, which I think is charming actually. The interviews for the most part seem to be pretty biographical, kinda generic run of the mill content. I felt odd about the glossiness of it, but I'm pretty sure that rockabilly is a form of punk that is so into image and fashion, that it follows that the literature about it would need to be in color so you can see what people's hair and outfits look like in better detail. I also find it sort of, well, cute that there are numerous advertisements for clothes and accessories, but I find the product examples sort of depressing because of the gender binary that is so celebrated. I guess I am also sort of offended that only one of the endless interviews featured a band with women. I think the people behind this publication are giving it an honest effort and there is certainly a lot of content. (JB)
www.psychomaniafanzine.de



RAD PARTY #40 / $3 or trade
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 120 pgs – French
Small and thick, *Rad Party* is totally packed with writing, broken up by illustrations, like if Christy Road's *Greenzine* was crammed into a half-size format. If I read French, I'd probably still be reading this. Sadly for all of us, I do not. The chapter titles are in English, and the subtitle on the cover is "Stories of Hopes and Non Senses." I do know that *Rad Party* has been highly regarded in the past by Francophone reviewers. (JM)
c/o Stéphane Delevacque / 9 bls Grande Rue Charles de Gaulle / 92 600 Asnieres Sur Siene / France
burninghopes@hotmail.fr

A START AT LEAST / Free/trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 34 pgs
This is a pretty standard punk fanzine out of Belgium, documenting the often-forgotten, booming punk scene over there. It begins with an honest manifesto of DIY politics and snippets of opinionated banter on printed zines versus webzines, romanticizing punk of the past, and the limitations of record reviews. Longer articles by contributors follow, with the authors expounding on the importance of DIY culture and the politics of modern-day race relations. The entire second half of the zine is just interviews with a ton of bands, like Agathocles, Chronic Disease, and Dreft. It seems like this zine is a pretty rad and informative resource for punk in Belgium, and I'm definitely in full support of the focus on the DIY and the placement of politics at the forefront of punk in this little publication. (DA)
Baxter Stockman / Stokerijstraat 40 / 9000 Gent / Belgium
disorganizedzine@hotmail.com

SURVIVING POLICE STOPS AND SEARCHES /$?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Although this is less of a zine than a pamphlet and the contents are reprinted articles from other publications, the information contained within is so valuable, so essential, that anything that aids the dissemination of this information is worth reading and spreading. The first article describes police tactics in Arizona that include stopping folks who fail to have a headlight on their bicycle and forcing them to make incriminating statements. The second offers suggestions for responding to police stops. For the sake of brevity I'll summarize the point of the zine thusly: DO NOT TALK TO THE COPS. More specifically, invoke your right to remain silent by invoking what the writers refer to as the magic words, "I am going to remain silent. I would like to see a lawyer." I know it's scary to stand up to cops, and the first story illustrates who difficult it can be to assert your rights, but the other option is to

aide the police in your downfall. There's no reason to help them slip the handcuffs onto you or your friends and neighbors. This pamphlet is a good resource and should be made available to everyone. Bonus points for the printing—done exclusively by press and typewriters without the aide of a computer in any way. Rad. (CR)
Doug Harrison / PO Box 5291 / Richmond, VA 23220

THIS IS A COMIC BOOK / $?
8.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs
I am confused by this submission to the zine review section. It is the booklet and commentary that goes along with an art show that featured comics. There are some comic inclusions, very few of which stand alone in the one page they each are allotted, and some essays, one that sort of analyze the out-of-context-ness that comics have in a gallery since they (it is being argued) simply don't belong there. It feels ironic to read about how the comics are out of context in the gallery when I wasn't even there for that step and now am out-of-contexted. Outcontexted? Another essay talks about the difference between fine art and pop art, which is pretty good writing for the subject, kinda in the vein of the "for dummies" series. If the comics were not chopped up so I could really make sense of them, I would have been much happier with it...I sort of don't know what to do with it. (JB)
Mahan Gallery / info@mahangallery.com

THREE RECORDS #3 / $5 US / $8 international
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 66 pgs
I loved the first two issues of *Three Records*, and was excited for this issue to come out. The premise is that Chrissy photographs and asks various friends, acquaintances, and people she's come across about three records that changed or inspired their lives, and then complies their photos and lists into each issue of this zine. Some of the contributors happen to be people as well known as Blake Schwarzenbach or Aesop Rock, all the way down to perhaps friends of friends, or people that Chrissy met on her travels for the first time. It's interesting to see all these people here in the same forum, as simply music fans and/or friends of Chrissy. Some people simply list three records, while others provide a back story of how said records shaped their lives, with the records and experiences covering a wide range (though Minor Threat is probably the most often listed band, a fact that many of the people acknowledged). Chrissy is also an incredible photographer, and her photos here have an almost iconic feel to them. As someone who's hung up about getting older, but trying to hang onto the inspiration that fueled my formative years and carry it into the ones to come, I've found the *Three Records* zines to be especially relevant to myself. Essential. (DG)
seepiper@hotmail.com
chrissypiper.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #95 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs
The dude behind this fine Missouri-based zine somehow manages to pop an issue out just about every month and each one is enjoyable to read. I don't know how he does it, but the quality is pretty consistent and subject matter easily digestible, which is refreshing sometimes. This particular issue features a decent interview with Dave from MDC, who is as cool as always. Next is a lengthy interview with a local '60s garage-inspired band called Pat Boone's Farm. And finally, the usual charm of this zine, the live show reviews, which are a combination of personal journaling and actual music coverage. Definitely something that would mean more if you live in the Columbia area, but still a fun read otherwise. (BG)
Boone / PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205-1444
ttwn@hotmail.com

TUFF TOWN #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
What separates a zine from say, a newsletter, pamphlet, or magazine is the urgency and passion that the creator(s) have, that drips off the page and screams at you. As time goes by, and folks move towards other mediums, that desperate voice of zines becomes more and more quiet. *Tuff Town* captures that sense of urgency in a way that is neither forced nor nostalgic. The main theme is geography and our relationships to the places we live and the places we end up. In the case of Naomi, that place is Goleta and her relationship with it is complicated by her role as a transplant and a certain degree of ambivalence as to whether there is somewhere else for her. Reading *Tuff Town* feels like an outpouring of honest thoughts and fears published before second thoughts could interfere, both in good ways and in ways that detract from the work. Some parts feel a bit disjointed and the flow has moments of confusion, but so much better to leave the raw document than to revise and remove the heart from the zine. Not all zines work better raw, but the ones that do, like this one can only work this way. Great debut issue. (CR)
136 Nectarine Ave / Goleta, CA 93117

XXX PANDA #1& 2
4.25 x 2.75 – copied – 12 pgs
Athens, Georgia, you're weirdest. I love these sexy ass, tiny panda-themed art/comic books. They're so fly. So much ink and boobs (and secret paisley dicks!) on pandas in these teeny zinies. Each one is expertly and beautifully put together from one neatly folded sheet of paper and stapled into equally carefully folded bit of printed upon color card stock for the cover. All the text seems to be made with a label maker. It looks so good. The drawings are spectacular and the text is delightful small musings. I love it when it's DIY with love and care to create an admirable art object that I want to keep forever. And possibly make into earrings. That would be awesome. I hope this series keeps going. I see blue, green and pink covers in the future. (JD)
Christopher / PO Box 265 / Athens, Georgia 30603
klhaaart@yahoo.com

YOU FUCKED UP #1 / $4
4.5 X 5.5 – book – 200 pgs
Lately, the post-apocalyptic novel has been on the forefront of my reads, so I was in the mode, I mean mood. What an impressive home-crafted book. It is small and bound, about the size of a *Slingshot* calendar. The writing is right where I like it in terms of content and detail. Words are not crammed together in an attempt to blast the reader with imagery. The author does not ramble on in that crazed stream-of-consciousness style that so many before him thought so grand. There are even a couple of one-handed reading sections if you know what I mean, and I must say, they hot as hell! But, I've got to be honest. I still have the last 20 pgs to read. I had a visitor here this week and did not finish my homework on time. The story compels me thus far and by page 165, it looks like shit could either get real bad or carry on in this semi utopian/dystopian manner. I will surely do my best to obtain the next installment—as this is the first of four in books in a series. (DS)
Rob Rowboat / 1771 11th St / Oakland, CA 94607
robertrowboat@gmail.com

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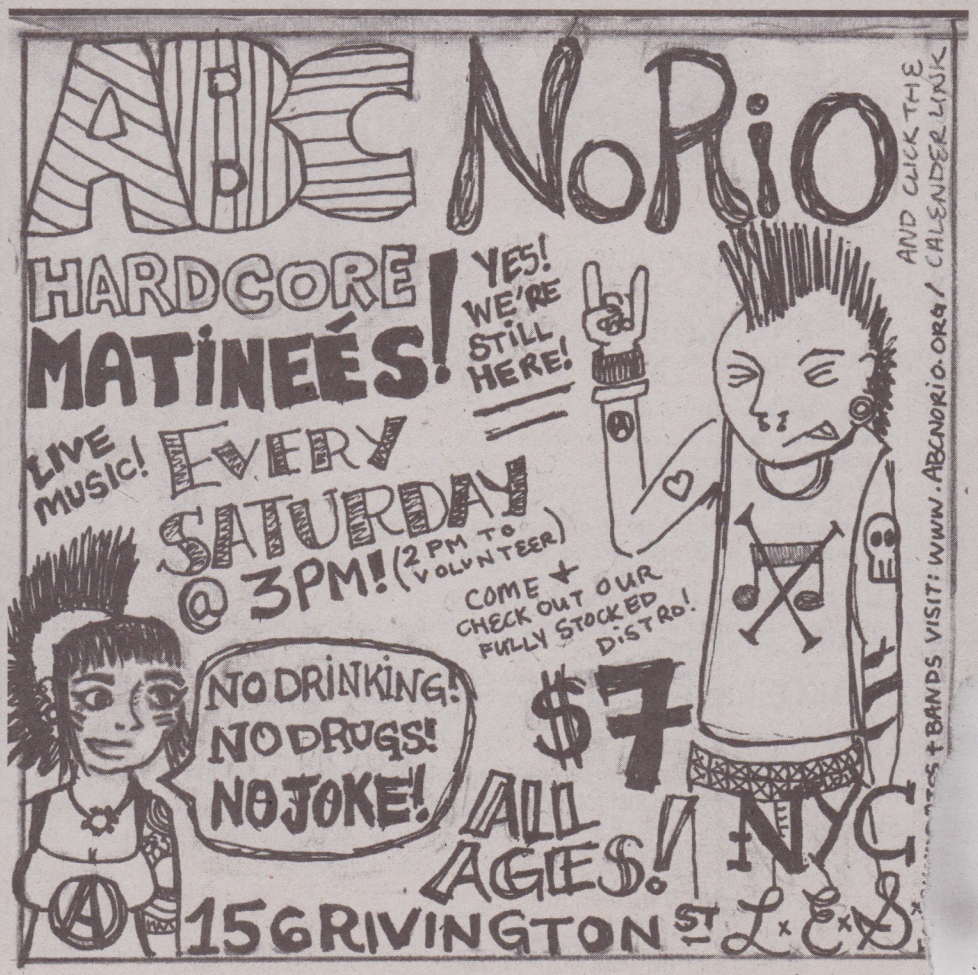

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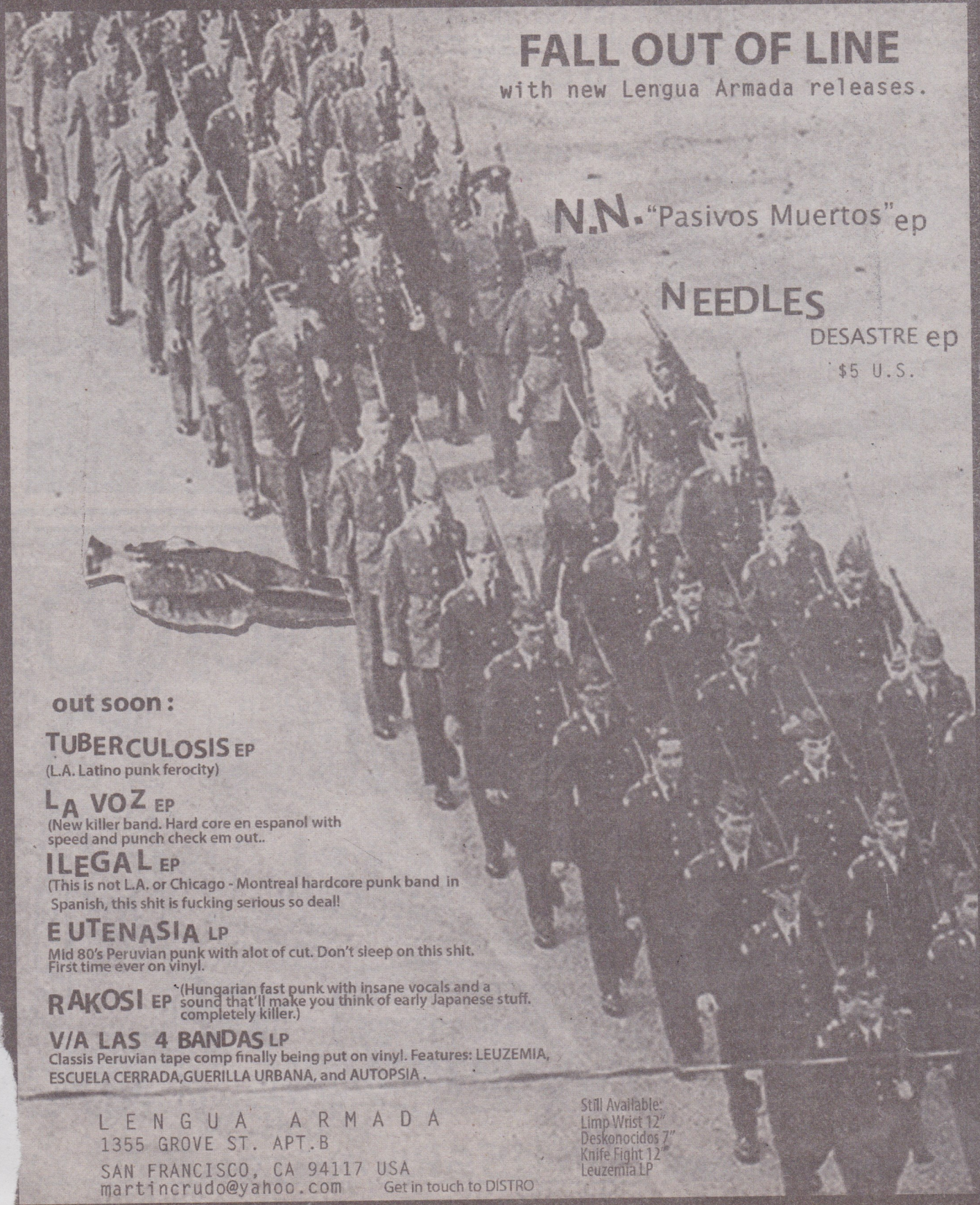

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